

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Correspondence, and New Books, . . . . .	385
2. Sir Henry Pottinger and China, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 387
3. The Church of Rome and the British Government, . . . . .	" . . . . . 389
4. Turkey, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Algeria, Spain, . . . . .	391
5. Christian Islam, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 393
6. O'Connell and the Roman Prelates, . . . . .	" . . . . . 393
7. Religion as a Political Element, . . . . .	" . . . . . 394
8. The Grisette and the Grande Dame, . . . . .	<i>Hood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 395
9. Mr. Hood's Portrait, . . . . .	" . . . . . 399
10. Adulterated Milk, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 401
11. Christmas Entertainments, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 402
12. Molly Doodles, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . . 403
13. Roberts' Life of Monmouth, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 405
14. French Parties, . . . . .	<i>Examiner</i> , . . . . . 408
15. Pacification, . . . . .	" . . . . . 409
16. Bokhara; its Amir and its People, . . . . .	" . . . . . 410
17. Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III., . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . . 411
18. Gilbert Shaddoe, No. 2, . . . . .	<i>Hood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 415
19. Churchill's Life and Works, . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , . . . . . 420
20. Our Family: Chap. xx.—Our Luck; Chap. xxi.—A Demonstration, . . . . .	<i>Hood's Magazine</i> , . . . . . 438
21. Domestic Mesmerism and Miss Martineau, . . . . .	" . . . . . 444

POETRY.—Godliness with Contentment, 407—Slumber, Infant! slumber, 419—Voices of Nature; To Rev. H. Bingham; To a Blind Girl, 437.

SCRAPS.—Gathering of the Royal Family of France; Mont de Piété, 390—Royal Concord, 392—Clairvoyance of the Learned Blacksmith; Revenue Fraud, 399—Duty on Cotton; Value of Applause; Theatres; Christmas Day; Smoke; El Pastor; Royal George; Polish Nobles; Jews; Dr. Wolff, 400—Edinburgh Review and Mr. Stephen, 414—Suggestions by Steam—Cure of Consumption, 419.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are grateful to a "TRUE FRIEND," for the evident kindness in which he writes. He states that he is *generally* pleased with our selections: we cannot hope, in the great diversity of taste, for more unqualified approbation than that, except from the few persons who have both a complete knowledge of the ground upon which, and the public for which, we labor. We cannot always venture to do even what we should think to be best, and our "True Friend" himself affords us an illustration when he says, "Allow me also to ask your attention to the selections from foreign papers in relation to politics. Your subscribers are of all political opinions, and, I regret to say, some of the selections are offensive." Now, the very fact stated by our correspondent, that our subscribers are of *all parties*, is a sufficient reason why some of the selections should offend *some* of the subscribers. Or, rather, it is a sufficient reason why some of the subscribers should not *agree* with them all. If the said persons were candid enough to acknowledge that opinions, differing from their own, might yet deserve to be set forth, they would not be offended. If, indeed, we were systematically to make our selections, to serve party purposes, there would be just reason for the dissatis-

faction, not only of the party we were opposing, but also of the party whom we were endeavoring to serve. We can perform a better work, for all parties, by endeavoring to reflect *light from abroad* on them all. And there will never be a *sound public opinion* in the United States, until the good people thereof can bear to hear their own opinions controverted.

As to the fairness with which we have acted, we can only assert, as a proof, that we are entirely unable to guess to which party our friend belongs; and we will venture to say that he could as little guess *our* party predilections. Not that we have anything to conceal on this score. Having for many years watched, and with eager interest, the course of political parties in the United States, we think it but a slight merit to profess a discontent, nearly entire, with most of the leading politicians of all of them. We are democratic enough to believe in the honesty of the mass of voters; but *as a party*, we do not know any one to which we should choose to have belonged, since that great one which built the Federal Constitution.

So far from feeling that we are wrong in the matter to which our correspondent alludes, we assure him that we shall become more free in such selections, as we grow more and more into the confidence of the public. We are sure that this

will come with time. And when we shall be able to throw off all restraint, we shall feel that we have been, and may be more, useful in our day to this nation, which will be able to fill so great a place, when it shall understand its vocation.

A "CONSTANT READER" has, indeed, done us a great service; and we feel it to be due to the writer to state that our success has been quite equal to any reasonable expectation. The hearty sympathy shown to our enterprise, is a cordial to us. We had half a mind to copy the letter here; but thought it might be deemed hardly modest to do so. And yet, as we are only gathering what others have sown, we are not aware that we have any *personal* glorification in the matter.

MR. MERRICK, Chairman of the Post-office Committee, in the Senate, reports that the number of letters passing through the post-office, may be estimated at 50,000,000, and that half of them are carried less than 100 miles. He proposes to make the postage for that distance 5 cents, and for all greater distances 10 cents, making an average of 7½ cents; and calculates that an increase of 20 per cent. will take place in consequence of this reduction.

He states, that up to 1840, the revenue of the post-office increased 5 per cent. annually; but that since that time it has fallen off 5 per cent. annually.

Taking the data as correct, and bearing in mind that the effect of the reduction in England to two cents, was the increase of letters, from 70 to 230,000,000, and that the increase is still going on—is it not probable that a reduction to three cents, which would hardly differ from two, would increase our letters *three-fold*? If it would do so, it would produce the same revenue Mr. Merrick calculates upon from *his* reduction.

As auxiliary to the 7½ cent postage, Mr. Merrick requires severe laws to prohibit private enterprise. Such laws we believe to be beyond the powers of Congress, and too inexpedient if they were not. It would be impossible to force the people to be obedient to them.

For the greater reduction which is proposed by those who think the successful experiment of England applicable to the people of the United States, no penal law, (cumbersome, useless, and demoralizing,) is necessary.

Mr. Merrick estimates the free letters, to and from postmasters, 1,500,000. When the postage shall be reduced as we propose, there will be much less occasion to avoid it, and these free letters will greatly decrease. But if they should not, the cost of them, at three cents, would be only \$45,000 a year—or \$3 for each postmaster. A trifling matter in itself, especially as it may afterwards be abolished, if necessary. It would be desirable to do it at once, if we did not thereby increase the difficulty of doing *any* thing.

Mr. Hood laughs very pleasantly at Miss Martineau and Mesmerism. We copied into the *Living Age*, the article on Life in a Sick Room, to which he alludes.

We give two chapters of English History—Monmouth, and George III.—and an admirable paper on Churchill.—With this number we are well satisfied, and the next will be very good also. We have to make bricks according to our straw, and generally rejoice in its abundance.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

SILLIMAN'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS—from Messrs. Jordan, Swift, and Wiley. Vol. 48, No. 1.

Vols. 48 and 49 will complete 1845, and then there will be an *Index to the whole work*, forming Vol. 50.

With 1846, a New Series will begin. This number contains: 1. The Valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea, by John D. Sherwood.—2. Crystals in the Tissues of Plants, by J. W. Bailey.—3. Magnetical Investigations, by Mr. Scoresby.—4. Logarithms, by Professor Strong.—V. Coprolites from the New Red Sandstone.—VI. and XVI. Fossil Footmarks.—VII. and VIII. Pseudomorphous Minerals.—IX. Molluscs.—X. Various papers, by J. Lawrence Smith, M. D.—XI. Medals of Creation.—XII. Experiments on the Solar Spectrum, by Professor Olmsted.—XIII. Caricography.—XIV. Meteoric Iron.—XV. Mercurial Pendulum.—XVII. Mineralogy.—XVIII. Abstracts of Researches of European Chemists.—XIX. Bibliography.—XX. Miscellanies.

*From the American Sunday School Union.*

HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS; by a Lady of New England.

THE PEOPLE OF CHINA.

Both handsomely printed and bound.

EARLY CLOSING OF SHOPS.—At a meeting of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, held at the Mechanics' Institution, Ambrose Moore, Esq., the chairman, made a statement that the recent strenuous exertions to induce the tradesmen of the metropolis to curtail the hours of labor had met with the greatest encouragement both from the employers and their assistants. There still remained much to be done, especially in regard to those more crowded thoroughfares, where the custom of evening shopping had become almost a system. The object of the association was to extend the influence of their own practice of shortened hours to those districts, and at the same time to make their proceedings operate generally on the traders of London. The wholesale houses had almost unanimously adopted the system of closing their warehouses at six o'clock. Resolutions were passed expressive of the deep conviction of the meeting that the present late hour system, as pursued by the greater portion of the retail houses of the metropolis, is not only unnecessary for the convenience of the public, and devoid of advantage to the employer, but productive of the most pernicious effects on the condition of the assistants.—*Exam.*

From the Spectator.

## SIR HENRY POTTINGER AND CHINA.

SIR HENRY POTTINGER is running the gantlet in a round of civic compliments. The splendid banquet which the merchants of Liverpool gave him on Tuesday, with its appendages of memorial and addresses, was well repaid by two things which he gave to the merchants in turn. The first was some very interesting and useful information as to the character of the Chinese. He ascribes to them high qualities of mind, broad and "statesmanlike" views; and he does not lack evidence of the fact. Sir Henry not only *persuaded* the Chinese High Commissioner that it would be well to open the trade to other countries as well as England, but *convinced* the Mandarin; so that he voluntarily adopted a most important and sweeping part of the treaty, one effecting a revolution in the foreign relations of China, and one too that by its nature could have been forced upon the Chinese by no one nation. It is satisfactory to ascertain this high capacity on the part of the Chinese, since, whatever future difficulties may arise, they must be diminished by having to deal with intelligent men. Sir Henry Pottinger's other gift is some excellent advice for regulating our intercourse with China, coupled with the assurance that, if such intercourse be well regulated, the increase of trade must be enormous. From what Lord Stanley said, it appears that the clause opening the trade to other countries was suggested by Sir Henry Pottinger on his own discretion and responsibility; it was a bold exercise of discretion, and a wise. It not only disarms much reproach that England might have encountered had she proceeded in a more exclusive spirit, but gives to her a great moral influence in claiming a share of any advantages that may hereafter be obtained by other nations. It begins the new intercourse with that vast empire by placing England in the most advantageous and exalted position from the very first, in such manner that she will easily, with moderate judgment and good faith, be able to keep the start.

The citizens of Liverpool entertained Sir Henry Pottinger on 17 December, in magnificent style. He arrived there on Monday, accompanied by Lady Pottinger, Miss Pottinger, and two fine boys, his sons. In the town-hall, on Tuesday, he met the Mayor of Liverpool and two numerous deputations, one from the East India and China Association, and the other from the United Commercial Association; both of whom presented congratulatory and encomiastic addresses. The second deputation represented jointly the East India and China, West India, Shipowners, Brokers, Levant and Mediterranean, African, Mexican and South American, and North American Associations, and the American Chamber of Commerce. A list of subscribers for a testimonial was then presented to Sir Henry, with the intimation that they desired to consult his wishes as to the nature of the testimonial. Sir Henry afterwards visited the Exchange, where he was very cordially received.

On Tuesday evening a sumptuous banquet was served in the ball-room of the town-hall, for about four hundred guests. The mayor of Liverpool presided, with Sir Henry Pottinger on his right hand; near him were Viscount Sandon, Lord Stanley, Mr. Wilson Patten, M.P., Mr. Entwistle, Sir George Larpent, Major Pottinger, Mr. Frederick Pottinger, Colonel Malcolm, and Mohun Lal, Sir Alexander Burnes' moonshee.

The usual toasts having been duly honored, the chairman, with a suitable introduction, proposed "The health of Sir Henry Pottinger, G.C.B., whose sagacious, enlightened, and successful policy has opened up a new world to British enterprise and capital." The whole assemblage rose and cheered for some minutes. In his reply, Sir Henry Pottinger described the spirit in which he accepted the post of Envoy to China, and in which he was met by the Chinese:—

"I proceeded there not with any determination of forcing upon the Chinese any terms disagreeable to them, after a great object of the operations had been accomplished by the perfect success of her Majesty's arms; but I went rather with a determination to act after that triumph as an umpire between the two nations; and I have the pleasure of stating, that I found those attached to the mission in China who fully concurred in my views. And I had also the happiness to be met with a corresponding feeling by the Chinese High Commissioner, Ke-Ing; than whom, I believe, there does not exist an individual with more statesmanlike views in any country in the world; a man feelingly conscious of all the amenities of life, and particularly alive to that feeling which actuated and influenced those negotiations and characterized his conduct throughout. I could, if it were admissible in such a society and on such an occasion, relate to you instances of Ke-Ing's conduct as would astonish you; and I trust that on some future occasion her Majesty's government will—if it were only to do him and the Chinese character generally justice—make his despatches and letters public." One great point which had been remarked in the treaty was the throwing open the trade with China to all other nations to the same extent as with us. "The moment that I explained to the High Commissioner Ke-Ing, the great advantages which must follow from such a provision in the treaty which I had the honor of conducting—advantages to China and to all other nations affected by it—he immediately concurred in my views and coöperated with my exertions; and did me the honor of requesting, that in case of any unforeseen difficulty arising in future between China and those other European nations, I might act as the mediator between them, as the representative of England." He had been afraid to propose the bonding system, lest the Chinese should dissent; but they have since agreed to it, and he was delighted to hear that it was included in the treaty with America.

He gave some advice respecting the intercourse with China—

"We should remember that the Chinese have been, as we are led to understand, for a period of three or four thousand years totally secluded within themselves; that they may not consequently be able so soon to understand us; and we should also recollect that a mere treaty is not of itself sufficient to cause them all at once to change their habits or relinquish their usages. I am satisfied of this, however, from all I saw amongst them whilst in China, that if treated with kindness by England and other European nations that may resort to China, they will in due time, with God's blessing, enter into all our social feelings as perfectly as other nations, and participate as fully in that friendly intercourse which is so desirable between man and man." He urged his hearers to impress upon those who go to China the necessity of studying kindness and conciliation, especially



towards the lower classes of that empire. "One of the first great objects we ought to have in view, and which should be impressed upon those who repair to China in charge of your ships and merchandise, is the conciliation of the lower classes of the Chinese: and the importance of this point will be best understood by the opinion of one of the Chinese themselves. To revert to the High Commissioner Ke-Ing, I shall give you his enlightened opinion as to the necessity of this conciliatory conduct towards the lower classes in China. In one of his beautiful letters, to which I have before alluded, he says—'The lower class of our people are prone to ill-treat those who are dissolute in their conduct and inclined to excesses; and your sailors, particularly the Black sailors, (in our Indian vessels,) are inclined to get drunk. Pray have this put a stop to; lest again getting drunk, they go ashore, and are ill-treated, and lest we should thus acquire a bad name.' Now, gentlemen, when I tell you that these are the expressions and the feelings of the highest person in China I had any communication with—for Ke-Ing is a blood relation of the emperor, and one of the first-class mandarins—I am sure you will not think that I am going out of the way when I call upon you, before your ships leave the shores of England, to impress on those proceeding on board how necessary it is to be kind and conciliatory to the people whom we want by degrees to induce into more familiar intercourse." He did not think that the prejudice in China against intercourse with foreign nations arose from any religious feeling. "I think that prejudice is of another description altogether, and that it arises from a fear in the minds of the Chinese that we might abuse any intercourse with them for political purposes: and when that feeling is once removed, as I trust it soon will be, then I have no doubt that China will be found coming forward, as she ought to do, one of the first nations of the earth. The extent of trade and consumption in China is so very extensive, that if I were to state it some persons would deem it incredible; and in cotton especially, and manufactures of cotton, the demand will be unlimited. The only question will be as to the returns—as to how the Chinese are to pay for these articles. This is a subject which will necessarily depend very much for its explanation, and a perfect understanding of its bearing, upon time alone; but in the mean while, new demands will be created, and the Chinese people will be taught, I trust, by our conciliation and kindness, to have those new demands. These are some of the results which will be produced by the treaty."

The Chairman having proposed "The health of Lord Stanley and her Majesty's ministers," Lord Stanley paid his tribute to Sir Henry Pottinger, and to the previous ministry by whom he had been appointed. He strongly backed Sir Henry's caution respecting the intercourse with China, as necessary to work out the whole good derivable from the treaty; and he made a farther statement respecting a point to which Sir Henry Pottinger had alluded:

"He did so with peculiar modesty, abstaining from stating the full share which he had in the transaction, although the merit of it belongs to himself alone. I allude to that decision to which he came: and it is due to him, as I have stated, to say that he acted upon his own responsibility, and without instructions—not only not to demand exclusive privileges for this country, for that he

was instructed upon, but to make it a stipulation in the treaty, that whatever advantages were gained by it in our intercourse should be freely extended to other nations."

This was a point in the treaty to which all the other speakers alluded in the highest terms of commendation.

SIR HENRY POTTINGER was entertained last week by the people of Manchester; who determined not to be outdone in their civic hospitality by the people of London and Liverpool. He arrived at Manchester, with Lady Pottinger and the members of his family who travel with him, at one o'clock on Friday. At two o'clock, he was conducted by the mayor and town-clerk to the hall; where he met the corporation and some leading members of the city. At half-past five o'clock, a deputation from the principal merchants and manufacturers of the district waited upon Sir Henry, and presented another address, signed by more than 200 of the most wealthy and influential firms. Both these addresses were laudatory of his proceedings in China, and acknowledged the benefit which commerce and manufactures would derive from them.

The dinner took place in the large room of the town-hall. It was a magnificent banquet, and more than 200 guests, including a few members of parliament and military officers, sat down to table. In proposing the toast of the evening, the mayor praised the treaties with China, as placing 27,000,000 of British people in direct communication with 340,000,000 Chinese:

"I have heard an exclamation which proceeded from one of our country-manufacturers upon the subject, which I dare say will convey some idea to the minds of gentlemen present of the advantages which we are likely to derive from the extension of our intercourse with China. 'Why,' said the worthy manufacturer, 'all the mills we now have will hardly make yarn to find them with nightcaps and socks.'" The tariff which Sir Henry Pottinger obtained reduced the amount of import-duties in China to one fourth. To show the effect which it has already had, the mayor quoted a statement of the exports to China during the years 1843 and 1844. "The account is made up from the 30th November, 1843—which I presume was the period when the intelligence reached England of the successful termination of Sir Henry Pottinger's labors—and is carried up to November, 1844. From that account I perceive, that in 1843, of plain cotton-piece goods there were shipped to China, from the ports of London, Liverpool, and Clyde, 1,148,381 pieces; and in the corresponding period, namely, for the year ending the 30th November, 1844, the number of pieces of cotton shipped to China amounted to 2,250,795—making an advance, in that short space of time, of 1,102,414 pieces: the value of all the articles enumerated in this statement amounted, in 1843, to 1,468,115*l.* sterling, and that of the same descriptions in the year ending 30th November, 1844, amounted to 2,064,937*l.*—showing an increase in value of the exports of this country to China, in a single year, of 595,978*l.* I am quite persuaded, that for many years to come our manufacturers will find by the state of their balance-sheet every Christmas, they will have to bless the exertions of Sir Henry Pottinger. I am also quite delighted to have to express my conviction upon this occasion, that the successful efforts of Sir Henry Pot-



tinger will have given many a large loaf and at the same time a vast amount of comfort to the operatives and artisans of this district."

In returning thanks, Sir Henry began by craving consideration for an extremely bad cold under which he was laboring. In the course of his speech, which much resembled what he had said in London and Liverpool, he acknowledged much valuable assistance from Mr. Morrison, and from Mr. Thom of Glasgow, to whom he was indebted for all the information upon which the tariff and the commercial negotiations were regulated.

Captain Eastwick spoke for "the Indian Army and Navy," when toasted. He alluded to previous services performed by Sir Henry Pottinger, under whom he had filled a confidential situation in Scinde. Sir Henry, while struggling against a pestilential climate in declining health, had restored peace and order to that den of robbers, the fertile province of Cutch. "I have conversed with the Hindoo ruler of this province, and heard him call Sir Henry Pottinger his father; and I know that he offered, as a slight testimony of respect and gratitude, to educate Sir Henry Pottinger's sons."

Several other toasts were given, and the meeting did not separate till nearly midnight.

On Saturday, a deputation from the working men of Manchester waited upon Sir Henry Pottinger with an address that had received 10,438 signatures in fourteen hours. The address acknowledged benefits derived from Sir Henry's negotiations, and the remarkable tariff of the Chinese Emperor:

"Based on the most complete and absolute freedom of commerce, imposing no protective duties, but granting free admission to the productions of all nations at moderate rates of duties, and prohibiting none. The low duties on the products of this district have caused a greatly-increased export of calicoes, printed cottons, and cotton-twist, to China, whereby we have been benefited by obtaining increased employment." The address also earnestly entreated his good offices with the British government to induce them to imitate the "enlightened measures of the Chinese, by imposing the like moderate duties on all foreign products imported into this country; and especially to imitate the wise and beneficent provision in the Chinese tariff of not only allowing the import of grain and rice free of duty, but encouraging the same by the remission of port-charges on all vessels conveying these important and necessary articles of food."

Sir Henry Pottinger replied thus—

"I beg to assure you that nothing could give me greater satisfaction than this address. I entirely appreciate the kind feelings which have induced you to come forward to present it to me on this occasion. I am equally happy and flattered that my humble exertions in China have tended, as you inform me they have so materially, to better the condition of numbers of my fellow-countrymen. There is nothing dearer to my heart than the welfare of you all individually and collectively; and at any time or in any manner in which I can further your views, consistently with what is due to other classes of this great empire, I shall most heartily and cheerfully do so. I have not had an opportunity of preparing any answer to your address; but I will do so before I leave this place, and send it to you. I repeat, that nothing could give me greater pleasure than this address, and the assur-

ance from your lips that my services have been of any benefit to you; for the happiness of my fellow-subjects has always been the object of solicitude nearest to my heart."

Saturday happened to be the anniversary of the day upon which a weekly half-holiday had been conceded by their masters to the clerks employed in the warehouses and the tradesmen's assistants in Manchester, and was kept by them as a species of festival; a large tea-party being given upon the occasion. To this Sir Henry and Lady Pottinger and their family were invited: and they were most heartily received by the multitude assembled.

#### THE CHURCH OF ROME AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE CHURCH OF ROME AND THE GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.—The following official announcement appeared in a Supplement to the *Dublin Gazette*:—

"DUBLIN CASTLE, Dec. 18, 1844.

"The Queen in Council has been pleased, by warrant under the sign-manual, bearing date at her majesty's court of St. James', the 14th day of December, 1844, to appoint the following persons to be Commissioners of Charitable Donations and bequests for Ireland, agreeably to the provision of the act 7th and 8th of her Majesty, cap. 97, viz.:—

"The Most Reverend John George Lord Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

"The Most Reverend Richard, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

"The Most Reverend Archbishop William Crolly.

"The Most Reverend Archbishop Daniel Murray.

"The Right Honorable John Hely, Earl of Donoughmore, K. S. P.

"The Right Reverend Bishop Cornelius Denvir.

"The Very Reverend Henry Pakenham, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

"The Right Honorable Sir Patrick Bellew, Bart.

"The Right Honorable Anthony Richard Blake.

"The Reverend Pooley Shouldham Henry, D. D."

On this announcement the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* observes—

"In the preceding list there are five Roman Catholics, four members of the established Church, and one Presbyterian, namely, Dr. Henry. The total number appointed is ten Commissioners; but there are, besides, the *ex officio* Commissioners named in the act, who are members of the established Church. This is the first time since the enactment of the Penal Laws that Roman Catholic Prelates have been recognized by their titles in an official document emanating from the Queen in Council and published by authority. You will observe that Dr. Denvir, Roman Catholic Bishop of Down, and resident in Belfast, has been named in the commission in the room of Dr. Kennedy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Killaloe, who had resigned soon after his appointment. You will also observe, that not only do the Roman Catholic Bishops get their titles, but they also get precedence according to rank. Thus, Archbishop Murray takes rank before the Earl of Donoughmore, the

Right Reverend Bishop Denvir before the Very Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's."—*Spectator*.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin has published a pastoral letter to the clergy of his diocese, which marks a new era in Irish politics. The Liberal and Catholic Prelate has manfully come forth to vindicate the Charitable Bequests Act of the Peel-Conservative Government; and a capital case he makes out for it. He shows that it places the Roman Catholic on the same footing with the Protestant in Ireland, and in some respects on a better footing than the Protestant in England; that it confers substantial benefits on the Roman Catholic church, in facilitating the succession of its office-bearers to corporate property; and that it fulfils the precise wishes expressed by the bishops themselves in 1841, when they desired some measure to put their charities on the same footing with Protestant charities, and the appointment of one of their own creed to a seat at the board. This last proof damns the recent agitation, and ought to cover the prelates who have countenanced it with shame. Sir Robert Peel has given them the very thing that they vainly asked of Lord Morpeth; and instead of gratitude, they meet the gift with contumely. The plain and mild terms in which their dishonest inconsistency is exposed by Dr. Murray, simply in stating the facts, must restore a better feeling among the more candid Catholics.

As Dr. Murray comes forth, Mr. O'Connell retreats; retiring hastily and unexpectedly to Darranane. His pertinacious agitation against the act, tried up to the very last moment, has failed; and it looks as if he could not face the rebuke conveyed in the archbishop's pastoral letter. His sudden discomfiture, and the sudden turn of fortune in favor of the bill, remind one of those stage-rescues where some fair dame apparently at the mercy of brigands is unexpectedly relieved by a gallant gentleman, whose mere presence triumphs over the daring band, while the chieftain of banditti hurries off to a dismal dungeon or a Tartarean abode haunted by blue devils. As O'Connell has sustained a reverse, divers of his quondam friends, with more safety than generosity, seize the occasion to assail him. The whig papers in England have made a dead set at him. Their language, against him and for the measure that he has reviled, might have been transferred to any ministerial journal. The hollowness of his complaints against the act is exposed with exulting minuteness. A very little while ago, whoever ventured to censure O'Connell was reprimanded by the whig writers, contemplating perhaps some possible renewal of the Lichfield House compact: there is no such tenderness now. When Dr. Johnson was charged with abusing Garrick after defending him from others' abuse, he answered, "Garrick, sir, is my dog, and no one else shall kick him!" O'Connell is the whigs' dog, and the relation just now is shown in kicks. He does not serve any purpose to the party, and is for the time at a discount.

The change is one of promise for Ireland. By this direct alliance between the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the state, not only will many sources of mutual suspicion be at once removed, but opportunity will be secured for mutual explanations, not with distant and imperfect communication, but in the quiet and unseen discussion of official communications. A great mass of bad feeling must be *ipso facto* abolished. It is plain that all parties

now perceive the use that may be made of Sir Robert Peel's government in obtaining practical measures of improvement. He has given to the Catholic church a recognized relation to the state, its hierarchy a defined rank: to mention those facts is to announce a totally new era in Irish history. More reconciliements must follow. By accepting the good thus held out, Dr. Murray and his friends are setting an excellent example in using England and English parties for the good of Ireland.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

A REMARKABLE paper has appeared in the *Leading Journal* this week, betokening, if not the decline of religious dissension, at least the growth of broader views as to social and national relations. It was a careful series of proofs that England has been singular and infelicitous in her policy towards the See of Rome and its spiritual adherents in her dominions. Other Protestant countries have maintained avowed relations with Rome; and by doing so have enlisted the authorities of that church on the side of order. Prussia, eminently Protestant, has so good an understanding with the Papal government, that the Roman Catholics in Prussia have been required only to propose for episcopal appointments persons who are agreeable to the king; who thus becomes an actual instrument in the appointment of Roman Catholic bishops. England has endeavored to "ignore" the existence of the Roman Catholic church and its acknowledged head. But six or seven millions of people, however poor and slighted the bulk of them may be, are too many to be forgotten. The real effect of that oblivious policy has simply been, to alienate those who have moral custody of the consciences of Roman Catholics from all friendship for established order. The oblivious policy has failed to "keep down" the Papists; it has only kept up their dangerous discontent. There are rumors of a renewed intercourse with the city of the Seven Hills. This exposition of the inferiority of our policy looks like a "feeler" put forth in preparation for a change of system. Indeed, a change is supposed already to have begun, and Dr. Murray is understood to have the concurrence of the Pope. If so, agitation, in the person of Mr. O'Connell, has received its confessedly most solemn rebuke.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

FRANCE.—There was a family gathering at the Tuileries on Friday. The King and Queen of the Belgians arrived early in the day. Subsequently came the Duc D'Aumale, with his young bride, and the Prince de Joinville. The King and Queen of the French, the Royal Family, and their Belgian Majesties, stood at the foot of the grand staircase to receive the young couple; with M. Guizot, the Neapolitan ambassador, the Prefect of the Seine, and other official persons. In the evening there was a grand banquet of a hundred and fifty covers, the palace resplendent with light.—*Spectator*.

At a meeting of the Council of the Mont de Piété at Paris, at which the Prefect of the Seine presided, it was determined, in consequence of the severity of the weather that 800,000,000 francs should be employed during the first three months of the ensuing year in loans without interest; the maximum of the loan to be twenty francs, and the minimum three francs. The Minister of the Interior has signified his consent to this measure.—*Spectator*.

**TURKEY.**—A "sensation" was created in Constantinople, on the 27th November, by the sudden departure of Sir Stratford Canning, the British Ambassador. It appears that he had demanded satisfaction of the Porte for certain pecuniary claims of British subjects, for the ill treatment of a Greek subject by the Pacha of Trebisonde, and some other grievances; and the Turkish government being tardy, he had gone on a shooting-cruise to the Dardanelles, as a sort of earnest that if he did not soon receive a suitable reply he would take his departure altogether.—*Spectator*.

**FRANCE.**—The King of the French opened the session of the Chambers on 26 Dec. His Majesty delivered the following speech:—

"Messieurs the Peers and Deputies:—At the close of last session, complications which might have become grave were the objects of my solicitude. The necessity of securing our possessions in Africa against hostile and repeated incursions, obliged us to carry war into the empire of Morocco. Our brave armies by land and sea, worthily commanded, attained with glory, and in short time, the object marked out to their valor. Peace promptly followed victory; and Algiers, where three of my sons had this year the honor to serve their country, has recorded a double pledge of security, for we have proved at once our power and our moderation.

"My government was engaged with that of the Queen of Great Britain in discussions which might have given reason to fear that the relations of the two states might have been affected: a mutual spirit of good will and equity has maintained between France and England this happy accord, which guarantees the peace of the world.

"During the visit which I paid to the Queen of Great Britain, to testify to her the price that I attach to the amity which unites us, and to that reciprocal friendship of which she has given me so many marks, I have been surrounded by manifestations the most satisfactory for France and for myself. I have gathered, in the sentiments that have been expressed to me, additional guarantees for the long duration of that generous peace which assures to our country abroad a dignified and strong position, and at home, an eternally increasing prosperity, with the enjoyment of her constitutional liberties.

"My relations with all foreign powers continue to be friendly and amicable.

"You are, Messieurs, yourselves witness of the prosperous state of France. You see manifested upon all parts of our territory our national activity, protected by wise laws, and reaping, in the bosom of order, the fruits of its labors. The rise of public credit, and the equilibrium established between our annual receipts and expenditure, attest the happy influence of this situation upon the general affairs of the state for the well-being of all.

"Financial laws will be immediately presented to you. Projects of laws for the amelioration of our roads, of our ports, and of our internal navigation, for the completion of our railways, and for different objects of general utility, will be equally submitted to your deliberation.

"In the midst of the general prosperity of the country, Heaven has blessed my family. It has increased the number of my children; and the marriage of one of my well-beloved sons, the Duc D'Aumale, with a princess already related to us by so many ties, has been for me and mine a lively satisfaction.

"Messieurs, Providence has imposed upon me many labors and painful trials. I have accepted the burden. I have devoted myself, I have devoted my family, to the service of my country. To lay a lasting foundation of union and happiness, has, for fourteen years, been the object of our constant efforts. I feel confident that, with your loyal aid, you will enable me to attain it; and that the gratitude of France, free and happy, will be the reward of our mutual devotedness, and be, too, the honor of my reign."

PUBLIC persons can never move about without raising a world of conjectural rumors; and King Leopold's visit to Paris, ostensibly to meet the Duc D'Aumale and his Neapolitan bride, is said to have given occasion to renewed negotiations for a commercial treaty between France and Belgium.—*Spect*.

ACCORDING to the *National*, Marshal Bugeaud has declined to take out the patent of his new title as "Duke of Isly;" as he thinks that 18,000 francs, the sum demanded for fees, would be much better laid out on improvements in the neighborhood of Excideuil. It is said, too, that M. De Salvandy has never taken out his patent as count, because he disliked paying the fee of 8,000 francs. M. Pasquier, recently made a duke, promptly paid the sum demanded by the office of the great seal.—*ib*.

A LETTER has been received in Paris from Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, written at Rio de Janeiro, acknowledging intelligence that his assumption of Tahiti had been disavowed. He writes in very moderate terms of the disavowal; declaring that he had only done what he considered his duty, but that the government was the best and only judge as to whether the sovereignty should be received or not. He declares that he will not receive the sword of state for which La Jeune France has subscribed in his favor, as he considers it a slur upon the act of the government; and he expresses his regret that the subject should have given rise to such strong party-feeling at home. It is remarked that the regulations of the service would have prevented his acceptance.—*ib*.

COURTS of arbitration ("Conseils de Prudhommes") are about to be established in Paris, to which all commercial differences, that do not involve legal technical difficulties, are to be referred, at the least possible expense to the litigants. This will be a great boon to the middle classes; although justice, as administered by the ordinary tribunals of France, is far less costly than it is in England. Such societies already exist in several of the departments, and have been much approved of by the mercantile community.—*ib*.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The excitement occasioned by the late conflicts in the Canton of Lucerne, has by no means subsided; but it seems to spread rather than otherwise. A popular assembly of about 3,000 persons, chiefly composed of citizens of Berne, Soleure and Argau, and refugees from Lucerne, was held, in the church of Faubrunnen, on the 16th instant; a plan for an association against the Jesuits was organized, and a petition to the government of Berne finally agreed upon, calling upon it to place itself at the head of the cantons opposed to the establishment of the Jesuits in Switzerland.—*ib*.

**ALGERIA.**—The *Afrique*, a French journal pub-



lished in Algeria, announces a curious complication of affairs in Morocco.

"I have just learned a very important fact—Abd-el-Kader has not left Morocco, as stated some days ago; and all the tribes residing between Fez and our frontier, are in open insurrection against the emperor. This news is given to me as official. Thus, if, as is highly probable, Abd-el-Kader be the author of that insurrectionary movement, our battle of Isly will have had for its result to weaken the emperor and facilitate the task of the Emir, if he really wish to supplant Muley Abd-er-Rahman."

**SPANISH CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.**—Among the civilized nations of Christendom, the governments celebrate the anniversary of Christmas by kind acts or soothing words. The journals of those countries are filled at present with the Christmas bounties of the queen of England, or the seasonable liberalities of the royal family of France; with royal speeches promising all sorts of fine things to their occasionally incredulous legislative chambers; and with the annual renewal of the king of Prussia's promise to grant some day some kind of constitution to his subjects. It would appear that the tastes of the Spanish people differ from those of civilized Europe—or that their government thinks they do. The Spanish journals greet their readers with a "list of individuals who have been shot in Spain for political offences, from the 1st of December, 1843, to the 13th of December, 1844." The executions have been distributed pretty equally over the year, and the sum total of the victims is 214. Autos da fé have been suppressed, and bull-feasts rendered less perilous; but, to compensate the Spanish people for these deprivations, periodical battues of politicians have been substituted.

#### ROYAL CONCORD.

THE two Kings of Brentford smelling at one rose must cease to be the type of royal cordiality and unity of purpose. On New Year's Day the King of the French and the Queen of England will dine off one ox!

This "singular and perhaps unprecedented event" has been brought about by the diplomacy of the shambles. Mr. Minton, purveyor to Queen Victoria, "politely offered, through the French Embassy, to present his Majesty Louis Philippe with a sirloin, a rump, and an aitch-bone, for his festival on New Year's Day," from the same prize-ox which on that day yields a baron of beef to the royal table at Windsor. In the time of Hogarth, roast beef had reached the gates of Calais: Mr. Minton sends it as far as the Tuileries. The offer of the "immense joint, or rather combination of joints," was as "graciously accepted" by the Majesty of France, as the roast in Hogarth's immortal work would have been by the burly friar who is represented as fingering it with watering mouth.

In what light will Mr. Minton's generosity be viewed at Paris? Will his good meat prove fresh food to feed fat the Anti-English spirit of the *National*? A great deal might be made of his present after this fashion—"the shameless publicity with which the dependence of the present dynasty on England is paraded, cannot be much longer endured. The Queen of England is distributing doles of beef and pudding to all her im-

mediate dependents at this season; and among others, the King of the French has received his allowance. The dinner-tables of the Windsor paupers and the dotation-beggar are furnished forth on New Year's Day by the same royal bounty. Nay, this insult is not deemed gross enough at the Court of St. James' for the thick-witted occupant of Chateau Neuilly. The present King of the Belgians, for paying his respects to the Queen of George the Fourth, was, we learn from the journals of the day, *rumped* by that monarch; but Louis Philippe is *rumped* by the Queen's purveyor!"—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

#### CHRISTIAN ISLAM.

WITH the natural and laudable respect for Sir Henry Pottinger's abilities and exploits, displayed just now in repeated banquets and addresses, more questionable feelings are mixed. If he had exercised the same ability, diligence, and shrewdness, but, encountering a duller and more dogged spirit in the Chinese, had failed, would he have been thus feasted? His merits would have been the same, but not his honors. It is not only his deserts that are signalized, but the unearned triumphs of his feasters. And it seems too that he has achieved triumphs of a kind not usually avowed in such terms as we find in the mouth of the reverend Canon Wray, at the Manchester dinner:

"Whilst I unite with you in doing honor to Sir Henry Pottinger for the unspeakable benefits which he has conferred on the town and trade of Manchester, I must not forget, as a minister of the gospel, more especially to thank him, in the name of the clergy, for the far more interesting, the far more valuable, the far more important services which his warlike achievements and consummate diplomacy have rendered to the cause of true religion. \* \* \* The inhabitants of China, enlightened as they are in the arts and sciences, in regard to religion are in total darkness. They enjoy not the clear rays of the gospel. The day-spring from on high has not visited them, as it has us. They know not the name of the Saviour—the Redeemer, Jesus Christ. But now we may hope that the torch of truth will be speedily held up, and by its illumination they may be led to see the error of their ways. Soon may we hope that these worshippers of idols will have Bibles in their hands, and be able to read and apply to them. \* \* Every reflecting mind must see something more than conquest of territory and accumulation of riches in the success which attends the arms of Great Britain. This nation could hardly be permitted so successfully to penetrate into all these distant countries without Providence having some important end thereby in view. British arms seem scarcely ever to know a defeat. In the East, West, North, and South, our soldiers and sailors are in the end ever victorious. I cannot but think that as Great Britain holds the tenets of the gospel in greater purity than any other nation, so she is intended by the Divine will to carry inestimable blessings to all distant benighted climes. Freely she has received; freely she must give. May, then, Great Britain send forth her pure religion to all parts of the habitable globe."

The greater the piety the greater the military energy; the standing army is part of the Apostolical succession, and the torch of the invader is

"the torch of truth!" Why, this is Mahometan doctrine, that the process of conversion should be carried on wholesale by the sabre. We have long been taught to regard the progress of our arms as opening the way for commerce; and in some late Eastern wars that very end was avowed. "Make ready—present—fire!" was only the prelude to "What will you buy?" Now we learn that war is preliminary to Christian peace; and that the soldier who seeks "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," will find it also in the mouth of the canon. The army is the forlorn hope of missionary enterprise. If so, away with that affectation among the soi-distant lovers of peace, which was indeed all along transparent. Let the army be avowed as the vanguard and auxiliary of a missionary church. Let Anti-Slavery agitators, who pretend to deprecate war while accepting its benefits and doing those things that go to render it inevitable, cease their quibblings, and confess that the Navy on the coast of Africa is their tool. In consideration of such uses, indeed, it might perhaps be as well to improve our instruments a little. Our sailors, for instance, are very piously disposed; but then, they are as superstitious as the most idolatrous savages; and as to morals—go to Portsmouth to learn what they are like. It is rather strange to see the debauched, unlettered, ignorant, flogged sailor, employed as the special tool in redeeming the benighted slave, before he is himself redeemed. Then our soldiers, who open the way for "the march of the gospel," as Mr. Wray calls it, have been described by the Great Captain as a most dissolute set of vagabonds; and it strikes one as inconsistent to use them in regenerating the heathen. It seems ugly to handle unclean tools in such a sacred service; and there is a bitter sarcasm in the naïve request which Sir Henry Pottinger quoted from one of Ke-Ying's "beautiful letters":—"The lower class of our people," says the Mandarin, "are prone to ill-treat those who are dissolute in their conduct and are inclined to excesses; and your sailors, particularly the Black sailors, [of the Indian ships,] are inclined to get drunk. Pray have this put a stop to; lest again getting drunk, they go ashore and are ill-treated, and we thus acquire a bad name." Ke-Ying is alarmed lest the vices of the regenerators should be quite intolerable, and those who are to be regenerated should so far forget themselves as to visit the wrong with retribution. Surely the sea and land forces, as a missionary corps, need weeding and reforming.

And after all, the question occurs, whether war is positively necessary? Undoubtedly, the progress of our arms has often led the way of civilization; but could not those benevolent bodies who so ardently desire to civilize, and so formally deprecate war, devise some better instrument for breaking a way? In the case of the so-much-lauded Chinese tariff, for example, we might have performed quite as striking and laudable a feat without going to war at all: without sending a great sea and land force to the antipodes to enforce free trade upon semi-barbarians at the point of the bayonet, we might have done as great a thing by beginning at home, and adopting a free trade tariff of our own. It would have had a much more extensive application and influence, and would have been much more edifying to the nations.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

#### O'CONNELL AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES.

THE political sympathies of men of letters are most frequently what is called aristocratic. Even those among them whose opinions are liberal—favorable to innovation—are more inclined to *patronize* the populace than to stand on terms of intimacy and familiarity with them. The pursuits of the man of letters form him to habits of systematic if not comprehensive thought, and imbue him with a fastidiousness of taste; such qualities are incompatible with the blind headlong impulses and inconsequences which characterize the movements of the masses. The man of letters is apt, when a liberal, to protest against what is not *en règle*—to lecture—to give offence—to see more energetic and versatile, but more vulgar and ill-informed leaders preferred to himself—and to retire from the struggle in disgust. It is not the least valuable feature of our political constitution, that it affords fitting spheres of action at once for this more reflecting class of politicians, and for those who sympathize with, and by sympathizing direct, the ruder impulses of the untaught.

In this respect the Roman Catholic Church bears a strong analogy to the political institutions of Britain. The various and regularly-subordinated grades of its prelacy throughout Europe, and the constitution of the Court of Rome, have promoted the growth of this refined and intelligent spirit of scholastic aristocracy among the clergy. A large proportion of the priesthood are conservative, scarcely so much in consequence of the inducements offered to men of high birth and connexion to enter the church, as to the encouragement held out to the cultivation of elegant and accomplished scholarship. While the demagogue talent has found full scope in discharging the peculiar duties of the mendicant orders, the households of the prelates have been fostering a class of benevolent and accomplished gentlemen like Fenelon and St. Francis de Sales.

The peculiar circumstances of the Irish section of the Roman Catholic Church have of late years been unfavorable to the development of the scholastic and aristocratic—of the liberal conservative spirit among its members. In England, a few old noble families have been the stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church; in Ireland, it has been the peasantry. In England, the spirit of this church has been fastidious and timid; in Ireland, impetuous, daring and somewhat vulgar. The peculiarities of the Irish section have been aggravated and confirmed by the foundation of Maynooth, and by the breaking up of the Irish seminaries in France—two events which have rendered its connexion with the continental priesthood less intimate. O'Connell and his struggle for the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities have completed the work.

During and since that struggle, there has been but an imperfect sympathy between the English Roman Catholics and O'Connell. Their fastidious tastes were shocked by his rollicking spirit and bold disregard of his professions of yesterday when unsuited to the purpose of the day. Their political timidity was alarmed by his appeals to popular passion. In this the English Roman Catholics represented the conservative party in their church—a party which has appeared for some time to be extinct in the Irish branch of it, at least among the clergy. The spirit of the Mendicant Friar, (we



use the term in no unfriendly sense—as descriptive, not in reproach,) of the quick-witted, often warm-hearted, daring, and unscrupulous popular priest, seemed to have possessed every grade of the Irish hierarchy. All along, however, there has been a minority who have yielded a reluctant assent to the demagogic policy of O'Connell; and this party has now taken heart of grace to make a stand against, and by his own admission has obtained a victory over him.

The determination of the Roman Catholic Prelates to act under the Charitable Bequests Bill is the first successful stand made by this party against the domineering influence of O'Connell. It is an important victory for the interests of the Irish Roman Catholics; for it shows the Protestants and the English, that the whole of the body are not blindly led by the power which one man exercises over the passions of the most ignorant of their number. It shows the existence of the citizen-spirit among them—of the will and ability to coöperate with those of other creeds for real and attainable reforms. It brings the Irish Roman Catholics in fact as well as name within the pale of the British constitution. It is of the utmost consequence to the future prospects of Ireland that this emancipation of the Roman Catholic body from the absolute dictation of one of its members—however great his services, and however gratefully remembered—shall be permanent. Indeed, mere personal considerations render it necessary for those who have ventured upon this act of successful insubordination to maintain their ground firmly and warily; for, with all his genial qualities, O'Connell has never been known to forgive any one who has defeated him in politics.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

From the Spectator.

#### RELIGION AS A POLITICAL ELEMENT.

THE disturbances in Switzerland indicate that the age of religious wars has not yet passed. In every country, indeed, religious feeling, as a political element, appears to be regaining strength. To those who remember the temper with which the bearing of religion on affairs of state was everywhere discussed about the time when the Test and Corporation Acts were abolished and the Roman Catholics emancipated in Britain, this reverting to old fashions is like awaking from a pleasant dream.

At the time alluded to, men professed to have agreed to differ. The lion was preparing to go to bed with the lamb. Proselytism was disclaimed on all hands. The zealous priest of Rome and the no less fervid zealot of Calvinism, we were told, had become philosophers of the indifferent or skeptical school; they regarded their own religious opinions as part and parcel of their own being—as something which had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, and of which they could not rid themselves even had they wished it; they looked on the antagonist principles of their rival churches in the same dispassionate light: they did not pretend to decide dogmatically which was wrong and which right; but as every man must go some way, they went on their old one, because no man could show to their satisfaction that another was better. In this parade of transcendental charity and tolerance there was a degree of affectation that betrayed its hollowness. The mass of society had not become all at once so enlightened, or so indifferent, as such a state of

mind would have implied. The truth is, that in other countries there was at that particular moment nothing to be gained by sectarian activity, and in this country a great point to be gained by pretending that it had ceased to exist. The hostility of many well-meaning people to the abolition or relaxation of all political disqualifications imposed on religious opinion could only be abated by persuading them that the millennium had begun; and the Liberals affected to believe that it had—perhaps they brought themselves to believe this.

The object for which all these honied speeches were used has been attained; and religious controversy is growing hot as ever—hotter, perhaps, from the temporary suppression. In Switzerland, the Jesuits and the Protestant clergy are struggling to engross the superintendence of religion, with such avidity that their partisans have actually come to blows. In the United States of America, the Roman Catholic clergy have taken an active, and, as appears from letters that have been published, not always a very scrupulous part in the late elections. The occupation of Otaheite by the French, if not provoked by, received a coloring of justice from, the attempts of the Protestant missionaries to prevent their Roman Catholic rivals from landing there; and the speeches delivered at Exeter Hall on the subject of French aggression in the Pacific were as full of guns, drums, and swords, as ever were the exhortations of Huguenot warriors in the days of the League or of Covenanters about the time of Bothwell Brig.

There is more sincerity in all this bitterness than in the interval of oily speeches which preceded it; and there is also better morality. The tolerance which is the result of superior knowledge is a virtue; the tolerance which is the result of ignorant indifference leads to vice. It is better that men, while they continue under the domination of narrow-minded views, should be occasionally absurd and outrageous from honest zeal, than that they should purchase a hollow peace by the deadening of their religious sense. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear, religion—the fountain of peace—is necessarily the last topic that men will learn to discuss with temper. Men rarely grow angry when arguing a question they perfectly understand; anger is the result of that state of mind in which a man finds himself, when, profoundly convinced of some truth and of its importance, he yet apprehends it too imperfectly to make it clear to others. The anger he vents on his antagonist is in reality kindled against himself. And the mysteries of religion are, and probably ever will remain, of this class of truths.

But they who thus look upon the rekindling of religious brawls as inevitable, and not in all respects to be deprecated, may nevertheless entertain serious fears of its consequences. The civil and international wars to which religion has given rise have ever been the most ferocious. Events are continually occurring to remind us that the mildness of modern manners is owing more to the checks interposed by our institutions on ebullitions of self-will, and to the steady pressure of public opinion, than to the taming of the passions of individuals. Is that public opinion so confirmed as to be unsailable by fanaticism? Are our institutions really more calculated than those of former ages to neutralize indiscreet religious zeal? When the oldest and most numerous section of the Western Church is so evidently renewing its activity and repairing its combinations, and when the divided Protestants



are, as formerly, preparing to compensate by increase of vehemence for their democratic incapacity of combination; it is time that those who are above partisanship should prepare themselves to oppose headlong enthusiasm, and to receive hard names for their pains.

From Hood's Magazine.

#### THE GRISETTE AND THE GRANDE DAME.

THE carnival of 1717 was drawing to a close; it was the last ball of the season, and the *salle de l'Opéra* was crowded to its utmost limits. All distinctions of rank were forgotten. Peers jostled pickpockets, and courtiers, countesses, and even sober citizens, mingled with *chevaliers d'industrie*, *grisettes*, and opera dancers.

Here, masked to the teeth, might be seen some *grande dame* in whispering conference with a young *mousquetaire*, who, quick at a hint, has been all night waiting that black domino, with a rose and silver ribbon tied at the wrist. There, a marchioness, the heroine of many an adventure, is trying to make a conquest of the young mercer, her neighbor, who is impatient to see whether the beauty of his incognita answers to the charms of her conversation. That slight figure in the Turkish dress, who has made love to half the women present, is well known to be the Regent, Duke of Orleans: the group of bacchantes, bayadères, and heathen goddesses hovering about him, are the ladies of the court, several of them his mistresses; and the Venus who conceals her face, while through that thin veil she undauntedly displays her neck and shoulders, is no less than the Duchess of Berry, a princess of the blood-royal, and the regent's favorite daughter.

It may be readily supposed that many piquant adventures, and not a few scandalous intrigues, were the result of this intermixture of ranks, and, under the protection of the mask, more than one fair dame indulged in frolics, the discovery of which would have covered her with confusion.

Under a gallery at the farther end of the ball-room, and screened from observation by a row of pillars, two persons in close conversation occupied a sofa. The taller, who had thrown his mask aside, was dressed as a student. He was a young man of from eighteen to twenty years of age, and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. His dark brown hair fell in curls on his shoulders; his complexion was of a clear brown; and his large hazel eyes had that mild, serious look, that has been said to characterize persons fore-doomed to a violent death. At this time, however, their melancholy expression had disappeared, and they sparkled with animation as he conversed with the person at his side. This was a figure so carefully masked, that even the mouth and chin were concealed, but the slight, graceful form, and the small foot that occasionally peeped from under the sable domino, left no doubt as to the sex.

The conference seemed at an end, for the lady made an attempt to rise.

"Do not leave me," said her companion; "or, at least, ere you go, let me gaze for one moment on those lovely features and the bright eyes, that, even through that hateful mask, have subdued my heart."

"I dare not stay," she replied. "We are observed. Yonder Diana has been watching you for the last half-hour. Perhaps she means to choose you for her Endymion."

"When goddesses condescend to visit us poor mortals," answered the student, "they come in disguise—mine is already here," and he caught her hand.

"See!" she said, "your deity approaches. If she finds you with a rival, her vengeance will be terrible."

"At least I shall not merit the punishment of Actæon, for it is not *her* charms that I am contemplating," he returned, as he pressed to his lips the small white hand from which he had drawn an embroidered glove; "but fear her not, she is the goddess of chastity, and flies from men."

"Rather say the huntress, in full pursuit of you. I will not encounter her wrath." She disengaged her hand, and, mixing with the crowd, was out of sight in a moment. Ere he could follow her, the mask in the dress of Diana stood before him.

The buskined goddess was a curious specimen of the Grecian costume, as understood in Paris at the time of the regency. Her green satin hooped petticoat, looped up on one side with more than classic brevity, displayed a well-shaped leg, though not of the most slender dimensions. Her waist was extremely long, and below it hung an imitation of a panther's skin, which finished with a huge claw. She carried a gilt bow, which, judging by its size, and the length of the arrows suspended in a quiver at her back, never could have been intended to bring down anything larger than a butterfly. A crescent of false stones sparkled in her hair, two or three locks of which hung down on her neck; but their jetty hue was disguised by a shade of powder, then first coming into fashion.

"*Je te connais!*" said she, beginning with the usual jargon.

"And I know you, Susette," returned the student, impatiently, "although you have taken the trouble to change your dress. Did you think all that frippery would disguise you from me?"

The goddess snatched off her mask, and her brilliant black eyes sparkled fiercely under her marked eyebrows, as she replied, "You are right, Etienne, there should be no disguise between us. Tell me, therefore, who was the mask that has just quitted you?"

"You know as much on the subject as I," he answered carelessly; "she is a stranger to me."

"Did she leave you this for a *souvenir*?" was the reply; "or as a token by which you are to find her again?" saying which she snatched a small glove from his hand. Her color changed as she looked at it. It was of the scented leather once so sought after, called *peau d'Espagne*, and embroidered with very small pearls.

"Is it so?" she exclaimed. "Are *grisettes* no longer good enough for you, that you seek acquaintance among the fine court ladies?"

"Be silent, you do not know what you are talking about," he returned; by a sudden movement again possessing himself of the glove, and thrusting it into his bosom.

Her jealous fury increasing, she raised her voice so high as to attract the attention of several persons near. "Do you think I am to be foiled!" she cried. "Be she who she may, she shall not seduce my lover with impunity."

"Ho! ho!" said a figure grotesquely dressed, stealing from behind one of the pillars, and jingling some bells fastened to a stick—"a lover's quarrel! then Folly must be at hand;" and he began skipping round them. Irritated at the laughter of the spectators, Etienne attempted to leave the spot; but linking her arm in his, Susette exclaimed—

"Are you going to your assignation? I will accompany you, for I have something to say to my lady countess—or whatever she calls herself."

At these words, the delight of the mask representing Folly was excessive; he clapped his hands, jingled his bells, and a clown catching the infection, the two capered about till a crowd began to collect round the party.

Etienne, half mad with vexation, broke through the throng with the intention of leaving the ball-room. As he arrived at the door, his incognita gliding up to him, said softly—

"Gentle knight, you will not refuse to return a lady her glove, since it was not thrown down in defiance of you?"

Before he could answer, he heard the hateful jingling of the bells, and preceded by Folly, and followed by a troop of maskers, he saw Susette approaching. Her eyes seemed to flash fire, and her nostrils were dilated with passion, as, striding up to her rival, she crushed the mask on her face, and tried to tear it off.

Etienne catching her arm prevented a repetition of the blow; but his own passion roused, he threw her from him with a force that sent her staggering backwards.

"Fiend!" he exclaimed, "from this hour I counsel you to avoid me! Dare to cross my path again, and I swear by all that is sacred you shall bitterly repent it!" saying which, and taking the black domino under his arm, he left the ball-room.

"Bon Dieu!" said a female, who had just forced her way through the crowd. "It is Susette Lagarde and the student Etienne Grandier, her lover."

A few weeks after the ball, in the house of a family of high rank in Paris, a lady reclined in her boudoir in one of those antique chairs, the curved shapes and rounded backs of which are so characteristic of the graceful fashions of that day. A dress of pale blue satin set off the exquisite fairness of her skin. Bright auburn hair combed back from the forehead, fell in two or three large curls on her neck. Her features were delicately shaped rather than regular, her lips of that bright vermilion hue that we often see in children; and partly eased in a rose-colored slipper, with a very high heel, a foot as small as that of a fairy rested on the lap of a young man who half kneeled, half sat, on a cushion at her feet. It is not necessary to describe his appearance, for it was the student Etienne Grandier.

The lady smiled tenderly on her lover; as looking anxiously at her he said, "You say this to torment me: if the danger were tenfold, I would brave it, were but the peril mine alone."

"But since it is not," she replied, "since to receive you any longer in this house would be fraught with danger to me as well as to you, the only course that remains is —"

"To part," he answered. "Be it so, but remember it is my life you ask—I will not live without you."

"How many have sworn as much," said the lady, "and have found women credulous enough to believe them?"

"But you are not one of those," said Grandier, bitterly; "you have lived among courtiers, and judging all men by that standard, believe me to be as heartless as they."

"Ungrateful!" she exclaimed; "had I thought so, should I have trusted my reputation in your hands? Had you not interrupted me, I would

have told you, that though we cannot meet here, we may do so elsewhere—and this I was about to do for one who loads me with reproaches."

"Forgive me," he answered, pressing her hands to his lips; "the fear of losing you made me unjust. Call me not ungrateful; your generous condescension is written in characters of fire on my heart. Would to Heaven it were given me to prove how lightly I hold my life in comparison with your safety and fair fame."

Etienne Grandier was the only child of a merchant of Toulouse, who, having amassed a moderate fortune, was anxious to raise his son to a higher rank in life than his own. There were no other means of doing this than by educating him for the church, a course to which he was the more inclined from the docility of the boy's temper, and the superiority of his talents.

Etienne had been carefully educated; and so secure were his parents in the strength of his principles, that they sent him to finish his studies in a licentious capital, without casting a thought on the temptations to which he might be exposed there.

The character of young Grandier might be compared to a volcano under snow, for no one who saw the mildness and timidity of his demeanor, would have suspected the fiery passions that slumbered beneath. For some time after his arrival in Paris, the hours not devoted to study were passed in the society of a priest, an old friend of his family; but intense application proved so injurious to his health, that even father Gerard advised him to seek occasional amusement. His advice was followed, and it was with sincere pleasure that in a few months the old man noticed the improvement in his appearance. Etienne blushed on receiving his congratulations, but did not think it necessary to explain that a total change had taken place in his habits, and that instead of study, his whole time was now passed in the society of the *grisettes* of the neighborhood.

The smiles of the handsome student had already proved a fruitful source of discord among this amiable sisterhood, when Susette Lagarde, becoming the favorite sultana, succeeded in keeping every rival at a distance, as much by her strength of arm and volubility of tongue, as by the superiority of her beauty. Her empire had continued undisturbed until the night of the masked ball; but her conduct on that occasion had deeply offended Etienne, and though she employed prayers, tears, and even threats, to bring about a reconciliation, he was resolute in refusing it.

It must be owned that his determination found its strongest support in his passion for her rival. Since that evening they had met repeatedly, and the refinement of her manners was so new to him, and he was so dazzled by her charms, that he seemed to tread a new world, and Susette, who had for some time ceased to pursue him, was forgotten.

But he was not forgotten by her. If she could not have love, she was at least resolved on vengeance, and judging that his acquaintance with the black domino would not end with the ball, she determined to watch all his movements. Etienne, however, was forced to take so many precautions in visiting his inamorata, that she was completely baffled, until the lady's fears that her family should discover the intrigue, induced her to visit her lover in his own apartments.

It was an old and gloomy quarter of Paris in which Grandier resided. He had selected it as

being quiet and retired, and because adjoining his room was a pavilion with a garden, which, though surrounded on three sides by houses, served him as a place of recreation after the hours of study.

It was here that he proposed to receive his mistress. With a lover's care the pavilion was made ready; his own hand arranged the garden, and when all was done he sighed as he thought how unfit was such a temple for his divinity.

Their meetings did not escape the sharp eyes of Susette. The sight of her faithless lover leaving his own house one evening with a female, put her on the alert; she recognized the figure of her rival, and only waited her next appearance to overwhelm her with reproaches.

Fortune soon favored her projects. The lady arriving alone, passed through the house to the garden, and Susette, who knew that Etienne was from home, entered the pavilion after her. The dismay of the stranger at the sight of a female of the lower class, whose disordered appearance gave indication of the violent passions that agitated her, may be imagined. Scarcely had their eyes met than she remembered her as a girl who had worked in her father's family, and the astonishment expressed in the *grisette's* face, showed that the recognition was mutual.

"So, madame! it is you who play these pranks!" she exclaimed. "Shame on you, court ladies! who call us bad names and despise us, while you envy and rob us of our lovers. But the whole neighborhood shall know what a *grande dame* is the mistress of a poor student. We will see what the *grisettes* will say to it. Here, Lisette, Martha, come and see the fine madam who visits Etienne Grandier!"

The lady, agonized with the danger to which her life as well as reputation would be exposed in the hands of an incensed populace, endeavored to disarm her fury by supplications.

"My good Susette!" she cried imploringly, "do not ruin me. I will give you money—make you rich—only let me go, and I will never come near your lover again."

Her prayers were disregarded, and Susette, throwing open the window, continued to call her companions. The alarm was given, casements were thrown open, and the neighbors from their windows endeavored to ascertain the cause of the cries. It was already dusk, and nothing could be seen; but the screams continued, and once the cry of "murder" was heard. Old and young now hastened to the spot. As they entered the house they met Etienne coming from the garden.

"For God's sake!" said the foremost; "what is the meaning of those cries?"

"Cries!" he repeated. "I have heard none. I am this moment returned, and came in by the back way."

"There have been dreadful shrieks heard from your house," was the answer.

"You are wrong, neighbor," interrupted an old woman; "they were not from the house. I opened my window at the first alarm, and I am sure the screams came from the pavilion. Let us go there."

"The pavilion!" said Etienne, starting. "There is no one there!—It is locked, and I have not the key."

"Nevertheless," said the old woman pertinaciously, "I am positive it was from there they came; and it is my advice that we search it."

Etienne in vain remonstrated. "My friends," said he, as they pushed past him, "let me enter first, there is a person there——"

"Why, just now you said it was empty and locked," said one of the men.

"Perhaps *Monsieur l'Etudiant* has one of his *masters* there!" observed another with a laugh.

"Or mistresses," put in a third. "Come, Monsieur Etienne, allow that there is a lady in the case, and we will wait outside."

"There is a lady," said the student, evidently confused. "I must speak to her before you enter." He sprang to the door of the pavilion without perceiving that the old woman who had followed him, was stealthily peeping in. A shriek from her brought the rest of the people. Etienne, his face as white as death, his whole countenance the picture of horror, was leaning over the body of Susette Lagarde, which lay weltering in blood at his feet. The murderer was immediately seized. He made little defence, but seemed confused and overwhelmed by his situation. Indeed, taken almost in the fact as he had been, it was generally expected that he would confess to save himself from the torture, and though he did not directly avow his guilt, his silence when interrogated on the subject was looked upon as a tacit confession. It was only on the day of trial, and with the horror of his impending fate before his eyes, that he seemed desirous of making an effort to avert it; but he confined himself to general assertions of his innocence, and begged his judges to have mercy on his youth, and finding this appeal unsuccessful, he exclaimed, almost wildly, that he was not guilty. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel. As the time of execution approached, he requested to see the priest already mentioned. Father Gerard had been deeply offended at the duplicity of Etienne, whose disorderly courses he had not suspected until the trial made them known; but though as rigid in his own principles as strict in exacting the performance of their duty from others. Christian charity forbade him to refuse the prayer of a penitent. An interview took place between them. Etienne was to die on the morrow, and as some hope had been entertained that a less painful death might be inflicted, it was a part of his friend's mission to inform him that his petition to that effect was rejected.

However severely Father Gerard might have been prepared to treat the criminal, the sight of his former pupil, changed by suffering of mind and body, turned his anger to pity, and though he reproached him, it was with gentleness.

"Behold," said he, "the fruits of vice. Who that knew you, Etienne, loved by all for the goodness of your heart, and of whom numerous witnesses have deposed that you never had a quarrel, never spoke an angry word to any of your companions, who would have believed that a few months of a licentious life would have transformed you into a murderer?"

"And might not their testimony have proved that I was incapable of committing such a barbarous deed?" faltered Etienne.

"Unhappy boy!" returned the other; "when at that fatal ball you uttered that threat, murder was in your thoughts. But enough of this: I come here as your spiritual guide, prepared to speak comfort to your soul, if by confession and repentance of your sins you would seek that mercy from Heaven, which the justice of man dare not show you."

Their conference was long, and the troubled countenance of Father Gerard showed that it had deeply moved him. There was still a painful



duty to perform. Etienne's question anticipated it.

"Father," said he, "am I to die on the wheel?"

On a reply in the affirmative, the unhappy youth hid his face in his hands, but their convulsive trembling showed the agony within.

"My son," said the priest, "remember him who died on the cross! Did he suffer less?"

"Ah, father, he was without guilt! What can give courage to one whose sins have cost him his life, and brought shame and sorrow on his parents!"

We should vainly seek in a modern drawing-room for the elegance and splendor presented by a salon at Paris in the time of the Regency. The lofty and spacious apartments were lighted by innumerable tapers, reflected in mirrors draped with the richest produce of the Indian loom. Thick Persian carpets half covered the polished floor. Before every door hung damask curtains, intercepting the air that might have blown too roughly on the delicate forms within. On the marble chimney-piece, between lustres with long glittering pendants, stood large baskets of golden flowers; and in the middle, the clock of Sèvres porcelain, on which, in painted medallions, the hours hand in hand danced their eternal round, or swains, with crooks ornamented with ribbons, piped their amorous strains at the feet of garlanded shepherdesses. The japanned cabinets were set out with numbers of tiny cups of that delicate and transparent china that looks as if a breath of air would blow it away. Mandarins, pagodas, dragons, all the variety of monsters in which Chinese imagination revels, filled the intervening spaces. The picture was completed by the variety of colors and costumes. The brilliant scarlet, distinguishing the officers of the Swiss guards, rivalled the elegant blue and gold of the cavalry uniform, or was relieved by the black velvet and silver facings of the *mousquetaires*. The embroidered coats of the peers, their diamond stars and buttons, and the blue ribbon displayed across the rich white satin waistcoat, were equally contrasted with the more sober dress of the little *Abbé*, with his smooth cheek, his short cloak, point lace cravat, and black silk *culotte*. These were the perfumed and powdered butterflies that fluttered round the fair circle, where waving plumes and necklaces, sparkling with precious stones, were not more graceful than their wearers, nor brighter than their eyes.

Such was the scene presented at the hotel of the Marquis de Ferriers, where a numerous and brilliant party was assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract between the daughter of the noble host and his nephew the Viscount de Beauvais. The Countess de St. Gilles, although a widow, had not yet seen her twenty-fifth year. She was married when almost a child to her late husband, and since his death had, by a family arrangement, been contracted to her cousin. The age, fortune, and personal qualities of the parties were so well assorted, that their union was the subject of general approbation. The countess, one of the beauties of the day, had always conducted herself with a propriety that did honor to the excellent education she had received. Indeed the marquis himself was generally respected for a purity of principles and conduct rarely met with at that time. The marriage had been for some time deferred in consequence of the delicate state of the countess' health, but at the earnest solici-

tion of her father, it was now to take place without further delay.

The bride-elect had not yet made her appearance, and the guests amused themselves in conversation respecting the interesting event they were assembled to witness.

"My dear marchioness, how delighted I am to see you!" exclaimed a lady, dressed in the very pink of the fashion, "and how charmingly you look. But the air of Paris is a great beautifier. Only think of me, *ma chère*, buried for twelve long months in a horrid province! It was impossible to endure it longer, so I have left *Monsieur la Comte* to govern his *barbares* by himself. But I have so much news to hear. Only think of our dear countess marrying her cousin at last! They will make a charming couple. The Viscount is so handsome, and she—but here she comes. I must go and congratulate her. How could they say," she continued, on returning to her seat, "that she was in bad health! To me, she seems more lovely than ever."

"Your long banishment makes you see every thing *couleur de rose*, my dear countess," returned her friend; "I think her sadly changed. She is much thinner, and her eyes, the expression of which was formerly so enchantingly soft, have now quite a haggard look."

"Do you not think that her rouge is a *soupçon* too deep?" whispered the other, beginning to criticise in her turn.

"I think that effect is produced by the almost unearthly whiteness of her skin," was the reply. "It is true, powder, paint, and patches, make it difficult, now-a-days, to see what a complexion really is; but, under all those auxiliaries, I trace the ravages of ill health."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the preparations for signing the contract; the parchment was placed before the countess for her signature, but her hand shook so violently that she could scarcely trace a letter, and it was only by a strong effort that she mastered her agitation sufficiently to write her name. Immediately after she sunk back in her chair, and became insensible. She was carried to her apartment, and on medical aid being summoned, was pronounced to be dangerously ill.

In a few days it was known that the young and beautiful Countess of St. Gilles, so lately on the point of becoming a bride, was dying. From the commencement of her illness she had continued to sink rapidly, and her physicians were only surprised that she still lived. The house became a scene of mourning, crowded with friends anxious to show their sympathy, and to offer consolation to the marquis and his nephew. The countess was aware that her situation was hopeless; all her thoughts were given to religion, and her confessor was constantly with her. On the day that the last sacraments were to be administered, the numerous members of her family were, at her express desire, summoned to her bedside.

"My friends," said the dying woman, "I cannot leave the world in peace, neither will my confessor give me absolution, till I have confessed a crime which has long lain heavily on my conscience. All here must remember the student Etienne Grandier, who, two years ago, was condemned to death for the murder of his mistress. At the place of execution he asserted his innocence, and his assertion was true. I was the murderer of Susette Lagarde!"

At this strange revelation a murmur of astonishment was heard, and all present looked at each other, as if to ask whether the words she had uttered were not those of delirium; but the priest made a sign to enforce silence, and the countess continued—

"To this sin I was led by another; for, to my shame, I own that the reputation I had acquired for virtue was undeserved—Etienne Grandier was my lover!"

The old marquis, already nearly heart-broken at the prospect of losing his only child, could not bear up against the knowledge of her shame, and, with a deep groan, he fell senseless to the ground. His unhappy daughter had scarcely power to continue her narrative; her breathing became short, and the damps of death already hung on her brow.

"He was my lover!" she repeated at length; "and we met in that pavilion in which the body of the murdered woman was found. Jealousy had led her to follow me there. She threatened to expose me:—more than my life was in her power, and finding her inexorable to my prayers, I snatched a knife that lay on the table, and stabbed her to the heart. The knife was marked with the name of the unfortunate Grandier, and, added to his being found on the spot, went far on his trial to condemn him. But I repeat that he was innocent, that he was not present at the time, nor did he even know by whom the deed was done—though he must have guessed," she added, with a shudder. "Careful to save me from suspicion, not even to the priest who received his confession did he breathe my name." She paused, and cast an anxious look at her confessor.

"Father Gerard," she asked, "are you satisfied?"

"Daughter," said the priest, stretching out his hand towards her, "depart in peace, I absolve thee of thy sins!"

MR. BURRETT, the learned blacksmith, is seriously engaged in attempting to make discoveries in the moon by means of mesmerism or *clairvoyance*; to which end he proposes to employ three subjects in different places to make observations, and note them down for future comparison. He says he has in his possession the statement of a lad in the clairvoyant state, who visited the moon, and went into a building resembling a schoolhouse, found a book which he was unable to read, but, at the request of the magnetizer, he copied off twenty-eight well formed characters. At a subsequent visit he saw things better, and took drawings of a monument and metallic horn. Upon the monument was an inscription written in the very characters which the boy found in the book, all of which he had received to compare with the Oriental languages.—*Kennebec Journal*.

A NEW system of defrauding the revenue has been discovered on the Belgian frontier. The officers of the Customs at Verviers, having conceived some suspicion of 13 terrines, or earthenware pots, bearing every appearance of containing *patés de fois gras*, from Strasburg, and even smeared outside with that appetizing confection, opened them, and found them to be filled with 980 sealed letters, which, it was hoped, would arrive at Brussels free of postage.

## MR. HOOD'S PORTRAIT.

SOME months since, Mr. Edward Davis, the well-known sculptor, applied to me to sit to him for a bust. My vanity readily complied with the request: and in due time I found myself in his studio, installed in a crimson-covered elbow-chair, amidst an assemblage of heads, hard and soft, white, drab, and stone-color. Here, a young nobleman—one of the handsomest of the day—in painted plaster; there, a benevolent-looking bishop in clear white sparkling marble, next to a brown clay head, like Refined and Moist. A number of unfinished models, of what Beau Brummell would have called "damp strangers," were tied up in wet cloths, from which every moment you expected to hear a sneeze; the veiled ones comprising a lady or two, a barrister, and a judge. All these were on pedestals; but in the back ground, on the boards, stood numerous other busts, dwarfish or gigantic, heads and shoulders, like Oriental Genii coming up through the floor—some white and clean, as if fresh from the waters under the earth; others dingy and smoky, as if from its subterranean fire-places—some young, some old, some smiling, and others grave, or even frowning severely; with one alarming face reminding me of those hard, brutal countenances that are seen on street doors.

On the mantel-shelf silently roared the Caput of the Laocöon, with deeply indented eyeballs, instead of the regulation blanks; and what the play people call a practicable mouth, i. e. into which you might poke your finger down to the gullet; and, lastly, on the walls were sundry mystical sketches in black and white chalk, which you might turn, as fancy prompted, like Hamlet's cloud, into any figure you pleased, from a weasel to a whale.

To return to self. The artist, after setting up before me what seemed a small mountain of putty, with a bold scoop of his thumbs marked out my eyes; next taking a good pinch of clay—an operation I seemed to feel by sympathy—from between my shoulders, clapped me on a rough nose, and then stuck the surplus material in a large wart on my chest. In short, by similar proceedings, seraping, smoothing, dabbing on and taking off, at the end of the first sitting, Sculptor had made the upper half of a mud doll, the size of life, looking very like "the idol of his own circle" in the Cannibal Islands.

At subsequent sittings, this heathen figure gradually became not only more Christian-like, but more and more like the original; till finally it put on that striking resemblance which is so satisfactory to one's wife and family, and, as it were, introduces a man to himself.

An Engraving by Mr. Heath from this bust is intended to form the frontispiece to the Second Volume of this Magazine, and will be given with the next Number, should the interval be sufficient for the careful execution and finish of the plate. The Address that should have been offered, the present month, will accompany the engraving; the same cause that postpones it—a severe indisposition—will be accepted perhaps as a sufficient apology for the absence of the usual Answers to Correspondents. In the mean time all good wishes are briefly tendered to the vast ring of friends, and the increasing circle of subscribers, to whose entertainment, at the present season, I have tried to contribute.

T. H.

## MISCELLANY.

**VALUE OF APPLAUSE.**—The Paris *Constitutionnel* records the death of Auguste, *chef des claqueurs* to the French Opera, with an account of that important functionary. His business was to provide applause for new pieces and débuts; and he managed it in this way. He was allowed so many tickets—he once refused forty as too few, and has had as many as one hundred and fifty or two hundred: of these he sold many at very low prices, on condition that the purchasers should applaud; and the remainder were distributed among forty or fifty men, whom he called his “three platoons.” For a fortnight before a new performance, Auguste would attend at the rehearsals; studying the music and libretto, and making notes for points to applaud. After the grand rehearsal, he went to the manager, not only to receive further hints, but also to learn how far he might applaud the individual actors or actresses; for the manager did not always covet applause for every performer. He and his men entered the theatre by the stage-door at five o'clock, and took up their stations. As to remuneration, Auguste never received any from the manager but the tickets, the price of which he pocketed; but actors also paid him: one lady used to give him fifty francs (2*l.*) a night; another, a dancer, once gave him a hundred francs; but the manager not desiring applause for that lady, Auguste honorably returned the money.—*Spect.*

**DUTY ON COTTON.**—A public meeting of merchants, manufacturers, and cotton-spinners, convened by the mayor, was held at Manchester on Tuesday, to promote the repeal of the duty on cotton wool. The requisition to call the meeting was signed by 130 firms, and many leading men of Manchester were present. The mayor presided. In moving the first resolution, declaring the expediency of abolishing the tax, Mr. Robert Hyde Greg adduced several reasons in support of the measure, and dwelt particularly on the increasing competition which the English manufacturers encounter from the Americans, who have not to pay the duty: the total amount of the cotton manufactures exported from the United States in 1823, was 1,763 packages; in 1834, it was valued at 2,085,000 dollars; in 1842, 4,500,000 dollars; and in the circular of Messrs. Jones, Gibson, and Ord, the value for 1843 was estimated at six or seven million of dollars. The meeting adopted the resolution unanimously, as well as a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury praying for the repeal of the duty; and a deputation was appointed to present and support the memorial.—*Spect.*

**THE THEATRES.**—Scarcely had the publication-day of Mr. Dickens' new Christmas-book been advertised, when a stage version of its contents was announced at the Adelphi for the night following; and before the volume was published, four or five other theatres promised to produce *The Chimes*. Mr. Webster, by private arrangement with the author, got a week's start of his competitors; but soon after Christmas, half the theatres in London will echo to the sound of “the bells that rang the Old Year out and a New Year in.” Such eagerness to pounce upon an unseen book by a favorite author, without reference to its fitness for dramatic representation, while it attests the popularity of Mr. Dickens, also shows the desperate shifts to which managers are driven by dearth of dramatic talent, to provide the playgoing

public with some new thing. But “more haste, worse speed” in this instance; a previous perusal of the book being necessary to an understanding of the story as represented on the stage. Though the Adelphi version is by the Beaumont and Fletcher of burlesque and farce, Messrs. Mark Lemon and Gilbert a'Beckett, the performance was but half intelligible to those who had not read the book; and in this category must be placed the majority of the audience on Wednesday night, the writer of this notice included.—*Spect.*

**CHRISTMAS DAY** was celebrated as gaily as possible in the several workhouses of the metropolis, with a holyday, plum-pudding and roast beef, and other humbler luxuries. In this way 40,000 persons were entertained.—*Spect.*

**SMOKE.**—Manchester is to be reformed—as to its smokiness: it seems that last session an act was passed by parliament imposing a penalty of 40*s.* a week on all furnaces in Manchester and Salford that should not, after the 1st of January next, consume their own smoke; and at a recent meeting the Town-council undertook to enforce the act. Some manufacturers have already adopted a very simple and efficacious contrivance for the purpose, by driving a stream of atmospheric air into the furnace.—*Spect.*

**“GENERAL JAUREGUY, or El Pastor,”** says the Paris *Presse*, “who lately died at Vittoria, was, after Mina and L'Empecinado, the most renowned of those guerilleros, who, by their existence, so full of incredible and almost fabulous adventures, have become in their own lifetime heroes of romances and melodramas. Jaureguy distinguished himself particularly during the war in the Basque Provinces, from the death of Ferdinand the Seventh, in 1833, to the 31st of August, 1839, the date of the Convention of Bergara. He was, like Mina, Merino, and Zurbano, one of those men of iron who neither require sleep nor food, and who, a *cigaretta* in their mouth for their sole food, and the water of the torrents for their drink, walk twenty leagues a day with a musket on their shoulder. Jaureguy enjoyed the esteem of all parties. He was a man of undoubted honor, intrepidity, and disinterestedness; and his death is a severe loss to the Spanish government.”—*Spect.*

THE Lords of Admiralty have decided that the anchorage at Spithead may now be considered safe; the diving operations under the direction of Major-General Pasley having effectually cleared it of the wrecks of the Royal George and Edgar. The clearing of the anchorage has employed five summers. The Edgar was a vessel of seventy guns, and the greater number of the guns with most of the wreck have been recovered.—*Spect.*

**LETTERS** from the frontier of Poland assert that several noblemen and gentlemen had been arrested on account of having read some prohibited books, and that several of them were to be banished to the mines in the Ural mountains.—*Exam.*

**THE RUSSIAN and Polish Israelites** are emigrating in great numbers to Prussia, in order to avoid being transported by force to the remote quarters of the Russian empire.—*Exam.*

**LETTERS** received from Trebizond of the 16th of November, state that Dr. Woolf has arrived in safety at Teheran, on his way to Tabreez and Erzeroum, on his way to England.—*Exam.*



From Chambers' Journal.

## ADULTERATED MILK.

THE inhabitants of large cities are constantly complaining, and with very good reason, that the article sold to them under the name of milk is systematically adulterated. The udder of the cow supplies merely the basis of the compound; water, and certain foreign substances to give it the requisite whiteness, forming the other ingredients. The coloring matter is made from things of which the public at large have very little notion. The prevailing belief regarding the London milk manufacturer is, that chalk is their favorite pigment. Their brethren of Paris, however, employ a more extensive range of adulterating substances—such as flour, plaster of Paris, calves' lights, and a still more extraordinary animal substance, namely, dogs' brains.

This system of adulteration is the more abominable, when we consider that, of all species of food proper for the support of human life, milk is the most useful. It is unlike any other aliment in this respect—that it has the power of sustaining life without the assistance of any other sort of sustenance. Though man cannot live by bread alone, yet nature can be fully sustained by milk, were he reduced to have nothing else to sustain him. Its consumption, therefore, is very great in every part of the world except in China, where it is never used as a beverage. It has been computed that the average consumption of milk in Paris during the year 1837, was about 15,000 gallons per day. What the daily consumption of London may be, is not to be ascertained. If we reckon it in proportion to the population of the two cities, about 30,000 gallons of milk may be consumed every day in the great metropolis.

In Paris, everything is done, from the highest function of government to the pettiest public convenience, by an "administration." Hence the purveyance of milk to the Parisians is effected by an "administration" which was formed by, and remains under the surveillance of, Monsieur the prefect of police. The whole country around the capital is laid under contribution to supply it with milk, some of which comes from a distance of fifty miles. The details of this important administration are as follows:—In certain villages near to Paris are situated large establishments, which serve as dépôts for the reception and distribution of milk. Of the largest, one belongs to M. Delanos at Cormeille-en-Vexin, on the road to Dieppe, and another to M. Delacour at Enverry. From each of these central establishments (*laiteries centrales*) a number of light carts are despatched twice a-day, to collect the milk from the different farmers, each having a round or district of its own. These vehicles start and arrive with the punctuality of a clock, so that, if the country people are not ready with their quota of milk at the minute the collector calls, they lose the sale of it. These collections are so managed, that each charioteer arrives at the central dépôt with his milky freight exactly at the same hour. A certain portion of it is retained in the house to be converted into cream, butter, and cheese, and the rest is sent on direct to Paris. M. M. Delacour and Delanos have distributed throughout the capital a vast number of little milk shops, which their friend the prefect of police has placed in such parts of the town as will prevent rivalry between them; so that each of these great milkmen has a separate territory, over

which—in the matter of milk—he despotically presides. From these local dépôts (*laiteries*) the public obtain their milk with a punctuality quite equal to that with which they receive letters through the post. M. Delacour rents above seventy of these small shops; but the older established, M. Delanos, boasts of nearly double that number. There are, besides, smaller proprietors in direct correspondence (by railroad and other public conveyances) with cowfeeders and farmers in the neighborhood of Paris. M. Lenoir, an eminent statist, computes that, in 1837, about 8,760,000 francs (above £350,400) were spent for milk in Paris.

The milk-trade of London has, like that of Paris, its great proprietors. Of cow-keepers, the representatives of the late Mr. Rhodes of the Hampstead Road, and of Mr. Laycox of Islington, must be considered the aristocracy. There was a tradition respecting the former gentleman's establishment which may serve to show its magnitude; namely, that so many as a thousand cows could never be maintained upon it; for so sure as the thousandth was added to the stock, one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine died, so as to leave that exact number alive, and no more. The herd of the Islington proprietor is, we have been told, equally large. There are, besides, lesser cowfeeders, whose stock varies from twenty to a hundred head.

To the establishments of the larger suburban proprietors milk-retailers repair twice a day, purchase the article at the wholesale price, take it to their own homes, where—unless the craft be much libelled—the quantity is much increased at the expense of the quality before delivered to the public. The London milk-trade, then, is divided into two great branches, consisting of those who keep cows, and those who merely sell milk. Sometimes, however, these two departments are united, and the same individual retails the produce of his own stock, which in an overcrowded city like London, is almost universally stall-fed. The denizen of the provinces, while threading his way through a dense, close, and pestiferous neighborhood, may be occasionally startled, while peeping into a cellar, or what was once a parlor, to behold a cow or two tied up to a sort of manger, there in all probability to be imprisoned during the term of their natural lives, never having enjoyed the sight of a green field since the days of their calfhood. The milk yielded by these unlucky animals must be of a very inferior description; yet even that is adulterated. According to the occupation abstract of the census of 1841, the number of persons employed in feeding cows and selling milk was 2764.

It is perhaps wrong to stigmatize the whole of these individuals as deteriorating the article they deal in; for, doubtless, a great many are honest traders, and do not sophisticate their milk. One thing is certain, that some in this line of business, lest they should be suspected of the practice, drive their cows about the streets, and guarantee the genuineness of the commodity by milking the poor beast before the customers' eyes. Yet adulteration must be very generally carried on, else "the chalk and water of London" could never have so firmly established itself as a proverb as it has done. It is said of a celebrated comedian, that when he first came to London from the rural districts, he imagined that real milk was unattainable; and finding the chalk and water supplied to him as such very badly mixed, he one morning, in the

simplicity of his heart, presented two vessels to the milk-seller, saying, "he would, if convenient, take the ingredients separate, for he preferred mixing them himself." As a fresh proof of the difficulty of obtaining good milk in London, we may instance the fact, that in noblemen's families, where the consumption is great, the supply is drawn directly from farms in the vicinity of the metropolis. The great tavern and hotel keepers have taken dairy farms on their own account, in despair of obtaining genuine articles by other means.

It must not, however, be inferred that London is the only place where milk is adulterated. With all the centralizing regulations of the Paris police, the article is very largely vitiated in that city, and, we are led to believe, in every other place where the demand for the nutritious aliment is great. Many have been the efforts to suppress this fraudulent manufacture; but hitherto they have proved abortive. Lately, however, science has aided in the detection, and a certain Dr. Donné has invented two instruments, by one of which the proportion of water added to any quantity of milk can be readily found out, while the other enables us to ascertain the relative richness of cream. The first will prove of essential value not only to the London public, but to the inhabitants of all large cities. It is called a lactometer, and consists of upright tubes of glass placed one within the other. The suspected milk, poured into this simple machine, very soon separates itself from the adulterating water, the proportion of which to the rest of the liquid shows itself by means of a scale of degrees marked on the outside of the tube. We have not yet heard whether the hawk-eyed police of Paris have adopted the invention as a detective power, but a paragraph from a Belgian journal assures us that the Brussels officials have. On the 27th of last June, a body of police, armed with lactometers, posted themselves at the gates of the city, and condemned and seized no fewer than eighty large cans of milk. The consequence has been, that the denizens of Brussels have subsequently had no cause to complain of being supplied with bad milk. Thanks to Dr. Donné, his lactometer, and the municipal police, they get the full benefit of some of the finest milch cows in the world, which feed upon the unequalled pastures of the Belgian meadowland.

The lactometer would be a useful instrument in the hands of the London public. By it they would at least be able to ascertain how much water they are made to drink in their milk, and thus, by discovering the extent of the adulteration, gradually remedy it. We have not seen either of the learned Donné's machines, and are indebted for a description and figures of them to the 86th number of *L'Illustration Journal Universel*.

From the Spectator.

#### CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

WHAT with exhibitions and theatres, the preparations for feasting the eyes this Christmas keep pace with those for entertainment of a more substantial kind. Not that the sights and shows are of a trivial character: they are mostly intellectual, and supply food for the mind as solid as Christmas fare itself. Even the Royal Institution opens its theatre to a juvenile audience, for whom Professor Brande has devised a course of chemical lectures;

and Dr. Ryan, in the more popular region of the Polytechnic Institution, amazes the unscientific visitors with the wonders of Chemistry.

Mr. Burford has brought within the magic circle of his Panorama the most magnificent sight in nature—an "Eruption of Vesuvius, with a View of the City and Bay of Naples by Moonlight." The coup-d'œil is extraordinary. On emerging from the dim passage into the little round balcony whence the scene is beheld, a strange admixture of light and darkness startles the sight; the sky is dark, the stars shine brightly, lights glimmer in the windows of the houses, and the most prominent object, Castel dell' Uovo, reflects a glare in which moonlight and the lurid brilliancy of fire are blended. On looking round, the cause of this singular and beautiful effect is apparent: Vesuvius sends up a vast column of fire, which, spreading as it descends, illumines that quarter of the heavens with coruscations of flame and jets of red-hot stones; while, just beyond the influence of this burning cataract of lava, the full moon sheds around a flood of silvery light, as soft and pure as if her effulgence alone were visible. One sweep of the land, encircling the bay as far as Pausilippo, is in dark shadow, relieved only by glimpses of moonlight; the other, stretching towards the Apennines, glows with fiery radiance; the shipping and craft in the bay and the placid waves being brightened alternately by gleams of silver and gold. The moonlight and the reflections of the flames seem actually luminous; and the aerial effect is no less perfect than the linear perspective. In a word, it is a triumph of panoramic painting, and Mr. Burford's chef-d'œuvre.

The Panorama of Hong-kong, in the large circle, glows with sunlight; and its rich mellow tones are soothing to the sense after the dazzling brilliancy of the fiery effects. Wherever the scene may be, and under whatever aspect it may be viewed, Mr. Burford's panoramic pictures always combine local exactness of detail with fine atmospheric effects.

Captain Siborne's new Model of the Battle of Waterloo, just opened at the Egyptian Hall, is worth seeing, as presenting a more distinct and vivid idea of a military engagement than can be conveyed by any other means. It is on a much larger scale than the former, though it embraces only a portion of the field; and, the points being fewer and more strongly brought out, it is more impressive and quickly understood than the first. It represents the centre and left wing of the British line when it repulsed the grand attack made by Napoleon between one and two o'clock on the 18th June. The famous charge of British Cavalry led by the Marquis of Anglesey, and of the Infantry by Sir Thomas Picton, in which the French Cuirassiers and Imperial Guard were routed, forms the principal feature of the scene; the attack and defence of the farm of La Haye Sainte being a prominent episode. The numerical disproportion of the two forces engaged—the British numbering only 3,000, while the French mustered 13,000 troops—is at once apparent. The British line of two-deep shows like a scarlet thread against the dense dark masses of the French columns; the preponderance of inert force and momentum on the French side appears at first sight irresistible; but the confusion produced by the wavering and recoiling of the head of an attacking column, and the *mélee* of a retreat, visibly demonstrate the

influence of order and moral firmness in giving superiority to a small force over a large one.

The Chinese Exhibition offers the additional attraction of a band of music and extra illuminations in the evening; the Dragon Fête being scarcely inferior in splendor to the Feast of Lanterns. But the multitude of interesting and beautiful objects contained in this epitome of Chinese costumes, arts, manufactures, and natural productions, should need neither dragons nor music to invite public attention.

The scientific experiments of the Polytechnic Institution are too well known to require enumeration; but the Physioscope, one of the latest marvels of the oxyhydrogen microscope, which exhibits the human face twelve feet in diameter, is at once so curious and beautiful a sight that it deserves especial mention.

The Diorama and Cosmorama are almost as familiar to the public as Madame Tussaud's Waxwork and Tom Thumb; whose carriage—almost literally a pill-box—is a better (and much prettier) advertisement than the placard-vans announcing his posturings at the Suffolk-Street Gallery.

The National Gallery and British Museum are staple attractions, like the Tower and Thames Tunnel.

Astley's has hit upon a good subject in *John Gilpin's Ride*; and capitally it has been managed: in fact, this seems to be one of the best of the pantomimes.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

"MOLLY DOODLES,"\* A SKETCH OF IRISH CHARACTER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I do not know why the active, quick, intelligent, and most decidedly *clean* little beggar-woman I remember in my young days was called Doodles. Doodles must have been one of those nicknames which the Irish, from the highest to the lowest, are so fond of bestowing. If ever begging was a principle, rather than a necessity, it was in the case of poor Molly. She could knit, spin, sew, and she would do all these occasionally, and for a brief time; but nothing could induce her to accept payment for labor; and if asked for assistance, she would invariably take "huff," and absent herself altogether for a month or more from those who would have acted as her taskmasters. The Bannow cottagers knew this; and the dwellers on the moor managed to keep Molly Doodles frequently occupied, by leaving "a rock of flax" untouched on the wheel, or a stocking just "set up" on the needles, or a shirt half made on the table, when she came in sight, knowing full well that the little woman's activity would prevent her sitting quiet. She would enter the cabin with the usual benediction of "God save all here"—be immediately invited to take an "air of the fire," or a "shock of the pipe." And after she was sufficiently warmed and comforted, she would untie the blue cloak which draped the "hump" of sundries—meal, potatoes, a blanket, tea-kettle, and a change of clothes—that were strapped over her shoulders. She would then loosen her pack; and, without any invitation, begin to sing a song. Of course the household crowded round Molly, to listen to her

wild and pleasing melody; and after a little time, without breaking off, she would draw to "the wheel," or take up "the needles," or the shirt, and work away—never putting down what she commenced until it was finished. Her knitting was a sort of magical performance; her thick little fingers flying like lightning—twist, over—twist, over; while the ball rolled until it reeled from unusual activity.

Molly's gray restless eyes were as unceasingly employed as her tongue and fingers; yet she bore the amiable character of never fetching or carrying, "except for good." She had a purely benevolent mind; seldom begging for herself, but begging boldly for the infirm and helpless of her multitudinous class. Her features were large and coarse; but there was no resisting the wrinkled expression of humor that folded and folded around her mouth. The voice in which she petitioned was soft and musical; and Molly's sad stories were always concluded by a gush of tears. For more than three years she was invariably accompanied by a long, lean, ugly dog, that was disliked not only by the well-fed creatures of its own species, as a matter of course, but by all Molly's friends and patrons.

"Molly," I said to her one day, "I wonder you endure that horrid dog."

"Sure, if I did n't, no one else would, miss."

"Yes, that is quite certain: it's very ugly."

"The ugly and the handsome are sent into the world together; and if the Lord above gives a share of the univarse to them both, sure we have no right to take it from them. Besides, what's ugly in your sight, miss, (saving yer presence,) is n't ugly in mine. The craythur has n't a shimmer of light in his poor ould eyes, and yet it would be mighty hard, when he turns their darkness on me, to refuse him—the bone of the piece of meat ye're going to order me this first of the blessed month of May; and poor Judy O'Lynn, and her five fatherless children, waiting for it, and they not able to raise their heads after the fever for the want of a little nourishment."

"Molly, you could get plenty of work to do, and earn money for Mrs. O'Lynn and her family, if you pleased."

"It would be a long time before I could earn the price of the meat your ladyship's going to order me. And, sure, the only pleasure I have in life is doing a hand's turn, just for love—that's all. There's no use, dear, in yer evening any sort of slavery to me. I'll walk night and day, and go on my bare knees from this to Newry, to serve any poor Christian that's in trouble, let alone you, or the likes of you; so give me the meat, and God reward you. And there's Reddy the Ranger, poor man. Well, darling miss, I know he takes the drop sometimes; but he's ould, dear, and his wife's left him."

"When, Molly?"

"The other day, miss, that's all. She died, dear, of a sudden; and to kill the grief, alannan!—ah, sure it is n't that'd excuse it—for it's a sin and a folly—but, my darling, the heart trouble and the temptation; but he's as good as book-sworn at the priest's knee against it, *when the first month's over*. It's the only way he has to quell the trouble; and I'll not say a word for him now, dear, until his month's up for the drink. If he keeps another month from it, then you'll ask your grandpapa, dear, to give him a pair of trousers. Mr. Gray has promised me a coat—one of

\* Probably a collateral branch of the American family.  
—Ed. L. A.



his scarlet hunting-coats, avourneen; and I have a waistcoat for him in my tea-kettle, so that the craythur will go dacent to his grave! Do, dear; that's a darling. It's mighty tall ye're growing, and like yer grandmother, jewel—the heavens be her bed!"

Molly was a heroine too; though her heroism was not rewarded, it was long remembered. She was wading through the Scour one morning, when she saw a gentleman well known for his parsimony, and distinguished from the numerous family of Whites, of which he was a member, by the name of "White Shadow"—a lean, thin, pinched up, hungry-looking man, with a full purse and an imperturbable heart. He was coming down the pass when she first saw him; and just as she had waded through the water, White Shadow entered it. Several cockle-gatherers were busied in "the slob," and stood still to see him pass over on his half-starved steed. Whether the horse was too weak to encounter the current, or some spirit moved it to get rid of its master, it is impossible to tell; but in less than two minutes the Shadow was struggling with the salt sea current, and crying for assistance. "Will none of you help him?" said Molly Doodles, unfastening her bundles of beggary. Some of the men shook their rags, and laughed, while the half-naked urchins screamed like frightened sea-mews; in another moment the brave little woman had plunged in to the rescue, swimming strongly and stoutly, until she brought him to the shore amid the shouts of the cockle-gatherers, who, though they made no attempt to rescue the man, had saved the horse.

"Good woman, Molly; good woman;" exclaimed the dripping and shivering White Shadow, looking more than ever like the wreck of debased humanity. "Good woman—dear me, how warm, and stout, and rosy you look!" and then he fumbled in his pocket, and at last, while the cockle-gatherers crowded round to see what Molly would receive as a reward for her bravery, he drew forth a coin, and placed it in her hand.

"Show us, show us; is it gold, Molly, is it gold?" they inquired.

Molly opened her palm, still swollen from the exertion of saving a drowning man, and there, shrinking into the smallest possible compass, as if thoroughly ashamed of itself, was a solitary old-fashioned silver sixpence!

"And is that all, is that all!" they exclaimed.

"ALL," repeated Molly, looking at the Shadow from head to foot, wretched and miserably miserable as he was—"ALL, boys dear; and isn't it enough for saving the likes of him?" She turned off with a light scornful laugh, and bestowed the reward upon the next beggar she met.

The miser was no longer called the White, but the Sixpenny Shadow; and the name continued with him, and to his memory, to this day.

Molly flourished in the old times of Irish beggary; but of all the beggars I ever knew, she possessed the most originality, the most ready and gentle wit. If you refused her one thing, she would ask you for another; if you denied that, for a third. It was impossible to get rid of her, for no one had the heart to treat harshly the poor beggar whose benevolence was so eager and earnest, and who was never suspected of falsehood or selfishness. The door was never shut against her; and her singular—indeed I may well call it *peculiar*—cleanliness was always a pleasure to witness. She was also the champion of all the "great an-

cient ould families;" and if you asked her what she got last at Mr. O—— this, or O—— the other, who were known to be of fallen fortunes, Molly would answer, "Troth, dear, I never go near the place at all, at all now; I would n't take the breadth of my nail from 'm—not I indeed; I only pay my duty to the fine old gentleman as he comes from mass, dropping down on my two bare knees, and praying for him heart and soul, as he passes by: and my spirit is such, that I'd knock every head off that would wear a hat before him; cock 'em up with hats indeed, to cover their *cooluns*, and the like of him to the fore! No, dear, my heart's too sore for his honor to trouble him with a sorrow, which now—God help us!—he could n't cure!"

When Molly's dog died, she adopted a little blind boy instead of her blind quadruped, a fatherless and motherless child; but her love for him did not make her forget the necessities of others. She tormented us just as usual. The boy, she said, was taken care of by all who took care of her; but that was no reason why she was n't to speak a word for the poor *travelling* Christians, who were, like herself, the pilgrims of beggary to their life's end.

She was very liberal in her promises of rewards hereafter to those who complied with her requests, praying for "God to mark 'em to glory," to "lighten their path, and pour blessings down on 'em day and night." "Crowns in heaven" were always insured to those who bestowed their gifts cheerfully—the heavens were certain to be their bed; and they were secured all manner of earthly joys—the fruits of the blessings of the poor: but these are the ordinary prayers of beggary. Molly often soared higher; and her promise concerning the clothes she begged for Reddy the Ranger, to enable him to walk dacent to his grave, is worth remembering. It was many months before Reddy continued a month sober; but at last he did so, and then Molly set about recovering her "claims." She slung the jacket and waistcoat over her shoulder in triumph, and called forth her eloquence to obtain the other garment. "Sure it's not leaving him trusting to a coat and waistcoat to walk dacent to his grave you'd be! I'll go bail he'll not go back to the whiskey. Oh, then, wisharogue! if St. Pathrick had only banished it out of the country! Now do, yer honor, give it for him, and the Lord will increase yer store every hour of yer life. Ah, sure, it is n't hardening yer heart you'd be against the poor! The young lady said she'd ax it from you, after he'd had his fling for a month, and then took up with dacency and quietness for another: do, and may the Lord bless and prosper you. Sure yer honor would n't be worse than the other gentleman that's helping him; an' if yer honor can throw in a thrifle for the widow Gillispie's son that has the sickness, we'll be ever thankful, God help us!"

At last a bargain was struck, that if the required garment was given, Molly was to ask nothing else during the next six months. This she promised, cunningly, qualifying it with, "I'll ask nothing else *from yer honor*," which left her at liberty to torment every other member of the family. At length the trousers were bestowed.

"There!" she exclaimed, "there, Reddy, it's in luck ye are, ye ould villain of a craythur! but that's a poor thing—that's a poor thing in comparison—a poor thing to yer honor's share!"

"My share, Molly!" inquired the good-natured old gentleman; "and what's that, I pray you?"

"Ye're here now!" continued Molly, apostrophizing the garments; ye're here now; but ye'll be in glory before him, ye will; and isn't it in luck his honor will be then, when ye give evidence of his charity?"

Poor Molly! the last time I saw her she was old, but still companioned by the blind boy she had fostered when a child. They were sitting by the road-side, and he was playing on the flute the airs she used to sing. I inquired if she still begged for others, or asked charity for herself? "Not for myself," she answered; "every one likes this boy's music, and he's very good to me—God bless him! So now I only beg for coffins and shrouds for those who must soon die!" Poor old Molly!

#### MR. ROBERTS' LIFE OF MONMOUTH.\*

JAMES, Duke of Monmouth, "the darling of the English people," was indebted for the political eminence that he attained, to the violence of party, and the misfortune of his untimely death: for his own abilities were beneath contempt, and he wanted that resolved will which often accompanies folly. According to De Grammont, his intellectual weakness was so great, that even with the women of the court of Charles the Second, his mind quickly undid the effects of his person and accomplishments—"son esprit ne disoit pas un petit mot en sa faveur." In politics he was the instrument of more active and able men, who made use of his handsome person, his popular manners, and an idle report that Charles had been married to his mother, to concentrate the hatred of the Protestant party against the Duke of York, and to feed their own ambition. Yet even here his weakness of judgment or resolution beset him, and his tutor, Shaftesbury, declared he had thrown away three opportunities that God had given him, and termed him "an unfortunate man." War was his profession; and in a subordinate capacity, or against such enemies as the fanatical covenanters at Bothwell Brig, he did well enough; but opposed to equal force and good generalship, his deficiency would have been conspicuous. Of that superior captainship which not only considers the tactics of the campaign, but the economical basis on which the army rests, and shapes the principle of the war according to this basis, he had not a particle; as was fatally apparent in his rash rising in the west of England. His best, and perhaps his most attractive quality was his humanity or good-nature; but, unassisted by firmness, it became his bane. Wild ambition, and the incapacity of saying no, made him an instrument of the whig faction, a puppet in the hands of Shaftesbury, and drove him against his own opinion into the invasion of the West, and that proclamation of himself as king, which sealed his doom when taken. The same weakness tainted his honor. He betrayed to Charles the Second all he knew of the Rye-House Plot; and when taken after the action of Sedgemoor, he abjectly solicited James the Second for pardon. The only manliness he displayed was on the scaffold: and no efforts of the four divines that attended him, however pertinacious and indecently cruel to a man about to die, could extract

from him a sentence in approval of the Church of England doctrine of "non-resistance."

Considered as a biography, the life of the Duke of Monmouth is rather bare in itself, though capable of displaying the characteristics of the age. Lucy Walters, the mother of our hero, was the daughter of a Welsh squire; and having only her face for a fortune, she came up to London to realize it. After a career of gallantry, she went to Holland, where she attracted the notice of the exiled Charles, and soon afterwards gave birth to the future Duke of Monmouth. Some doubts have been raised as to his paternity; a claim having been set up for her last protector, the "handsome" Sidney, the brother of Algernon: but all the portraits of the duke without exception, are said to be a handsome likeness of Charles the Second. James the Second and some other contemporaries, always considered he was Sidney's son.

The future duke was born in 1649, and soon became a favorite of his reputed father and the Queen Henrietta, from the graces of his person, and sprightliness of his manner. His intellectual education was grossly neglected, not only during his mother's governance, but when she had been persuaded to resign him. In the bodily accomplishments then in vogue in France, he was fully instructed: on the Restoration, he had, by Charles' order, a regular establishment, including a coach and six; and in 1662 he was brought over to England by the Queen Dowager. Besides a display of personal fondness, the king betrothed him to the heiress of the Earl of Buccleugh; created him Duke of Orkney, which title he changed for Monmouth; and acknowledged him as his natural son—much against the advice of Clarendon, who urged that "it would have an ill sound in England with all his people, who thought that those unlawful acts ought to be concealed, and not published and justified."

In 1665, Monmouth served under the Duke of York in the great sea-fight where Opdam the Dutch commander was killed; and he was rapidly advanced by his father in honors and posts of profit, being made captain-general in 1670, before he had attained his twenty-first year, and a few years afterwards the office of commander-in-chief was revived in his favor. The duke distinguished himself in the French and Dutch wars, where he served as an auxiliary, first under Louis the Great, and afterwards under the Prince of Orange. At home he had distinguished himself less honorably, by directing a cowardly and brutal assault upon Sir John Coventry for a personal reflection upon the king in the House of Commons: in a brawling frolic with the young Duke of Albemarle and eight others, he murdered a watchman, in the Haymarket, and the king, to screen Monmouth, pardoned the whole.

Had he possessed prudence and principle, and patiently bided his time to take advantage of events, it seems difficult to say to what height he might not have risen, in the conflict of political and religious parties that ensued. But he was the dupe of his own ambition, and of the ambition of other men. An idea of his legitimacy had been pretty extensively embraced by the vulgar, grounded on an asserted private marriage or betrothal between Charles and Lucy Walters; to which a sort of color was lent by the imprudence of some of the Stuart family, the respectful conduct of the Cavaliers towards the lady, and perhaps the political reports of Cromwell's agents. Monmouth, or

\* The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c., to his Capture and Execution: with a full Account of the Bloody Assize, and copious Biographical Notices. By George Roberts, Author of "The History of Lyme Regis," &c. In two volumes.—Longman and Co.

at least his followers, contributed to strengthen the delusion. The duke gave himself up to the Protestant party, professed belief in the Popish Plot, advocated the Exclusion Bill, and went all lengths in opposition to the court. Such, however, was the king's affection, that on the breaking out of the rebellion of the Scotch Covenanters, he appointed him to the command of the army: but the popular acclamation with which he was received on his return, and some more imprudences, at length induced the king to banish him. The duke went to Holland: but, getting tired of exile, he returned, by Shaftesbury's advice, without leave, was stripped of his offices, and threw himself openly into the opposition. A pamphlet called the Black Box, from the chest which it was said contained the proofs of the king's marriage with Lucy Walters, was published, and produced so much effect that Charles had all the persons named in the publication called before the Privy Council; and not content with their disavowal of all the knowledge ascribed to them, published a solemn denial of the marriage. Still under the advice of Shaftesbury, Monmouth made progresses through the counties—which served as the theme for Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*; and on these occasions he was received with a kind of royal display; his partisans mustering in regular order, attending him from house to house where he lodged or dined, the rustics crowding to witness the procession, and Monmouth himself touching for the evil. These progresses were eventually put an end to by Monmouth's arrest: but, whilst he leisurely travelled to London with the officer, one of his friends posted thither, and met the cavalcade at St. Alban's with a *habeas corpus*. Some demur was raised as to whether the *habeas* superseded the warrant; but the upshot was that Monmouth was liberated on bail. The use he made of his liberty was to engage in some schemes of insurrection, which he lacked courage to execute.

Soon afterwards, Shaftesbury fled to Holland, and died. But Monmouth still continued his restless projects, and engaged in the insurrectionary part of the conspiracy called the Rye-House Plot. On its detection, he fled, and concealed himself. The king's kindness was not exhausted: Halifax was employed to negotiate an arrangement, and Monmouth had several interviews with the king, in which he betrayed his confederates by confessing all he knew, but angered the king so much by withdrawing a sort of submission and general confession he had been induced to sign, that he called him a beast and dishonest fellow. A second exile to the continent followed, and before another reconciliation, which was in progress, could be effected, the king died; and Monmouth, cut off from all hopes of favor under James, and urged by the needy and restless band of political and religious exiles, consented to embark in the insurrection of the West, which led to his own destruction, and the legal murders of Jeffreys in the "bloody assize."

The various phases of Monmouth's career, and the traits of the age with which it was connected—favorite, soldier, courtier, party-leader, exile, and commander of a revolt—would form a striking and instructive series of sketches done after the manner of Macaulay, but with more attention to philosophical truth. Mr. Roberts, however, is quite unequal to a comprehensive task of this kind, and his occasional efforts to exhibit collateral subjects, though not always devoid of interest in themselves,

interfere with the progress of the main narrative, and sometimes bewilder the reader. The merit of zeal and industry he possesses. Besides the printed accounts in which allusion is made to Monmouth, he has consulted manuscripts at the British Museum, and moiled amongst the family, corporation, and Nonconformist chapel records of the West of England, for particulars regarding the rebellion, and the subsequent atrocities of Jeffreys: and many of his particulars are curious, though subordinate. But the book is rather a collection of materials than a biography; for the writer wants the skill that would have enabled him to confine himself rigidly to Monmouth's life, and the power to have exhibited it in connexion with the age. Barring the confusion of subjects which this of necessity introduces, the reading is pleasant enough.

Our extracts will be of a miscellaneous character, and gossipy, like the book.

#### THE SECOND PROGRESS OF MONMOUTH.

The success of the first progress, only two years before, in gaining the affection of the people, and securing partisans, suggested the second effort. The pretence was, to take the air, and divert himself at several horse-races in Cheshire. The intention was, to traverse, in company with Lord Colchester, Sir Thomas Armstrong, and others, and with a retinue of above a hundred persons, armed and magnificently accoutred, the discontented counties of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire.

The high gentry of the whig party met him at the head of their tenants, in different places; and, as the ancient manners of England were not at that time laid aside, most of those who came to meet him were armed. When he approached a town he quitted his coach, and rode into it on horseback; the nobility and gentry went foremost in a band; at a distance, and single, rode the duke; and at a distance behind him, the servants and tenants. When he entered the towns, those who received him formed themselves into three ranks—the nobility, gentry, and burghers being placed in the front, the tenants in the next, and the servants in the last. He gave orders for two hundred covers to be prepared wherever he dined. At dinner, two doors were thrown open, that the populace might enter at the one, walk round the table to see their favorite, and give place to those who followed them, by going out at the other: at other times he dined in an open tent in the field, that he might the more see and be seen.

Mr. Roberts subscribes to the popular opinion of the brutal character of Kirke, but not to the general impression of his cruelties in the West.

"As all the horrors of this frightful period are connected with Colonel Kirke's command, some mention must be made of this officer. Bad he undoubtedly was; but posterity has acted towards him much as it has done to Machiavelli. Executions done where Lord Feversham commanded have been laid to his charge; the form and manner of conducting these have been adduced, as if this officer had really suggested some new and more horrible methods, whereas the usual executioner followed the plan that obtained at this day; his enormous 'Cruelty and Lust' have been celebrated by Pomfret, in a poem under that precise title. The facts, though the subject of poetry, and that have furnished matter to engravers, were long doubted, and have been long since quite disproved:



his soldiers, instead of being ironically called 'Lambs' for their barbarous conduct and cruel execution of their commander's orders, were called 'Kirke's Lambs' long before they marched into the West of England, from the device of a *lamb* borne upon the colors of the Fourth Regiment of Foot, called the Tangier Regiment \* \* \*

"About two days after Kirke's arrival in Taunton, he wrote to know what he was to do with the rebels that were in custody and had not been executed. Lord Sunderland informed him, July 14th, that he was to secure them in some prison or other safe place, in order to their trial at the assize. Kirke wrote on the 18th; the letter was laid before the king, who was well satisfied with his proceedings. Lord Sunderland, 21st July, wrote this; and the king's desire that he would secure such of the rebels as were already in custody, as well as those which should be hereafter apprehended, in order to their trial at the next assizes for Somerset. Kirke allowed some of his men to live at free quarters, (or be billeted upon the people;) an intolerable hardship, which the Mayor of Bridgewater complained of to the Secretary of State. Bent upon making money, he sold his pretended pardons, for 20*l.*, 30*l.*, and 40*l.* each; which enabled many to get to London and Holland. He wrote, July 22d, to ask for a pardon for three persons. Lord Sunderland, 25th, wrote back, 'that his Majesty does not think fit to do anything of that kind; all such as they shall be tried before my Lord Chief Justice and other the Judges appointed to go the Western circuit; after which, I doubt not but, upon your application, his Majesty will be ready to gratify you in any reasonable request of this nature, wherein I shall be very glad to give you my best assistance.'

"The king's friends in Somersetshire had great occasion to observe the effects of Colonel Kirke's money-making, and to be dissatisfied with it. Complaints were laid before the king in consequence. Sunderland, 28th July, wrote to Colonel Kirke that the king was informed that several persons who had been in the late rebellion were at liberty by his orders, or at least permission, under pretence of having obtained his Majesty's pardon; and that free quarters for the soldiers are imposed upon the country. The king commanded Lord Sunderland to signify to Colonel Kirke his dislike of these proceedings, and to tell him that he would have him take care that no person who was concerned in the rebellion, or any ways abetted the same, be at liberty, but that he be secured according to the colonel's former directions.

"However unworthy the motives were, true it is that Kirke saved many. Burnet had heard the extraordinary rumors of his cruelties, which, as he believed, he set down as both illegal and inhuman, and mentions that Kirke was only chid for his conduct. Kirke was chid for his pardon-granting."

#### A SAMPLE OF JEFFREYS.

*Lord Jeffreys' Charge at Bristol, 21st September, 1685.*

"GENTLEMEN—I am by the mercy of God, come to this great and populous city, a city that boasts both of its riches and trade, and may justly indeed claim the next place to the great and populous metropolis of this kingdom. Gentlemen, I find here are a great many auditors who are very intent, as if they expected some formal or prepared speech: but, assure yourselves, we come not to make neither set speeches nor formal declamations, nor

to follow a couple of puffing trumpeters; for, Lord, we have seen these things twenty times before. No; we come to do the king's business—a king who is so gracious as to use all the means possible to discover the disorders of the nation, and to search out those who indeed are the very pest of the kingdom: to this end and for this purpose are we come to this city. But I find a special commission is an unusual thing here, and relishes very ill; nay, the very women storm at it, for fear we should take the upper hand of them too—for, by-the-by, gentlemen, I hear it is much in fashion in this city for the women to govern and bear sway: but gentlemen, I will not stay you with such needless stories. I will only mention some few things that fall within my knowledge: for points or matters of law I shall not trouble you, but only mind you of some things that lately hath happened, and particularly in this city, (for I have the kalendar of this city in my pocket;) and if I do not express myself in so formal or set a declamation, (for, as I told you, I came not to make declamations,) or in so smooth language as you may expect, you must attribute it partly to the pain of the stone, under which I labor, and partly to the unevenness of this day's journey."

From the Episcopal Recorder.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain." 1 Tim. vi. 6.

WHAT can the blessing of the Lord impart—  
Sought with such earnestness of voice and heart?  
It can pour sweetness in the meanest cup  
That sorrowing poverty e'er lifted up  
To quench its cravings;—till the draught shall  
seem

Pleasant and soothing as a happy dream.  
Though sometimes God's redeemed and loved may  
lay

In abject poverty, yet day by day  
He feeds them, as He feeds the little bird,  
Whose grateful song the forest's heart hath  
stirred.

Each day is food provided—from the morrow,  
No useless cause of added grief they borrow;  
But seeing everywhere their Father's works,  
Where'er an insect sports or blossom lurks,—  
Viewing His tender, ceaseless care for those,  
They look to Him in hope through want and  
woes.

Has not the little bee a draught as sweet\*  
From the bright flower that springs beneath our  
feet,

As the tall stag, through acres free to stray,  
From the broad river rushing on its way?  
Canst thou not slake thy burning thirst as well  
From a full cup as where clear waters swell  
O'er marble basins, at whose sculptured brink,  
With golden chalice, wealth may stoop to drink?  
Be thou contented only, and thou'lt be,  
With but thine herbs and brook, more rich than he  
Who pineth 'midst his luxury and pride,  
For some poor trifle to his grasp denied.

*Philadelphia.*

E. S. R.

\* Jeremy Taylor.

From the Examiner, Dec. 28.

### FRENCH PARTIES.

THE French are a happy people. Their parliament has opened. Their politicians are plucking their hopes, and furbishing their armor. And the campaign about to open in their chambers creates a considerable stir in the saloons of the classes of influence, and the studies of the orators. But in the French public itself, or the mass of the nation, what party cares for the events that may take place in the Tuileries, or in the Hall of the Deputies? There is no struggle between great interests in the country. Landed interest apart from manufacturing there is none. All the class, that have any capital, or are in any business, are bound in one league, by one tie, to maintain and increase the prohibitive system of France. Consumers do not exist, as a body, with a common feeling, and if one or two dare open their mouths for free trade, they are shut by the cry of nationality.

People wonder why Louis Philippe exercises so much power, in the keeping in of one set of ministers and keeping out another set. The explanation of it is, that the country is not interested in such political vicissitudes. There are sentiments and theoretic opinions, revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, behind such and such a man, but a party with bone, sinews, and consistency, there are none. If Peel succeeded Russell, or Russell superseded Peel, we have landed proprietors, West India planters, East India traders, mill-owners, ship proprietors, a host of solid interests, kicked up or down, as it may be, in the balance. But what Frenchman, a stranger to politics, and unexpected of place, cares whether M. Guizot, or M. Thiers, or Count Molé, be prime minister? Not one. The French may be interested, indeed, in their politicians giving them war, or preserving peace. That is an important point, on which the French public, and the French elector, have pronounced their opinions, by giving M. Guizot a majority for the last five years. But now all are obliged to come forward as friends of peace, nothing else having been found to do. And consequently it has become a matter of indifference whether M. Guizot goes out or remains in.

There are, however, a few exceptions to the general apathy towards ministerial vicissitudes in France. The Legitimist and Republican are both anxious for change, for any change, especially that, which might shake the dynasty and involve it in the risk of war. M. Guizot is the abhorrence of these two parties, which have united not merely in swelling, but in paying for, the anti-English cry. And they would hail the day of M. Guizot's going out.

There is another, and very turbulent party in France, very loud at present against M. Guizot. These are the allies of Mr. O'Connell in France, the Churchmen, who would introduce all the breed and quality of monks into France, as he would his *regulars* into Ireland, and moreover give to the modern Jesuits liberty of education. These people think they would gain by a change of ministry in France. But never were they more mistaken, for assuredly if the French Conservatives dare not show tolerance to the Jesuits, nor repeal those laws which prohibit all monkery and *mortmain* in France, the French Liberals cannot.

Whilst such are the chance parties which enter

the lists against M. Guizot, that which should be his natural opponent and foe is utterly dead. We mean the Liberal party, that which should demand the liberty of the person, the independence of the press, the jurisdiction of the jury, and the repeal of the Fieschi code of laws, in such direct variance with the charter, and which disgraces the constitution of France. For the last five years the French Liberals have been promising to bring forward a motion for defining the jurisdiction of the Court of Peers, and they have never even framed the motion. The consequence is, that a Liberal party has ceased to exist; and thus, whilst there are no great or material interests whereon to place a lever for the overthrow of a ministry, there is no *fulcrum* of Liberal opinion either; and the consequence is, that M. Guizot seems to have got a lease for life of power.

This is not so much his own merit as the fault of his enemies. They made the quarrel between him and them not one of retrograde movement or progress, of Liberalism or Ultraism, but a question of peace or war, of an alliance with England or a struggle with her. The French Liberals have perceived their mistake, and would amend it. They would quit the position of a war party for the old attitude of a liberal one. This is a wise resolution, and we trust they may persevere in it. But such political evolutions are not performed in a day, nor yet in a session, and we fear that necessity will compel the friends of M. Thiers to clamor still about Tahiti and Morocco, however their wish may be to transfer the battle to another field.

The fact is, that political struggles in the French Chamber are those of *opinions*, not of great and solid *interests*; and, so long as this is the case, the French must be contented to find their parliamentary history continue what it has hitherto been in a great degree—child's play.

### SPEECH OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

Since writing the few precedent remarks, the speech of the King of the French on opening the Chambers has reached us, and affords an exemplification of those views. The speech makes not one allusion to a material, sensible interest. It begins by attesting the glory of the Morocco war, the moderation of the Morocco peace, the good fortune of not having seriously fallen out with England for this or any other cause. The visit to our queen is swelled into the longest paragraph of the speech: all other foreign powers and policy are dismissed in a line. Commercial prosperity, internal improvements, the birth of a prince, the king's sorrows for his eldest son. Such are the meagre and domestic materials of a king's speech to a French Chamber in 1845.

Happy country! to have nothing more to perplex or interest it—no starving class, no suffering trade, no plethora of money, no paucity of land. France has no chronic malady, no symptoms of being overgrown, over-fed, over old. It calls out neither for the physician, nor the clergyman, nor the lawyer. The country is young, ground young again by revolution, which, like Medea, put all the old limbs into its fierce caldron, and produced a new set and frame. Young France thinks merely of vamping, and resenting insults, and enchaining fortune; whilst England acts the quiet old gentleman, minding his purse and his pulse, his dignity and his ease, eschewing quarrel as bad for the pocket as for the nerves, and

seeking to quiet the volatile young urchin, its neighbor, by now a menace, and now a coaxing word.

Such is the relation between the countries, to add to the singularity of which, a very old, staid gentleman is the king and representative of the very young and froward country, whilst steady old England is represented by a young lady-queen, of an age the spirit of which must sometimes rebel against the gentle and quiet part it is her lot to play. It must be owned, however, that the King of the French doth "roar most gently," though supposed to express the sentiments of a young, petulant wild-beast of a nation. His speech is of feline softness, every claw hidden within down and fur. Not a word of Tahiti and its massacres, Madrid and its shootings, of the Right of Search and its jealousies. Louis Philippe still dreams of Windsor, and keeps his language in accordance with the dulcitude which he there assumed.

We have only to hope that the Chambers will echo the mild inoffensiveness of the royal speech, and that we shall cease to be the devils with horn and tail, which it has pleased certain eloquent French to depict us for the last three or four years. It is already rumored that this will be the case; and it is said that the opposition will attack the Guizot-Soult cabinet rather for not having made the best use of the English alliance, instead of grasping at the name and belying the reality.

There are two men, however, men, too, who are neither orators nor statesmen, who have in their hands the fate of ministers and of the government. These are Marshal Bugeaud and Admiral Dupetit Thouars. If these personages rise, Marshal Bugeaud to declare that the administration was poltroon in not following up their Morocco victories—Admiral Dupetit Thouars, that it was *idem* for not blowing the English fleet out of the Pacific—then it is all over with M. Guizot. But Louis Philippe knows as well as ever Napoleon did, how to use that peculiar kind of "soft sawdew," which mollifies admirals' and generals' cholera. He has made Bugeaud a duke. The old marshal grinned, and declared he could not stand being put *alone* in such a pillory, and that he should at least have company to help to bear the brunt of ridicule; so the king forced Chancellor Pasquier to bow his shoulders beneath the same ducal yoke.

The Duke d'Isly, as Bugeaud is called, will of course speak in the Chamber of Peers. This will give additional interest to the debate on the address in the Upper, which precedes that in the Lower House.

#### PACIFICATION.

THE English are likely to be the fashion in Paris this winter. They went out with *gigot* sleeves; they come in with whatever fashion it may please the goodness of the *Mode* to invent. The stuff of Anglophobia is, in fact, worn out. Its arguments are threadbare, its flowers of rhetoric faded, its passion hoarse and worn out, like those of a melodrama at the ninety-ninth representation; and Anglo-indifference, if not Anglomaniia, must succeed. Lord Palmerston has been the bugbear of the French for the last years. He will be now the pet. They will limn him on sign-posts, stick him in *bon bons*, and Humann, the fashionable tailor, will advertise *redingotes à la Palmerston*. In return, M. Thiers shall come amongst us, as of

old, drawn by four horses, and Lord Mayor Gibbs shall give him a dinner, at which the mob shall applaud and Dr. Croly act *croupier*: so intense and universal shall be the love of peace and good-fellowship.

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna."

How quickly do French passions and fashions cross the Channel! No sooner is peace murmured in Paris, than it is practised in London. Whig and Tory meet in the city, and instantly *taboo* the Chinese war as a topic or field of strife. Lord Aberdeen praises the policy which originated the war, and the choice of the man who concluded the peace. Lord Palmerston accepts the compliment, whilst Graham, Gladstone, and Stanley, instead of denouncing opium as a trade, swallow the very drug as a political specific. Will not some charitable person undertake to administer a similar dose to Lord Ellenborough, who, whilst all the world is making friends, sits apart like Achilles, feeling that every word in praise of Sir Henry Pottinger's conduct and policy is but a satire upon his own? Decidedly peace cannot be said to be restored in England as long as the Indian Bacchus, the god of war of that country, remains unpropitiated amongst us.

But to return to France, where peaceful sentiments are more important than elsewhere—for in nothing does Louis Philippe so fully resemble Ulysses, as in being the keeper of that bag of wind, which, by holding tight or letting loose, may be preserved or disturbed the tranquillity of the world. Some of the leading Liberal journals of that country, the *Constitutionnel* for example, labor to prove, that England is a very pacific country, that war would not suit her at all, and that she never dreamed of it. This is useful, considering that the Conservative *Presse*, and the Republican *National*, build their whole theory of the necessity of war, upon the fact of England being an ambitious, encroaching, machiavelic, and merciless power, aiming at nothing less than universal monarchy, and contented with nothing short of the domination of the globe. It is in vain for English writers to try and refute such assertions. The French alone can do it with effect, and one is glad to see other than mere ministerial journals, which are always mistrusted, set about the task.\*

As to English Liberals, they are perfectly right in meeting their French brethren in a league, not only of peace, but of amenity. We, ourselves, having never swerved from amiability and good fellowship, have luckily no peace to make. We never bore any very serious malice to our neighboring war party, and ever felt more inclined to pat it, than strike it on the head. French subordinates, under-secretaries, vice-admirals, consuls, and journalists, were, to be sure, very furious, but the really influential men seemed to smoke their calumets very impassively all the time. And we dare say that Louis Philippe, Lord Palmerston, M. Guizot, and M. Thiers, had as much thought of war, one as the other.

But if war made part of no influential Frenchman's policy or intention, rivalry did. And this rivalry to England, acted upon by all parties in turn, by M. Guizot as well as by M. Thiers, has been productive of the most disastrous and cruel results. It has destroyed the liberties of Spain,

\* The *Courrier de L'Europe* has had a series of excellent articles on the necessities and tendencies of all countries, France as well as England, to peace.



and deluged it with blood. Who can read the account of Zurbano's *pronunciamento*, and the execution, within a few days of each other, of his two sons, one two-and-twenty, the other eighteen, without a shudder! Similar scenes are repeated all over the Peninsula. The prisons all full. Terror reigns and strikes. The regime of Ferdinand was one of mercy, compared with that which M. Guizot has established in the Peninsula. M. Guizot is not a man to do this—he knew not what he was doing. He merely exerted himself, as he thought, to rescue Spain from English influences, and he in reality has destroyed a free and constitutional, though impoverished and somnolent government, in order to substitute for it one that is a disgrace to human nature.

In Greece M. Guizot has done nearly the same!

In Tahiti the innocent inhabitants have been most wantonly provoked to resistance, and met with slaughter. Junot's infamous campaign in Portugal, in the midst of the passions and necessities of war, is equalled by that half fiend, half mountebank, Bruat, in an island of love. Had a Dante to paint an invasion of Paradise by the personages of his *Inferno*, he might have chosen the conduct of the French at Tahiti.

And all this is not war, but rivalry!—carried on against the spirit and the sentiments of the two nations, and the two governments, for no earthly end, but rivalry. In truth, French and English ought to join hands, and agree at least in one point, and that is, to continue rivals, if they will, but to abstain to carry on rivalry at the expense of either the great principles of humanity, or of the freedom and happiness of other nations. Against both, we regret to say, French subordinates have grossly sinned.—*Examiner*, Dec. 14.

From the Examiner.

*Bokhara; its Amir and its People.* Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff. By the BARON CLEMENT A. DE BODE. Madden.

ENGLISHMEN have lately had special cause of interest in Bokhara, but the place has had importance from very early time. Khanikoff's account, for the matters it relates to, is the best we have had. It is more temperate than either Mason or Burnes, and, on the whole, gives proof of greater accuracy. We wish it had embraced political details. But M. Khanikoff found it convenient, no doubt, to reserve these for his government.

The Khanat of Bokhara would long since have ceased to be the most powerful of the Turkestan states, but for its commercial position. In government it is the combination of a monarchy and a hierarchy, and really a very choice example of what such combinations tend to. The Khan is despotic; but does nothing without the advice of the priests. And it is not discovered that the priests are a stumbling-block to anything barbarous or wicked the Khan may have a mind to. The national vices are cruelty, intolerance, and bigotry. The national passion is for making proselytes.

We do not know that we can illustrate these characteristics more forcibly, than by a brief ex-

tract on the sumptuary laws against the Jews, and the prevailing methods of converting them.

"Their rights and privileges are exceedingly restricted; thus, for example, they dare not wear a turban, but must cover their heads with small caps of a dark-colored cloth, edged with a narrow strip of sheepskin, not more than two fingers in breadth. Neither are they allowed to wear any other apparel than khalats or aledja, nor to gird their loins with a broad sash, still less with a shawl, but must twist a common rope round their waist. To prevent their hiding this distinctive mark, they are strictly forbidden to wear any flowing garment over the girded khalat. But the most galling and degrading persecution to which they are exposed, and one which cramps their active pursuits in life, is the prohibition to ride within the walls of the town, either on horseback or on asses. This prohibition is felt the more severely because the streets of Bokhara, after a copious shower of rain, can with difficulty be traversed, not only by foot passengers, but even on horseback, on account of the deep mud. Add to this, that any Mussulman may strike a Jew in the town without incurring any responsibility, and kill him with the same impunity outside the walls.

"The morality of the Jews is pretty nearly the same everywhere; we have no need, therefore, to dwell on the subject, and shall conclude our statements by observing, that, if a Jew be found guilty for the first time of any crime, he is not put to death, the alternative being allowed him of saving his life by abjuring his faith; if the culprit accept that condition, which is always the case, he is forthwith removed from the quarter inhabited by the Jews, divorced from his wife if he be married, and strictly watched whether he follow or not all the prescriptions of the Kuran, for the least dereliction from which he is put to death."

The city of Bokhara has been celebrated for its learning as well as its holiness. *El Sherifah*, *Saint-like*, *Treasury of Sciences*, are expressions by which you find it described. And it is certain that it has no lack of colleges. M. Khanikoff gives special mention of sixty, and saw grants to nearly double that number set down in the registers of the Amir. But they are colleges for a special purpose. They teach nothing but theology to their students, and, by means of their students, nothing but fanaticism to the people. "Very few," says M. Khanikoff, speaking of the general population, "are taught to read and write; still this does not prevent them from being zealous fanatics." Of course not. The holy men, the Moollahs, take care of that. A general devotion to superstition, and firm beliefs in magic and astrology, are additional proofs of the influence of these worthy men.

M. Khanikoff enables us to set before the reader, the five degrees of accomplishment which make a perfect Sheikh, or Ishan.

"The first consists in turning the eye inward upon the heart, and pronouncing on the heart the name of Allah: this they call *Makami-Kalb*.

"The second consists in shutting the eyes, and turning them to the pit of the stomach, and then pronouncing, as fast as possible, the same word: this is called *Makami-Sir*.

"The third is the internal contemplation of the liver, with the repetition of the word Allah on it: which is called *Makami-Zikr*.

"The fourth, *Makami-Rûk*, is a constant contemplation, with closed eyes, of the upper part of the brain, repeating the same word of God, if possible, oftener than on the former occasions. And, lastly,

"The fifth, and the most difficult degree, consists in repeating, with all the mentioned parts of the body, the words, '*La-Allah-il-Allah*,' beginning with the heart, which, in this instance, has only to pronounce, '*la*,' while the brain terminates the sentence by '*Allah*.' The quicker this journey of the mind, and the pronounciation of the words can be performed, the more perfect is the disciple."

Khanikoff had the good fortune moreover, during his nine months' residence in Bokhara, to behold a realization of this holy perfection.

"During our stay at Bokhara there was one of particular celebrity, who could keep his eyes shut with greater ease because he was blind, but it was affirmed that he could, without fetching breath, pronounce 3,000 times, with his heart, and under the pit of the stomach, and with his liver and brains, the words '*La-Allah-il-Allah*.' But from the great effort it occasioned, the respiration of his nostrils became so heated that as I was told very seriously by a Mullah, if a pen was approached to his organ of smell, it got singed."

Our author adds that the Amir, "who is not very fond of listening to the counsels of others, visits the chief Ishan very reverentially, with a view of consulting him." This is the Amir, Nasr-Ullah, who has lately been enabled to feast his cruelty with brave and unhappy Englishmen. He murdered four brothers on his way to the throne, but is very popular with the governing body of Moollahs, for his 'strict religious observances.'

His palace and prisons are thus described by Khanikoff. It was here poor Stoddart and Conolly died, unnoticed and unavenged. It was from these the adventurous Doctor Woolf made his narrow escape, but a few months past.

"The Palace of the Amir (árk,) built on a mound, (whether natural or artificial I cannot say,) having five or six sajènes in height, and about one verst and a half in circuit. It has a square form, and contains about 20,000 square sajènes, or twenty-two tanaps. On this area are built the houses of the Amir, the Vizir, the Shikh-Avál, the Topchi-Bashi, the Mirzai Defterdar, as well as the dwellings of the numerous retinue of the Amir and the above-named grandees; three mosques; likewise the Ab-Khaneh, with some dark apartments to preserve water for the Amir during the summer heats, but which are more especially appropriated to state prisoners, when they happen to give offence to their master; such were, for instance, the Kús-g-beghi and Ayazbey. From hence, to the right of the entrance, a corridor leads into another prison, more dreadful than the first, called the Kana-Khaneh, a name which it has received from the swarms of ticks which infest the place, and are reared there on purpose to plague the wretched prisoners. I have been told that in the absence of the latter some pounds

of raw meat are thrown into the pit to keep the ticks alive. This institution of refined cruelty has probably given rise to the fable of the pit of scorpions, of which I have repeatedly heard accounts given at Orenburg.

"The Zindan, or Dungeon, is to the east of the Ark, with two compartments; the Zindan-i-bala (the upper dungeon) and the Zindan-i-poin (the lower dungeon.) The former consists of several courts, with cells for the prisoners; the latter of a deep pit, at least three fathoms in depth, into which culprits are let down by ropes: food is lowered down to them in the same manner. The sepulchral dampness of the place in winter, as well as in summer, is said to be insupportable, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses.

"Twice a month the prisoners, chained in irons, are brought out of prison to the Reghistan, where the Amir gives his judgment on those who are to be executed, and those who are to be set at liberty. Those of whom no mention is made have their heads shaved, and are re-conducted to their former cells. This is only done with prisoners kept in the first compartment. They generally go bare-footed, and to form even a faint idea of the sufferings of those unhappy wretches, one must have seen them standing barefooted on the snow, the thermometer of Reaumur marking fifteen degrees below freezing point, waiting for hours together the appearance of the Commander of the Faithful."

M. Khanikoff's account of this rascally Amir is the most detailed we have seen, and may possibly suggest, in some reforms of military administration, and additions made to the territory of the Khanat, a comparison with Mehemet Ali. But it is very distant. Nasr-Ullah's highest merit goes little beyond the craft of the wild beast.

From the Spectator.

#### HORACE WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.\*

THIS work is a continuation of the *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, which, after remaining the fated time in the chest where it was deposited, was some years ago presented to the world under the editorship of the late Lord Holland. The present work was designed to appear under the same auspices; but after Lord Holland's accession to office, in 1830, he was unable to find leisure for the task. On his death, Lord Waldegrave, the possessor of the papers in the original box, proposed the office of editor to Sir Denis Le Marchant; which he undertook *con amore*, and has ably executed in his general plan—doing without overdoing.

The period embraced in the *Memoirs* is the first twelve years of George the Third; but the two volumes before us occupy little more than half the period—1760-1767. Walpole avowedly wishes his work not to be regarded as history in the strict

\* *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third*. By Horace Walpole, Youngest Son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the Original MSS. Edited, with notes, by Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. Volumes I. and II. Bentley.

sense of the word, but merely, as its title expresses, *Memoirs*; though he falls into the gentleman's error of supposing that history is not "profitable" reading—not by any means so profitable as memoirs by those who know some of the "secret springs." This is a common error amongst courtiers, second-rate politicians, and sciolists of all sorts: it is in principle the same as if the walking gentleman or second fop of the company should arrogate the power of judging of the results of the genius of Shakspeare and Garrick because he had attended rehearsals and his vocation carried him behind the scenes. A great commander estimates his opponent by his military plans, and his troops by their military conduct: how a favorite officer misled his general, how the whole batch of officers postponed their duties to their interests, and how the rank and file went through their exercise on parade, may be entertaining details, but are not largely instructive; for we can only be instructed in proportion as we can deduce general conclusions. The political, like the literary moral, must be drawn from whole results, which are generally obvious to those who can see them. After all, if personal knowledge is necessary to history, a good deal of this work, and not the least valuable parts of it, are derived from the information of others; whilst the predilections and personal feelings of the author, not to mention the feelings of the age, influence his judgments of men and his conclusions upon measures. In those parts where he was directly engaged, vanity has induced him to exalt unduly both the events and his own agency. His description of his own conduct and motives may indeed be safely trusted; and a very strange exposure it is. Management and circumvention—intrigue that could only have produced effect upon the meanest of public men, swayed by the meanest of personal motives—were his object; and falsehood his chief mode of effecting it, if it be falsehood to put forward as our true opinion views invented for the nonce.

But though the inferior performer may be incapable of criticising the higher efforts of poetic or dramatic genius, he would be quite capable of another kind of exhibition, more entertaining, and in a moral sense perhaps as instructive. He could tell us how the actors quarrelled about their parts, discoursed in the green-room, and demeaned themselves behind the scenes; and how the cunning of the manager tricked them all; and how sad the difference between the private conduct and public performance of the corps dramatique. In this point of view, to say truth, we suspect the players would have the advantage over the politicians, if we could abstract our minds from the notion of the superior greatness of the court and parliament stage. The duplicity, treachery, and falsehood of George the Third—the servile submission of parliament to the court minister—the shameless

corruption of public men—the want of political principle and purpose in the best of the only existing party, the young or Rockingham whigs—and the sordid trafficking of the Bedford faction, nicknamed the *Bloomsbury Gang*—would be painful were they not ridiculous. The individuals who figure conspicuously as stars furnish variety, not relief. The asserted connexion between Lord Bute and the princess dowager, with frequent allusions to gross and scandalous profligacy, might be matched well enough in the annals of the green-room, but are not very appropriate to a demure court, headed by a pious prince. The elder Fox appears with all the rapacity and corruption which have rendered him infamous as a politician, without the good-nature and heartiness that somewhat redeemed his character as a man. Even the elder Pitt comes out poorly—touches of the mountebank mingled with the great man, and an impracticable or dog-in-the-manger feeling, which would neither do himself or let others. Towards the close of the story, he is shown in a still worse light, if the suppression of the gout by Dr. Addington (father of Lord Sidmouth) had not so injured his system and affected his nerves as really to have shaken his intellect. Lord Rockingham, indeed, appears as a high-spirited nobleman; but Grenville, though very disagreeable, and in Walpole's pages hateful, shows the most manly. His intellect was narrow, and his acquirements did not extend beyond the ledger; he might be proud, sullen, obstinate, and tyrannical; but he had that respectability which attends upon consistency and resolution. He is, too, the only politician that had anything approaching to a plan—a definite end by definite means. His end was indeed large—to restore the finances dilapidated by Pitt's continental wars. His means, the fatal American Stamp Act, were insufficient for his purpose, and impolitic in themselves: but, though his fatal scheme of taxation cost the country, or at least is said to have cost the country, her American colonies, (for some other ground of quarrel would doubtless have sprung up,) it must be remembered that we are judging after a series of events, and a series of events miserably managed: so generally did people agree with him at the time, or such little attention was paid to colonial subjects, that the stamp act excited but small attention. So thoroughly was any other party or person without a system of government, or even a parliamentary line, that Grenville furnished to his opponents and successors their chief measures and matters of debate. It was theirs to reverse his stamp act and discuss general warrants. The factions, whether whig or tory, or "king's friends," had nothing of their own. This total emptiness, this thorough barrenness of plan or purpose, is the most remarkable feature of the volumes; and the circumstance that the writer was an actor, or at least a prompter in the drama, adds to the impression. In a general



history we might suppose that the politicians were big with plans that miscarried: but we see too truly that they never thought of a plan. They did not even rise to a "measure for rejection."

Another, but a much lesser point brought out in these pages, is the veracity of Junius in what has been called his libels. His letters were themselves written a few years later; but his retrospective facts, and his judgments of character, are singularly confirmed. We do not mean to assert that their truth is proved, but that Junius did not invent or much exaggerate in fact; both which things he has been charged with. Walpole and the common fame of the political world, believed what Junius stated; though their modes of statement would be different.

It seems needless to say, after this account, that if these volumes are not history, they are something more amusing. Sometimes Walpole's summaries of debates may be rather tedious to the general reader, though they are often highly graphic; and it should be observed that the scarcity of reports gives them an intrinsic value beyond any literary attraction. In the cases where Walpole was himself engaged in setting sections of parties by the ears, or in egging on his friend Conway to retain office, there are a diffuseness of narrative and a pomp of statement quite disproportioned to the dignity of the events or the morality of the means; but this has the ludicrous effect of a man unconsciously satirizing himself. His narrative is invariably clear, and his style less artificial than is his wont. But the great merit of the book is the lifelike knowledge possessed and displayed by its author. He knew the men; he was witness of or engaged in most of the events he described; and where he received them at second-hand, he was possessed with the spirit of the actors. This gives a value and an interest to the book which the greatest genius could not impart without the same advantages, though a greater genius might have exercised itself in another way. The bias of Walpole may color his judgment, his personal enmities may induce him to malign his opponents, and his vanity influence his estimate of his own importance: but he knew his men even in their habit as they lived; the telling of his anecdotes (and the book is anecdotal as well as narrative) differ from the anecdotes of hearsay, as the imitation of an original differs from that of a "mimic's mimic"—we have the color and complexion, as well as the character. And, restricted as we are this week for space, our extracts must be limited to anecdotes.

#### PRIMATE RINGCRAFT.

The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the prince's character—of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amelia, as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprized of it.

He was riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late king, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting, he said to his groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say to the contrary."

#### TRAFFIC IN VOTES, 1762.

Had the peace been instantaneously proposed to the House of Commons, there is no question but it would have been rejected; so strong a disgust was taken at the union of Bute and Fox, and so numerous were their several personal enemies. Yet in one respect Bute had chosen judiciously: Fox was not to be daunted, but set himself to work at the root. He even made applications to Newcastle; but the Duke of Cumberland had inspired even Newcastle and Devonshire with resolution. This, however, was the last miscarriage of moment that Fox experienced. Leaving the grantees to their ill-humor, he directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons: and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller, that a shop was publicly opened at the pay-office, whither the members flocked, and received the wages of their venality in bank-bills, even to so low a sum as two hundred pounds for their votes on the treaty. Twenty-five thousand pounds, as Martin, secretary of the treasury, afterwards owned, were issued in one morning; and in a single fortnight a vast majority was purchased to approve the peace.

#### PREROGATIVE AND COURTESY.

The court having secured the obedience of parliament, it was determined to assume a high tone of authority—to awe, and even to punish, the refractory. "The king, it was given out, *would* be king—would *not* be dictated by his ministers, as his grandfather had been. The prerogative was to shine out: great lords must be humbled." Fox—whose language ever was, that the crown must predominate whenever it would exert its influence—warmly upheld the doctrine of rewards and punishments; and, having employed the former with so much success, he was rejoiced to inflict the latter to glut his own vengeance. The first fruit of these councils struck mankind with astonishment. The Duke of Devonshire, who had kept himself in the country, coming to town on the 28th of October, went to pay his duty to the king; and, as is customary with the great officers, went to the back-stairs, whence he sent the page in waiting to acquaint his majesty with his attendance. "Tell him," said the king angrily, "I will not see him." The page, amazed, hesitated. The king ordered him to go and deliver those very words. If the page had been thunder-struck, it may be imagined what the duke felt. He had, however, the presence of mind to send in the page again to ask what he should do with his key of lord chamberlain. The reply was, "Orders will be given for that." The duke went home with a heart full of rage, and tore off his key, which immediately after he carried to Lord Egremont, the secretary of state; and the next morning his brother, Lord George Cavendish, and Lord Besborough, his brother-in-law, resigned their places.

## PITT'S APPEARANCE IN THE DEBATE ON THE PEACE.

It was the other house on which expectation hung. The very uncertainty whether Mr. Pitt's health would allow him to attend, concurred to augment the impatience of the public on so serious a crisis. The court, it was true, had purchased an effective number of votes to ratify their treaty; but could Mr. Pitt appear, he might so expose the negotiation, and give breath to such a flame, that the ministers could not but be anxious till the day was decided, and they knew all that they had to apprehend from Mr. Pitt. Their hopes grew brighter as the debate began, and he did not appear. The probability of his absence augmented as Beckford proposed to refer the preliminaries to a committee of the whole house; a measure that seemed calculated to gain time, and that was seconded by James Grenville, who told the courtiers that it did not look as if they were very desirous of praise, so eager were they to hurry through the question. The demand was opposed by Ellis, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Harris of Salisbury; when the house was alarmed by a shout from without. The doors opened, and at the head of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt, borne in the arms of his servants, who, setting him down within the bar, he crawled by the help of a crutch, and with the assistance of some few friends, to his seat: not without the sneers of some of Fox's party. In truth, there was a mixture of the very solemn and the theatric in this apparition. The moment was so well timed, the importance of the man and his services, the languor of his emaciated countenance, and the study bestowed on his dress, were circumstances that struck solemnity into a patriot mind, and did a little furnish ridicule to the hardened and insensible. He was dressed in black velvet, his legs and thighs wrapped in flannel, his feet covered with buskins of black cloth, and his hands with thick gloves.

## ROYAL TRIPPING-UP.

Lord Strange, one of the placemen who opposed the repeal of the Stamp Act, having occasion to go in to the king on some affair of his office, the Dutchy of Lancaster, the king said, he heard it was reported in the world, that he (the king) was for the repeal of that act. Lord Strange replied, that idea did not only prevail, but that his Majesty's ministers did all that lay in their power to encourage that belief, and that their great majority had been entirely owing to their having made use of his Majesty's name. The king desired Lord Strange to contradict that report, assuring him it was not founded. Lord Strange no sooner left the closet, than he made full use of the authority he had received, and trumpeted all over the town the conversation he had had with the king. So extraordinary a tale soon reached the ear of Lord Rockingham; who immediately asked Lord Strange if it was true what the king was reported to have said to him. The other confirmed it. On that Lord Rockingham desired the other to meet him at court; when they both went into the closet together. Lord Strange began, and repeated the king's words; and asked if he had been mistaken. The king said, "No." Lord Rockingham then pulled out a paper, and begged to know, if on such a day (which was minuted down on the paper) his Majesty had not determined for the repeal. Lord Rockingham then stopped. The king replied, "My Lord, this is but half;" and taking out a pencil, wrote on the bottom of

Lord Rockingham's paper words to this effect—"The question asked me by my ministers was, whether I was for enforcing the act by the sword, or for the repeal? Of the two extremes I was for the repeal; but most certainly preferred modification to either."

It is not necessary to remark on this story. The king had evidently consented to the repeal, and then disavowed his ministers, after suffering them to proceed half-way in their plan; unless it is an excuse that he secretly fomented opposition to them all the time.

The following judgment of Chatham on the king's sincerity was given personally to Walpole in an interview they had at Bath.

"The king, he said, was very gracious to him, and he believed in earnest; and then dropped these remarkable words—"If I was in possession of the citadel of Lisle, and was told there was a mine under my feet, I would say, I do not believe it." His opinion of his Majesty's sincerity was therefore exactly the same as mine."

Though not free from mistakes of detail, Sir Denis Le Marchant's notes are very good; sometimes correcting the judgment of the text, sometimes illustrating it by notices of the persons mentioned, or fuller information of the facts. Further illustrative materials are promised in a concluding appendix to the fourth volume: to which we look forward with interest, although the editor "disclaims any encroachment on the province of the historian," especially since the "publication of the last volume of Lord Mahon's History and the recent article on Lord Chatham in the *Edinburgh Review*." If, however, he has nothing to do with the "article," it is clear that the article has had a good deal to do with him; for, so far as the respective periods run together, all the facts and many of the views in the periodical are derived from these volumes. It is in fact Walpole *Macaulayized*, exactly resembling that process which often takes place in modern books of travels, where the sketches of the tourists are artistically dressed up with some *little* improvements, omissions, and additions, by the fashionable limner. In this aspect, the volumes and the review are curious, and well worth joint perusal.

MR. MACVEY NAPIER, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, has addressed a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, in reference to something in the *John Bull* of last Saturday, about an article on New Zealand, written by Mr. Stephen, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh*. No such paper will be found in the forthcoming number; and as to Mr. Stephen, Mr. Napier says:

"With that gentleman, it is true, I have the honor to be well acquainted, and to be sometimes favored with his distinguished assistance; but I beg to say, that I never have exchanged a single word, verbal or written, with him, upon the subject of an article on the affairs of New Zealand."

Doubtless, it is all the better that the public should not suppose Mr. Stephen to be dabbling in the Review on that topic.—*Spectator*.

From Hood's Magazine.

# RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF GIDEON SHADDOE, ESQ.

No. II.

"They say that shadowes of deceased ghosts  
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,  
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,  
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes."

SYLVESTER.

GHOST-SEERS are more abundant than ghosts. At this moment there are, we will venture to assert, hundreds of persons conscious of spectral appearances, even in the broad light of day, as vivid as the reality could be. If we might file a bill of discovery, and compel every party to make a clean breast, we should have volumes of reports recording cases in which the forms presented are not merely shadowy but apparently substantial—men, women, quadrupeds, and other animals, obscuring the objects behind them—figures of persons unknown, or those who have gone to their place, visiting the seer singly, or in multitudes, and seeming intent on their own business or pleasure—the men, women and children sometimes conversing, ay, even audibly, (for all the senses are liable to these impressions,) coming and going, stopping and meeting, or, like the fearful crowd in the halls of Eblis, hurrying on in anguish, seeking rest and finding none.\*

Occasionally, however, the phantasms are transparent, like the ghost that appeared to Scrooge. Such was the apparition mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie, whose patient, a gentleman of irritable habit, oppressed by a variety of uneasy sensations in his head, was sitting alone in the twilight after dinner, with the door of the room ajar. He saw a female figure, with the face hidden by a large black bonnet, and wrapped in a mantle, enter. She seemed to advance towards him, and then stop. He was convinced that it was a visual illusion, and even amused himself by watching it, observing that he could see through the shape the lock of the door, and other objects behind it.

The cases of Nicolai, Gleditsch, and others, noticed in the works of Dr. Ferriar, Dr. Hibbert, and Sir Walter Scott, will immediately occur to those who have at all directed their reading to this subject; and those who have not, will find therein a rich mine of amusement and instruction. Happy is the seer to whom the spectre appears in no appalling shape, and whose levée and couchée is attended by an assembly of ordinary human beings, or by the Fauns or Fays of his early imagination.

In my youth I knew a man of strong mind subject to these visitations. He was a ripe scholar, died, at an advanced age, early in the present century, and never exhibited any other mental disorder. The actors in his phantasmagoria were frequently classical. Pan and his train were often present, but, unlike the shepherd in Theocritus, he feared them not: on the contrary, he would laugh heartily at their antics; and when, sometimes, they carried the grotesque to the borders of the terrific, he would address them with—"Ha, ha! I don't care a farthing for ye: your grimaces entertain me mightily"—and then go on with his regular business, or conversation, unmoved, till some new uncouth gambol attracted his attention to visitors unseen by any eye but his own. One of his spectres was a strange heteroclite—something between a satyr and Bottom after he was

translated. This tickled him hugely, and he would repeat at such times some doggerel, most irreverently setting forth the merits of a college tutor, who, from some peculiarities in the conformation of his lower extremities, rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Sheep-Shanks," with considerable unction:—

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!—There you are!"

"The satyrs of old were satyrs of note,  
With the head of a man and the legs of a goat;  
But our satyr, so famous, all satyrs surpasses,  
For his legs are a sheep's and his head is an ass's"

The fatal case of the unhappy patient, who was at first haunted by a spectral cat that came and disappeared he could not exactly tell how, then by a gentleman usher, who glided beside him or before him wherever he went, and lastly, by a human skeleton that never left him, is stated at large by Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter. Though the narrative is in substance the same as told by both, the graphic power of Scott, who, occasionally, confessed to the equipment of his friend's story with a hat and walking cane, brings the scene before us. After relating the different stages of the disease, the author of the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" proceeds thus:—

"The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. 'This skeleton then,' said the doctor, 'seems to you to be always present to your imagination?'—'It is my fate, unhappily,' answered the invalid, 'always to see it.'—'Then I understand,' continued the physician, 'it is now present to your imagination?'—'To my imagination it certainly is so,' replied the sick man.—'And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?' the physician inquired.—'Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open,' answered the invalid, 'the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space.'—'You say you are sensible of the delusion,' said his friend; 'have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?'—The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'we will try the experiment otherwise.' Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible. 'Not entirely so,' replied the patient, 'because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder.'

"It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer, ascertaining with such minuteness that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in



the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them."

Sir David Brewster in his "Letters on Natural Magic," relates some curious instances of spectral illusions. On one occasion, the afflicted patient, a lady who had been subject to these attacks, saw the appearance of an approaching carriage and four. As it arrived within a few yards of the windows, the party inside presented a ghastly company of skeletons and other hideous figures, driven by postilions of the same unearthly class. The lady exclaimed, "What have I seen?" and the whole vanished.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these were of them."

It is undoubtedly true that these painful visitations yield, in most cases, to the power of medicine and regimen, as readily as other bodily or mental derangements. Minds thus diseased have been ministered to with as much success, as bodies suffering under the other disorders to which flesh is heir; and, as the cure proceeds, the spectral images, generally, become less and less vivid, till they are hardly visible, and at last disappear altogether.

Dr. Hibbert remarks that when ideas of vision are rendered unduly intense, three stages of excitement may give rise to spectral impressions. In the first stage, nothing more than the outlines of the recollected images of the mind, are, he observes, rendered as vivid as external impressions. In the second, ideas are vivified during darkness, so as to produce phantasms of a perfect form; but these are easily expelled by a strong exposure to light. In the third, the illusions are not dispelled by light, but may subsist during the influence of sensations of an ordinary degree of intensity.

It was but the other day that an example of such impressions was elicited in a court of justice. During the trial consequent upon the murder of the late Mr. Butler Bryan, Frances Myler deposed that she was in the wood on the day of the murder, heard the shot, and saw the man who discharged the pistol run away. This witness had manifested great excitement; on one occasion the judge termed it a paroxysm of excitement. She was thus cross-examined, according to the newspaper report:

*Mr. Lynch.* "Did you ever see Mr. Bryan since he was shot?"

*Witness.* "Yes, after."

*Judge Ball* (in surprise.) "After he was shot?"

*Witness.* "Yes, my lord."

*Mr. Lynch.* "Where did you see him?"

*Witness.* "I saw his ghost." (A laugh.) "Sorrow one need laugh at it."

*Mr. Lynch.* "Was it the ghost of Mr. Bryan that told you to come and give information?"

*Witness.* "No; I never spoke to the ghost. I only think, if I shut my eyes, that it is forment me."

Sir David Brewster well observes, that although it is not probable that we shall ever be able to understand the actual manner in which a person of sound mind beholds spectral apparitions in the

broad light of day, yet we may arrive at such a degree of knowledge on the subject, as to satisfy rational curiosity, and to strip the phenomena of every attribute of the marvellous. "Even the vision of natural objects," writes Sir David, in continuation, "presents to us insurmountable difficulties, if we seek to understand the precise part which the mind performs in perceiving them; but the philosopher considers that he has given a satisfactory explanation of vision, when he demonstrates that distinct pictures of external objects are painted on the retina, and that this membrane communicates with the brain by means of nerves of the same substance as itself, and of which it is merely an expansion. Here we reach the gulf which human intelligence cannot pass; and if the presumptuous mind of man shall dare to extend its speculations farther, it will do it only to evince its incapacity, and mortify its pride."

The same accomplished philosopher, in conversing with the lady to whose case we have referred, and who had read Dr. Hibbert's work previous to her attack, told her that if she should ever see such a thing, she might distinguish a genuine ghost existing externally, and seen as an external object, from one created by the mind, by merely pressing one eye or straining them both so as to see objects double; for in this case the external object would invariably be doubled, while the impression on the retina created by the mind, would remain single. She remembered this when subject to the attacks; but the state of agitation which generally accompanies them, seems to have prevented her from making the experiment as a matter of curiosity.\*

The cases of Nicolai and of this lady, proceeded, apparently, from derangement of stomach. Her first illusion affected her ear only. Colonel Gardiner had sustained a severe shock by a fall from his horse a short time before the vision, accompanied by vocal reproof, that impressed his mind so strongly, and worked so great a moral and religious change in his character up to the time of his death at Prestonpans. The effect produced by the disordered body upon the mind, is strongly illustrated by the case recorded by Dr. Patouillet. A family of nine persons had

—eaten of the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner.†

Their madness affected them variously. One jumped into a pond. Another shouted that within a month a neighbor would lose a cow. A third proclaimed that the crown piece of sixty pence would soon rise to five livres. Their senses returned, it is true, on the next day, but no memory of what had passed remained, and all the nine saw objects double. On the third day every object appeared to them as red as scarlet; and Sir David Brewster, in his comments on the case, observes, that this red light was probably nothing more than the red phosphorescence produced by the pressure of bloodvessels on the retina, and analogous to the masses of blue, green, yellow, and red light produced by a similar pressure in headaches, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs.

The mind, then, when we labor under excitement, depression, or certain forms of disease, is in a state to receive unreal impressions, and to embody, as it were, well-remembered forms. The

\* Letters on Natural Magic.

† Black Henbane.—*Hyoscyamus niger*.

conscience-stricken murderer is haunted by his victim, and exclaims—

“If I stand here, I saw him.”

These bodiless creations have formed a most effectual part of the machinery of poets, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In every age, in every language, these aerial visitations are made to fall upon the melancholy or guilty eye and ear. The ghost of Cæsar rises before Brutus:—

“How ill this taper burnes. Ha! who comes here?”

I think it is the weakenesse of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angell, or some divell,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evill spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comst thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well then I shall see thee againe?

*Ghost.* I, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then:

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.”

Again, towards the end of the Fifth Act:—

“*Clitus.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dardanius.* To kill him, Clitus: looke, he meditates.

*Clit.* Now is that noble vessell full of griefe,  
That it runnes over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

*Volum.* What says my Lord?

*Bru.* Why this, Volumnius:

The Ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me,  
Two severall times by night: at Sardis, once;  
And this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my houre is come.”

In the same spirit, another mighty magician raises the Bodach Glas before the eyes of the dejected Fergus, previous to the skirmish at Clifton, and again on the night preceeding his execution.

Crabbe has painted the guilty visionary of low life with a master hand:—

“And so I sat and looked upon the stream,  
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream:  
But dream it was not: No!—I fixed my eyes  
On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise:  
I saw my father on the water stand,  
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand;  
And there they glided ghastly on the top  
Of the salt flood, and never touched a drop:  
I would have struck them, but they knew the intent,

And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.

“Now, from that day, whenever I began  
To dip my net, there stood the hard old man—  
He and those boys: I humbled me and prayed  
They would be gone:—they heeded not, but stayed:

Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,  
But, gazing on the spirits, there was I.  
They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die:  
And every day, as sure as day arose  
Would these three spirits meet me ere the close:  
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,

And ‘come,’ they said, with weak, sad voices,  
‘come.’

To row away, with all my strength I tried,  
But there were they, hard by me in the tide,  
The three unbodied forms—and ‘come,’ still  
‘come,’ they cried.”

But if, in a great majority of cases, the spectres which arise from mental excitement or bodily derangement die away gradually before medical treatment, waxing faint and shadowy as the cure advances, some of these startling visions suddenly appear without any assignable reason, and, as arbitrarily, vanish. In illustration of this class of cases, Dr. Hibbert quotes from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette an anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott when the Doctor read to the Royal Society the paper which gave rise to his admirable “Sketches.”

One of the presidents of the Swiss Cantons had occasion to visit the library of the establishment. “Entering it about two o’clock in the afternoon, what was his amazement to see the former president of the same body, his deceased friend, sitting in solemn conclave in the president’s chair, with a numerous list of ‘great men dead’ assisting him in his deliberations! He hastened from the place in fear, and went to some of his brethren in office to advise upon the most speedy measures to divorce the usurpers of their stations; but on returning with a reinforcement of trembling associates, he found the long table in *statu quo*, the chairs empty, and every mark of the mysterious deliberations vanished into air.”

A still more striking story is recorded by the same author in an additional note to his second edition.

“About a dozen of years ago,” writes Dr. Hibbert’s correspondent, a respectable individual of Edinburgh, who favored the doctor with his name and address, “a gentleman, with whom I had been long and intimately acquainted, died very suddenly. The information of his decease reached me soon after, and produced no slight emotion in my mind, which, although banished by the business in which I was employed, was occasionally renewed by the conversation of those with whom I associated. At dinner the subject was talked of in my family. I again pursued my vocation; and being more than usually busy, if it occurred again, it was only for a moment, and the feeling far less intense. About nine in the evening I went up stairs and joined my family; the circumstance was not again mentioned by any one, we being engaged in talking over some family-matters in which we were interested. After supper, according to my usual custom, I went down stairs to take a walk in the court behind my house. This court was a parallelogram, and mostly paved, from thirty to forty feet in length; its breadth more than half as much: in part it was bounded by extensive open gardens, from which it was divided by a low parapet-wall, surmounted with a light railing; the extremities at both ends were the walls of offices belonging to the house. The sky was clear and the night serene; and there was no light from my window which could either fall or produce any shadow in the court. (You will instantly perceive my reason for relating these minute particulars.)

“When I went down stairs, I was musing on a subject by no association of ideas connected with

\* Peter Grimes.

my deceased friend, and for several hours did not note him in my mind. My entrance to the court was at an angle; and I had proceeded at a slow pace, nearly half way across, still pursuing my ruminations, when the figure of my departed friend seemed suddenly to start up right before me, at the opposite angle of the court. I do not at this moment see the pen in my hand, nor the paper on which I am writing, more visibly and distinctly than he appeared to me; so that I could at a glance discern his whole costume. He was not in his usual dress, but in a coat of a different color, which he had for many months left off wearing: I could even remark a figured vest, which he had also worn about the same time; also a colored handkerchief around his neck, in which I had used to see him in a morning; and my powers of vision seemed to become more keen as I gazed on the phantom before me. It seemed to be leaning in the angle, with its back to the wall, and gave me a bow, or rather a nod of recognizance, making a slight motion with the right hand. I acknowledge that I started, and an indescribable feeling, which I shall never forget, shot through my frame; but after a pause of, I suppose, from twenty to thirty seconds, I became convinced that it was either an optical deception, or some sudden hallucination of the mind. I recovered my fortitude; and, keeping my eye intently fixed on the spectre, walked briskly up to the spot. It vanished, not by sinking into the earth, but by seeming insensibly to melt into viewless air. I brought my hand in contact with the wall on which it seemed to lean, felt nothing, and the illusion was banished forever."

The narrator adds that, no doubt, all this happened in consequence of the previous excitement of his feelings, and the deep impression left on his mind; but he had never been able to comprehend how it should have occurred, after the subject had been banished from his memory, and when his thoughts were employed on a very different subject; nor could he conceive how the external organs of sight should so readily be united with imagination, in producing the extraordinary illusion, especially with one who was decidedly skeptical on the subject.

Upon these observations Dr. Hibbert remarks to his intelligent correspondent, who had not at the time seen his work, that these truly pertinent questions are frequently discussed therein—as indeed they are most philosophically and satisfactorily, in some chapters of the fourth part of his second edition. These attacks, for such in truth they are, come, like others of a more fatal nature, when they are least expected.

My own experience—it is, perhaps, hardly worth mentioning—has hitherto been confined to three occasions, and these occurred in childhood, youth, and manhood.

When I was about seven years of age, I was taken to sleep with my kind aunt on the second floor, in consequence of some slight epidemic which had invaded our nursery. I had heard, you may be sure, old Martha's solemn communications to Peggy touching the demise of the two babes who had entered this world and left it for a better before my arrival. One night, before my aunt came up to bed, I awoke suddenly with the sensation that a small hand was passing down my face, and saw, by the night-light, two little children with fair hair and radiant faces standing close to the bedside and looking on me. They said something, and I thought I could distinguish the word

"Brother!" At the same moment, as they appeared to recede upwards through the closed window, I heard a strain of music. They looked so lovely and happy that I was not frightened, but lay awake hoping they would come again, and, when my aunt came up, told her what I had seen and heard. She tried to convince me that I had been dreaming, but I could not be so convinced; and when I told her that I loved them, and that if they would not come to me, I should like to go to play with them, her countenance changed—she kissed me, and with a faltering voice said,—"Not yet, dear child; not yet, I trust."

They came no more, and whenever I afterwards reverted to the occurrence, everybody looked grave, and I could get no explanation, excepting that, on the night in question, the members of a glee club, all of whom were known to our family, had stopped on their way home and given us a serenade.

I was now about fourteen, and, as we were sitting after tea on a winter evening, I was requested to go into the library, which was in the part of the house formerly occupied by the suicidal Guinea captain, for a volume of Dryden. Leaving the room where the family were assembled, with a chamber candlestick, I shut the door, traversed a short dark passage, and had my hand firmly on the lock handle of the library door, when it seemed to be opened from within so forcibly that, holding on the handle as I did, I felt pulled with the door into the room, and my light was extinguished. Old nurse's description of the captain rushed into my mind. I saw nothing, but fancied I heard a gurgling and moaning, and staggered back to the party, (none of whom had left their places,) looking, they told me, very pale. After they had heard some excuse for my not finding the book, and after my mother and aunt had looked very hard at each other, the conversation, which had related to a passage in Falamon and Arcite, took a different turn.

I can just remember some of the old privateer captains with their bronzed faces and laced cocked-hats and waistcoats, men familiar with the haunted West Indian "Keys," who could tell many a wild story, sing songs that breathed of the sea and foreign lands, and make sangaree, so exquisitely fragrant, that, as an enthusiast, who had tasted of their handy-work in this line, once declared, it was like drinking a meadow in May, cowslips and all.

A prize had been brought into port by one of these privateers, and great were the expectations of the captors. Hints had been dropped of the invaluable nature of a part of the cargo by the defeated captain, and as the well-secured packages of which it almost entirely consisted were numerous, the owners thought that their fortune was made. Well, they unpacked and unpacked, but nothing appeared excepting some very fine specimens of corals and shells, which my father purchased. Upon mentioning their disappointment to their prisoners, not without hints that it would be better for the latter to point out at once where the treasure was, the captive master and his mates directed them, evidently with some chagrin, to remove a plank in the cabin, the situation of which they described. Search was accordingly made, and sure enough, a case,

"With iron clasp'd and with iron bound," was discovered. Expectation was on tiptoe. The



secret was out; and now the owners and their friends crowded round to feast their eyes on the latent diamonds and pearls. The iron clasps were filed through, the lid was carefully raised with chisels; a second box was contained within, then a third, and a fourth. When this last was opened, fine raw cotton appeared. Layer after layer was removed, and at last a satin wrapper, tied with silken strings and sealed, was visible. The seals and string were hastily broken, the wrapper unfolded, and at last appeared a small silver crucifix, which had belonged to some Roman Catholic hierarch who had died in the odor of sanctity, intrinsically worth about sixty shillings. The faces of the expectants may be imagined.

Whilst under the care of the Rev. Basil Burch, it was my habit to leave school on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. On my way home I had to pass some of the old chequer-windowed taverns redolent of the shrub, pine-apple rum, lime-punch, and turtle of a century and more, and sending out the radiance that shone within through the red hangings with a warmth that thawed the wintry street and lighted up the old gables of the houses opposite, till the grim features and figures carved thereon were all in a ruddy glow, and looked inclined to come down and join in the revelry. If tales were true, roaring blades, such as Low, Lowther, and Roberts had, in former years, there predominated over mighty bowls—rovers who sailed under the black flag, declared war against all the world, gave their prisoners, if they did not like their looks, a grill of their own ears for breakfast, poured out blood like water, and by dint of alcohol kept themselves and their crews up to the piratical point.\*

"Every man to his gun!

But the work must be done

With cutlash,† pike and pistol:

And when we no longer can strike a blow,

Fire the magazine-train—then up we go!

'Tis a snigger birth in the blue below,

Than to swing in the wind and feed the crow"—

Said Jolly Ned Teach of Bristol.

One November night, not long after my adventure in the library, as I passed one of these reeking sanctuaries and some such rough chorus burst forth upon the night, a cold shiver came over me, and looking up, I beheld the Guinea captain by the lurid light that streamed through the tavern window. There he stood, girt with his hanger, right in my path, as if lingering near the scene of his former orgies, with his gashed throat, whip, shackles, and bowl of horse beans. His very dress was clearly defined, from the silver-laced cocked-hat, low-pocketed, wide-sleeved, collarless coat, and embroidered blood-stained waistcoat, with huge flaps descending upon his knee-buckled breeches, down to his speckled silk stockings and shoes surmounted with great silver buckles. Then I felt the force of those awful words—"the hair

\* "In *Black-beard's Journal*, which was taken, there were several memorandums of the following nature found writ with his own hand:—*Such a day, Rum all out.—Our Company somewhat sober.—A damn'd confusion amongst us!—Rogues a plotting.—Great talk of separation.—So I took'd sharp for a prize. Such a day took one, with a great deal of liquor on board, so kept the company hot—damned hot—then all things went well again.*"—"A General History of the Pirates, by Captain Charles Johnson," 1724. "Chap. iii. Of Captain Teach, alias Blackbeard."

† The true buccaneer orthography.

of my flesh stood up"—I turned and fled, not daring to look behind me—tottered home, I know not how, related my adventure, and was immediately ordered to bed, and dosed for a smart attack of fever, according to the prescriptions in such case made and provided.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ., M. P.

SLUMBER, infant! slumber

On thy mother's breast;

Kisses without number

Rain upon thy rest:

Fair they fall from many lips,

But from her's the best.

Slumber, infant! slumber

On thy mother's breast.

Slumber, infant! slumber,

On the earth's cold breast;

Blossoms without number

Breathe about thy rest:

Nature, with ten thousand smiles,

Meets so dear a guest.

Slumber, infant! slumber

On the earth's cold breast.

Slumber, infant! slumber

On an angel's breast;

Glories without number

Consecrate thy rest:

Deeper joys than we can know

Wait upon the blest.

Slumber, infant! slumber

In thy heavenly rest!

*Hood's Magazine.*

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN woman is in rags, and poor,

And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,

If man would only listen more

To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,

Though legal sharks and screws attack her,

If man would only more attend

To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate

To witness some despairing dropper

In Thames' tide, and run too late

To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"

T. Hood.

THE *Medical Gazette* contains a paper, written by Dr. Hastings and Mr. Robert Storks, a surgeon, describing a remarkable operation for the cure of consumption, by perforating the cavity of the lungs through the walls of the chest. The operation requires only a few seconds for its performance, and causes but slight pain. The immediate effect was the diminished frequency of the patient's pulse, which fell in twenty-four hours from 120 to 68; relief from difficulty of respiration, which had been a very distressing symptom; loss of cough and expectoration, both of which had been very severe. The plan appears to have been completely successful; the report of the patient's condition a month after this performance, being, that he was rapidly regaining his flesh and strength, whilst his respiration had become natural, his pulse had fallen to 80, and his cough and expectoration had wholly ceased.

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill. With copious Notes, and a Life of the Author.* By W. TOOKE, F.R.S. 3 vols., 12mo. London: 1844.

MR. WILLIAM TOOKE sets us a bad example in his "copious notes," which we do not propose to follow. Our business is with Churchill; and not with the London University, or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the Reform Bill, or the Whigs, or the Popish Ascendency, or the bribed voters of metropolitan boroughs, or the profligate members who represent them in Parliament. There are many reasons why Mr. Tooke should not have named these things; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning one. If the editorial pains bestowed upon them had been given to his author, we should probably not have had the task, which, before we speak of Churchill, we shall discharge as briefly as we may, of pointing out his editorial deficiencies.

It would be difficult to imagine a worse biographer than Mr. Tooke. As Dr. Johnson said of his friend Tom Birch, he is "a dead hand at a Life." Nor is he a more lively hand at a note. In both cases he compiles with singular clumsiness, and his compilations are not always harmless. But though Mr. Tooke is a bad biographer and a bad annotator, he is a worse critic.

If it were true, as he says, that "the character of Churchill as a poet, may be considered as fixed in the first rank of English classics," (vol. i., p. xiii.) we should have to place him with Shakspeare and Milton, in the rank above Dryden and Pope. If the *Rosciad* were really, as Mr. Tooke thinks, remarkable for its "strength of imagination," (vol. i., p. xxxiv.) we should have to depose it from its place beside the *Dunciads*, and think of it with the *Paradise Losts*. And indeed we shall be well disposed to do this, when Mr. Tooke establishes the critical opinion he adopts from poor Dr. Anderson, that the *Cure of Saul*, a sacred ode by Dr. Brown, "ranks with the most distinguished lyric compositions," (vol. iii., p. 302.)

This Dr. Brown, the author of the flat tragedy of *Barbarossa*, and a vain, silly, impracticable person, is described by Mr. Tooke to have been "a far wiser and better man than Jeremy Bentham," (vol. iii., p. 109;) whose "always mischievous, out happily not always intelligible gibberish," is in a previous passage ranked with "the coarse blasphemy of Richard Carlyle," (vol. iii., p. 107.) It is in the same discriminating taste we are told after this, that Dr. Francklin's *Translation of Sophocles* is "a bold and happy transfusion into the English language of the terrible simplicity of the Greek tragedian," (vol. iii., p. 207)—poor Dr. Francklin being as much like the terrible simplicity of the Greeks, as Mr. Tooke resembles Aristides, or an English schoolmaster is like the Phidian Jove.

The reader will not suppose that Mr. Tooke, a respectable solicitor of long standing, has not had ample time to set himself right on these points, when we mention the fact of his first appearance as Churchill's editor no fewer than forty years ago. Forty years ago, when he was in the flush of youth, and George the Third was king, he aspired to connect himself with the great satirist. What turned his thoughts that way, from the "quiddets and quilletts, and cases and tenures and tricks," that surrounded him in his daily studies, he has not informed us. But, among his actions of scandal and battery, the echo of Churchill's rough and manly voice was in that day lingering still; and an aspiring young attorney could hardly more agreeably indulge a taste for letters, than among the mangled and still bleeding reputations of the *Duellist*, the *Candidate*, and the *Ghost*. But we have reason to complain that he did not improve this taste with some little literary knowledge.

Whether he praises or blames, he has the rare felicity of never making a criticism that is not a mistake. Nothing of this kind, committed forty years back, has he cared to correct; and every new note added, has added something to the stock. He cannot even praise in the right place, when he has such a man as Dr. Garth to praise. Garth was an exquisite creature—a real wit, a gentleman, a friend, a physician, a philosopher; and yet his *Satire* was not "admirable," nor his *Claremont* "above mediocrity," nor his *Translations from Ovid* "spirited and faithful," (vol. iii., p. 16-17.) In a later page, Mr. Tooke has occasion to refer to the writer of a particular panegyric, whom he calls Conyngham, (vol. ii., p. 317.) This exemplifies another and abundant class of mistakes in his volumes. The writer was Codrington, and the lines were addressed to Garth on his *Dispensary*. Mr. Tooke has to speak of the two Doctors William King; and he attributes the well-known three octavos of the King of St. Mary's Hall to the King of Christ Church, (vol. iii., p. 173.) He has to speak of Bishop Parker, Marvell's antagonist, and he calls him Archbishop Parker, (vol. ii., p. 171;) a singularly different person. He condemns Churchill for his public appearance in a theatre with a celebrated courtesan, whom his next sentence, if correct, would prove to have been a venerable lady of between eighty and ninety years old, (vol. i., p. 47;)—the verses quoted having been written sixty-three years before, to the Venus of a past generation. If an anecdote has a point, he misses it; and if a question has two sides, he takes the wrong one. He gravely charges the old traveller Mandeville, with wilful want of veracity, and with having "observed in a high northern latitude the singular phenomenon of the congelation of words as they issued from the mouth, and the strange medley of sounds that ensued upon a thaw," (vol. ii., p. 76;)—vulgar errors, we need not say. Sir John Mandeville wrote conscientiously, according to the lights of

his times; and qualifies his marvellous relations as reports. The congelation of words was a pure invention of Addison's, palmed upon the old traveller.

In matters more closely connected with his subject, Mr. Tooke is not more sparing of errors and self-contradictions. He confounds Davies, the actor and bookseller—Johnson's friend, Garrick's biographer, and a reasonably correct as well as agreeable writer—with Davis, an actor not only much lower in the scale than Davies, but remembered only by the letter Mr. Tooke has printed, (vol. i., p. 36-7.) He tells us, with amazing particularity, that "Churchill's brother John survived him little more than one year, dying, after a week's illness only, on 18th November, 1765," (vol. i., p. lvi.) the truth being that John, who was a surgeon-apothecary in Westminster, survived his brother many years, published, in the character of executor, the fifth collected edition of his works as late as 1774; and was recommending the use of bark to Wilkes, whose medical attendant he became, as late as 1778. In one place he says that he has endeavored, without success, to ascertain the truth of a statement that Churchill had a curacy in Wales, and became bankrupt in cider speculations there; suppositions which, unable to substantiate, he rejects, (vol. i., p. xxv.) In another place, he speaks, without a doubt, of Churchill's "flight from his curacy in Wales," (vol. iii., p. 28;) and in a third, tells us decisively that Churchill's "own failure in trade as a cider-dealer," had "tinctured him with a strong and unfounded prejudice" against the merchants of London, (vol. ii., p. 318.) At one time he relates a story of Churchill's "having incurred a repulse at Oxford, on account of alleged deficiency in the classics," to acquaint us that it "is obviously incorrect," (vol. i., p. xxi.) At another, he informs us that "the poet's antipathy to colleges may be dated from his rejection by the University of Oxford, on account of his want of a competent skill in the learned languages," (vol. ii., p. 227.) No opportunity of self-contradiction is too minute to be lost. Now he says that the price of the *Rosciad* was half-a-crown, (vol. i., p. 114,) and now that it was but "the moderate price of one shilling," (vol. ii., p. 167;) now that Lord Temple resigned in 1761, (vol. i., p. 171,) and now that the resignation was in 1762, (vol. ii., p. 229;) now that the *Apology* was published in April, 1761, (vol. i., p. 115,) and six pages later, (vol. i., p. 121,) that it was published in May of that year; now that Churchill's *Sermons* were ten in number, (vol. i., p. xxvi.,) and now that they were twelve, (vol. iii., p. 318.) These instances, sparingly selected from a lavish abundance, will probably suffice.

We shall be equally sparing of more general examples that remain. Mr. Tooke, as the character of this literary performance would imply, has no deficiency on the score of boldness. Thus, while he thinks that "the Rev. Doctor Croly, in

his classical and beautiful play of *Catiline*, has at once shown what a good tragedy should be, and that he is fully equal to the task of producing one," (vol. ii., p. 297,) he has an utter contempt for the Wordsworths and Coleridges. "What language," he indignantly exclaims, before giving a specimen of the latter poet in a *lucid interval*, "could the satirist have found sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the simplicity of a later school of poetry, the spawn of the lakes, consisting of a mawkish combination of the nonsense verses of the nursery, with the rodomontade of German mysticism and transcendentalism!" (Vol. i., p. 189.) This is a little strong for a writer like Mr. Tooke. Nor, making one exception in the case of Lord Byron, does he shrink from pouring the vials of his critical wrath upon every lord who has presumed to aspire to poetry. Not the gentle genius of Lord Surrey, nor the daring passion of Lord Buckhurst—not the sharp wit of my Lords Rochester and Buckingham, nor the earnestness and elegance of Lord Thurlow—can shake the fierce poetical democracy of Mr. William Tooke. "The claim of the whole lot of other noble poets," he observes with great contempt, "from Lord Surrey downwards—the Buckinghams, the Roscommons, the Halifaxes, the Grenvilles, the Lyttletons, of the last age, and the still minor class of Thurlows, Herberts, and others, of the present generation, have been tolerated as poets, only because they were peers." (Vol. iii., p. 262.)

A contempt of grammar, as of nobility, may be observed to relieve the sense and elegance of this passage. But this is a department of Mr. Tooke's merits too extensive to enter upon. When he talks of "a masterly *but* caustic satire," (vol. i., p. 40,) and of "plunging deeper and *more irrecoverably* into," &c., (vol. i., p. 41,) we do not stop to ask what he can possibly mean. But his use of the prepositions and conjunctions is really curious. His "*and* to which we would refer our readers accordingly, *and* to whose thanks we shall entitle ourselves for so doing," (vol. iii., p. 157;) his "*and from which* but little information could be collected, he was at the same time confident that none others existed, *and which* the lapse of time has confirmed," (vol. iii., p. 296;) are of perpetual recurrence in the shape of *and who*, or *but which*, and may be said to form the peculiarity of his style. On even Mr. Pickering's Aldine press, a genius of blundering has laid its evil touch. The errors in the printing of the book are execrable. Not a page is correctly pointed from first to last; numbers of lines in the text (as at vol. iii., pp. 216-17) are placed out of their order; and it is rare when a name is rightly given. But enough of a distasteful subject. We leave Mr. Tooke, and pass to Churchill.

Exactly a hundred years after the birth of Dryden, Charles Churchill was born. More than a hundred years were between the two races of men. In 1631, Hampden was consoling Eliot in his prison, and discussing with Pym the outraged



Petition of Right; in 1731, Walpole was flying at Townshend's throat, and suggesting to Gay the quarrels of Lockit and Peachum. Within the reach of Dryden's praise and blame, there came a Cromwell and a Shaftesbury; a Wilkes and a Sandwich exhausted Churchill's. There is more to affect a writer's genius in personal and local influences of this kind, than he would himself be willing to allow. If, even in the failures of the first and greatest of these satirists, there is a dash of largeness and power; there is never wholly absent from the most consummate achievements of his successor, a something we must call conventional. But the right justice has not been done to Churchill. Taken with the good and evil of his age, he was a very remarkable person.

An English clergyman, who, in conjunction with his rectory of Rainham, in Essex, held the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist in Westminster, from 1733 to his death in 1758, was the father of Charles Churchill. He had two younger sons: William, who afterwards selected the church for his profession, and passed a long, quiet, unobtrusive life within it; and John, brought up to the business of medicine. The elder, named Charles after himself, he, from the first, especially designed for his own calling, and sent him in 1739, when eight years old, as a day-boy to Westminster school. Nichols was the head master, and the second master was (not Lloyd, as Mr. Tooke would inform us, but) Johnson, afterwards a bishop. Vincent Bourne was usher of the fifth form, and Dr. Pierson Lloyd, (after some years second master,) a man of fine humor as well as rare worth and learning, was usher at the fourth. Churchill, judging from the earliest notice of him, must have been already a robust, manly, broad-faced little fellow when he entered the school; all who in later life remembered him, spoke of the premature growth and fulness both of his body and mind; and he was not long in assuming the place in his boy's circle, which quick-sighted lads are not slow to concede to a deserving and a daring claimant. He was fond of play; but was a hard worker when he turned to work, and a successful. There is a story of one of his punishments by flogging, which only increased and embittered the temper that provoked it; but of a literary task by way of punishment, for which the offender received public thanks from the masters of the school. "He could do well if he would," was the admission of his enemies; and the good Dr. Lloyd loved him.

There were then a number of remarkable boys at Westminster. Bonnell Thornton was already in the upper forms; but George Colman, Robert Lloyd, Richard Cumberland and Warren Hastings, were, with few years' interval, Churchill's contemporaries; and there was one mild, shrinking, delicate lad of his own age, though two years younger in the school, afraid to lift his eyes above the shoe-strings of the upper boys, but encouraged to raise them as high as Churchill's heart. He stood by Cowper in these days, and the author of the *Task* and the *Table-Talk* repaid him in a sorer need. Indeed, there was altogether a manly tone of feeling among these Westminster scholars. If they were false to some promises of their youth when they grew to manhood, they were true to all that pledged them to each other. Never, save when two examples occurred too flagrant for avoidance, in a profligate duke and a hypocritical parson, did Churchill lift his pen against a schoolfellow. Mr.

Tooke says that the commencement of a satire against Thornton and Colman was found among his papers; but there is no proof of this, and we doubt, in common with Southey, the alleged desertion of Lloyd, which is said to have suggested the satire. Even Warren Hastings profited by his old connexion with Westminster, when Wilkes deserted his supporters in the house of commons to defend the playfellow of his dead friend; and the irritable Cumberland so warmed to the memory of his old school companion, as to call him always, fondly, the Dryden of his age.

Literature itself had become a bond of union with these youths before they left the Westminster cloisters. The *Table-Talk* tells of the "little poets at Westminster," and how they strive "to set a distich upon six and five." Even the boredom of school exercises, more rife in English composition than then since, did not check the scribbling propensity. All the lads we have named had a decisive turn that way; and little Colman, emulating his betters, addressed his cousin Pulteney from the fifth form with the air of a literary veteran. For, in the prevailing dearth of great poetry, verse-writing was cultivated much, much encouraged. It had become, as Lady Mary Montagu said a few years before, as common as taking snuff. Others compared it to an epidemical distemper—a sort of murrain. Beyond all doubt, it was the rage. "Poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, in embroidered coats and pink-colored top-knots." Nor was it probable, as to Churchill himself, that he thought the dress less attractive than the verse tagging. But his father, as we have said, had other views with respect to him. He must shade his fancies with a more sober color, and follow the family profession.

It was an unwise resolve. It was one of those resolves which more frequently mar than make a life. The control of inclination to a falsehood is a common parent's crime; not the less grievous when mistaken for a virtue. The stars do not more surely keep their courses, than an ill-regulated manhood will follow a misdirected youth. This boy had noble qualities for a better chosen career. Thus early he had made it manifest that he could see for himself and feel for others; that he had strong sensibility and energy of intellect; that, where he had faith, he had steadiness of purpose and enthusiasm; but that, closely neighboring his power, were vehemence, will and passion; and that these made him confident, inflexible and hard to be controlled. In the bad discipline of such a mind, one of two results was sure. He would resist or yield: in the one case, boasting exemption from vice, become himself the victim of the worst of vices; in the other, with violent recoil from the hypocrisies, outrage the proprieties of life. The proof soon came.

Churchill had given evidence of scholarship in Latin and Greek as early as his fifteenth year, when, offering himself a candidate for the Westminster foundation, he went in head of the election; but on standing for the studentship to Merton College, Oxford, three years later, he was rejected. Want of learning, premature indulgence of satirical tastes, and other as unlikely causes, have been invented to explain the rejection: there is little doubt that the real cause was the discovery of a marriage imprudently contracted, some months before, with a Westminster girl named Scot, and accomplished within the rules of the Fleet. A

marriage most imprudent—most unhappy. It disqualified him for the studentship. It introduced his very boyhood to grave responsibilities he was powerless to discharge, almost to comprehend. What self-help he might have exerted against the unwise plans of his father, it crippled and finally destroyed. There is hardly a mistake or suffering in his after life, which it did not originate, or leave him without the means of repelling. That it was entered into at so early an age; that it was effected by the scandalous facilities of the Fleet—were among its evil incidents, but not the worst. It encumbered him with a wife from whom he could not hope for sympathy, encouragement, or assistance in any good thing; to whom he could administer them as little. Neither understood the other; or had that real affection which would have supplied all needful knowledge.

The good clergyman received them into his house soon after the discovery was made. The compromise seems to have been, that Churchill should no longer oppose his father's wishes, in regard to that calling of the church to which he afterwards bitterly described himself decreed, "ere it was known that he should learn to read." He was entered, but never resided, at Trinity, in Cambridge. There was a necessary interval before the appointed age of ordination, (for which he could qualify without a degree,) and he passed it quietly: the first twelve months in his father's house; the rest in a retirement, for which "family reasons" are named but not explained, in the north of England. In that retirement, it is said, he varied church reading with "favorite poetical amusements;" with what unequal apportionment it might not be difficult to guess. The already congenial charm he may be supposed to have found in the stout declamation of Juvenal; the sly and insinuating sharpness of Horace, and the indignant eloquence of Dryden—had little rivalry to fear from the fervid imagination of Taylor, the copious eloquence of Barrow, or the sweet persuasiveness of South.

In 1753 he visited London, to take possession, it is said, of a small fortune in right of his wife; but there is nothing to show that he got the possession, however small. It is more apparent that the great city tempted him sorely; that boyish tastes were once more freely indulged; and that his now large and stalwart figure was oftener seen at theatres than chapels. It was a great theatrical time. Drury Lane was in its strength, with Garrick, Mossop, Mrs. Pritchard, Palmer, Woodward, Shutes, Yates, and Mrs. Clive. Even in its comparative weakness, Covent Garden could boast of Barry, Smith, Sparks, and Macklin—of Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Vincent, and not seldom, of Quin, who still lingered on the stage he had quitted formally two or three years before, and seemed as loath to depart from really, as Churchill, on these stolen evenings of enjoyment, from his favorite front row of the pit. Nevertheless, the promise to his father was kept; and, having now reached the canonical age, he returned to the north in deacon's orders; whence he removed, with little delay, to the curacy of South Cadbury in Somersetshire. Here he officiated till 1756, when he was ordained priest, and passed to his father's curacy of Rainham.

Both these ordinations without a degree, are urged in special proof of his good character and reputation for singular learning; but there is reason to suspect his father's influence more pow-

erful than either. "His behavior," says Dr. Kippis, writing in the *Biographia Britannica*, "gained him the love and esteem of his parishioners; and his sermons, though somewhat raised above the level of his audience, were commended and followed. What chiefly disturbed him, was the smallness of his income." This, though connected with a statement as to a Welsh living now rejected, has in effect been always repeated since, and may or may not be true. It is perhaps a little strange, if his sermons were thus elevated, commended, and followed, that no one recognized their style, or could in the least commend them, when a series of ten were published with his name eight years later; but the alleged smallness of his income admits of no kind of doubt. He had now two sons, and, as he says himself, "prayed and starved on forty pounds a-year." He opened a school. It was bitter drudgery. He wondered, he afterwards told his friends, that he had ever submitted to it; but necessities more bitter overmastered him. What solid help this new toil might have given was yet uncertain, when, in 1758, his father died, and, in respect to his memory, his parishioners elected the curate of Rainham to succeed him. At the close of 1758, Charles Churchill was settled in Westminster, at the age of twenty-seven, curate and lecturer of St. John's.

It was not a very brilliant change, nor enabled him yet to dispense with very mean resources. "The emoluments of his situation," observes Dr. Kippis—who was connected with the poet's friends, and, excepting where he quotes the loose assertions of the *Annual Register*, wrote on the information of Wilkes—"not amounting to a full hundred pounds a-year, in order to improve his finances he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English with propriety and correctness; and was engaged for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis. Mr. Churchill conducted himself in his new employment with all the decorum becoming his clerical profession." The grave doctor would indicate the teacher's virtue and self-command, in controlling by the proper clerical decorums his instruction of Mrs. Dennis' young ladies. Mr. Tooke's biography more confidently asserts, that not only as the servant of Mrs. Dennis, but as "a parochial minister, he performed his duties with punctuality, while in the pulpit he was plain, rational, and emphatic." On the other hand, Churchill himself tells us that he was not so. He says, that he was an idle pastor and a drowsy preacher. We are assured, among the last and most earnest verses he composed, that "sleep at his bidding crept from pew to pew." With a mournful bitterness he adds, that his heart had never been with his profession;—that it was not of his own choice, but through need, and for his curse, he had ever been ordained.

It is a shallow view of his career that can differently regard it, or suppose him at its close any other than he had been at its beginning. The sagacious Mr. Tooke, after a fashion worthy of himself, would "divide the life into two distinct and dissimilar portions; the one pious, rational, and consistent; the other irregular, dissipated, and licentious." During the first portion of seven-and-twenty years, says this philosophic observer, "with the exception of a few indiscretions, his conduct, in every relation, as son, as brother, as husband, as father, and as friend, was rigidly



and exemplarily, though obscurely virtuous; while the remaining six years present an odious contrast." Why, with such convictions, he edited the odious six years, and not the pure twenty-seven; why he published the poems, and did not collect the sermons—the philosopher does not explain. For ourselves let us add, that we hold with no such philosophy in Churchill's case, or any other. Whatever the corrupting influence of education may be, whatever the evil mistakes of early training, we believe that Nature is apt to show herself at all times both rational and consistent. She has no delight in monsters; no pride in odious contrasts. Her art is at least as wise as Horace describes the art of poetry to be. She joins no discordant terminations to beginnings that are pure and lovely. Such as he honestly was, Churchill can afford to be honestly judged: when he calls it his curse to have been ordained, he invites that judgment. He had grave faults, and paid dearly for them; but he set up for no virtue that he had not. In the troubled self-reproaches of latter years, he recalled no pure satisfactions in the past. To have been "decent and demure at least, as grave and dull as any priest," was all the pretence he made. It was his disgrace, if the word is to be used, to have assumed the clerical gown. It was not his disgrace to seek to lay it aside as soon as might be.

That this was the direction of his thoughts, as soon as his father's death removed his chief constraint, is plain. His return to Westminster had brought him back within the sphere of old temptations; the ambition of a more active life, the early school aspirings, the consciousness of talents rusting in disuse, again disturbed him; and he saw, or seemed to see, distinctions falling on the men who had started life when he did, from the literature he might have cultivated with yet greater success. Bonnell Thornton and Colman were by this time established town wits; and with another schoolfellow (his now dissolute neighbor, Robert Lloyd, weary of the drudgery of his father's calling, to which he had been appointed in Westminster school, and on the eve of rushing into the life of a professed man of letters) he was in renewed habits of daily intercourse. Nor, to the discontent thus springing up on all sides, had he power of the least resistance in his home. His ill-considered marriage had by this time borne its bitterest fruit; it being always understood in Westminster, says Dr. Kippis, himself a resident there, "that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband." The joint imprudence had its effect in growing embarrassment; continual terrors of arrest induced the most painful concealments; executions were lodged in his house; and his life was passed in endeavors to escape his creditors, perhaps not less to escape himself. It was then that young Lloyd, whose whole life had been a rude impulsive scene of license, threw open to him, without further reserve, his own mad circle of dissipation and forgetfulness. It was entered eagerly.

In one of his later writings, he described this time; his credit gone, his pride humbled, his virtue undermined, himself sinking beneath the adverse storm, and the kind hand, whose owner he should love and reverence to his dying day, which was suddenly stretched forth to save him. It was that of good Dr. Lloyd, now under-master of Westminster: he saw the creditors, persuaded

them to accept a composition of five shillings in the pound, and lent what was required to complete it. With the generous wish to succor his favorite pupil, there may have been the hope of one more chance of safety for his son. But it was too late. At almost the same instant, young Lloyd deserted his ushership of Westminster to throw himself on literature for support: and Churchill, resolving to try his fate as a poet, prepared to abandon his profession. A formal separation from his wife, and a first rejection by the booksellers, date within a few months of each other.

At the close of 1760, he carried round his first effort in verse to those arbiters of literature, then all-powerful; for it was the sorry and helpless interval between the patron and the public. The *Bard*, written in Hudibrastic verse, was contemptuously rejected. But fairly bent upon his new career, he was not the man to waste time in fruitless complainings. He wrote again, in a style more likely to be acceptable; and the *Conclave*, a satire aimed at the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, would have been published eagerly, but for a legal opinion on the dangers of a prosecution, interposed by the bookseller's friend. This was at once a lesson in the public taste, and in the caution with which it should be catered for. Profiting by it, Churchill with better fortune planned his third undertaking. He took a subject in which his friend Lloyd had recently obtained success—in which severity was not unsafe, and to which, already firm as it was in the interest of what was called the Town, he could nevertheless give a charm of novelty. After "two months" close attendance at the theatres, he completed *The Rosciad*.

It is not known to what bookseller he offered it, but it is certain that it was refused by more than one. Probably it went the round of "The Trade;"—a trade more remarkable for mis-valuation of its raw material, than any other in existence. He asked five guineas for the manuscript, (according to Southey; Mr. Tooke says he asked twenty pounds,) and there was not a member of the craft that the demand would not terrify. But he was not to be baffled this time. He possibly knew the merit of what he had done. Here, at any rate, into this however slighted manuscript, a something long restrained within him had forced its way; and a chance he was determined it should have. It was no little risk to run in his position; but at his own expense he printed and published *The Rosciad*. It appeared without his name, after two obscure advertisements, in March, 1761.

A few days served to show what a *hit* had been made. They who in a double sense had cause to feel it, doubtless cried out first; but *Who is he?* was soon in the mouths of all. Men upon town spoke of its pungency and humor; men of higher mark found its manly verse an unaccustomed pleasure; mere playgoers had its criticism to discuss; and discontented whigs, in disfavor at court for the first time these fifty years, gladly welcomed a spirit that might help to give discontent new terrors, and revolution principles new vogue. Thus, in their turn, the wit, the strong and easy verse, the grasp of character, and the rude, free daring of the *Rosciad*, were, within a few days of the appearance of its shilling pamphlet, the talk of every London coffee-house.

To account for the reception satire commonly meets with in the world, and for the scantiness of those that are offended with it, it has been com-



pared to a sort of glass wherein beholders may discover everybody's face but their own. The class whom the *Rosciad* offended, could discover nobody's face but their own. It was the remark of one of themselves, that they ran about the town like so many stricken deer. They cared little on their own account, they said; but they grieved so very much for their friends. "Why should this man attack Mr. Harvard?" remonstrated one. "I am not at all concerned for myself; but what has poor Billy Harvard done, that he must be treated so cruelly?" To which another with less sympathy rejoined: "And pray, what has Mr. Harvard done, that he cannot bear his misfortunes as well as another?" For, indeed, many more than the Billy Harvards had these misfortunes to bear. The strong, quite as freely as the weak, were struck at in the *Rosciad*. The Quin, the Mossop, and the Barry, had as little mercy as the Holland, the Jackson, and the Davies; and even Garrick was too full of terror at the avalanche that had fallen, to rejoice very freely in his own escape. Forsooth, he must assume indifference to the praise; and suggest in his off-hand grandeur to one of his retainers, that the man had treated him civilly no doubt, with a view to the freedom of the theatre. He had the poor excuse for this fribbling folly, (which Churchill heard and punished,) that he did not yet affect to know the man; and was himself repeating the question addressed to him on all sides, *Who is he?*

It was a question which the *Critical Reviewers* soon took upon themselves to answer. They were great authorities in those days, and had no less a person than Smollett at their head. But they bungled sadly here. The field which the *Rosciad* had invaded they seem to have thought their own; and they fell to the work of resentment in the spirit of the tiger commemorated in the *Rambler*, who roared without reply and ravaged without resistance. If they could have anticipated either the one or the other, they would doubtless have been a little more discreet. No question could exist of the authorship, they said. The thing was clear. Who were heroes in the poem? Messrs. Lloyd and Colman. Then who could have written it? Why, who other than Messrs. Lloyd and Colman? "*Claw me, claw thee*, as Sawney says; and so it is; then go and scratch one another like Scotch pedlars." Hereupon, for the *Critical Review* was a "great fact" then, Lloyd sent forth an advertisement to say that he was never "concerned or consulted" about the publication, nor ever corrected or saw the sheets. He was followed by Colman, who took the same means of announcing "most solemnly" that he was "not in the least concerned." To these were added, in a few days, a third advertisement. It stated that Charles Churchill was the author of the *Rosciad*, and that his *Apology*, addressed to the *Critical Reviewers*, would immediately be published. Before the close of the month this poem appeared.

On all who had professed to doubt the power of the new writer, the effect was prompt and decisive. The crowd so recently attracted by his hard hitting, gathered round in greater numbers, to enjoy the clattering descent of such well-aimed blows on the astonished heads of unprepared reviewers. One half the poem was a protest against the antipathies and hatreds that are the general welcome of new-comers into literature;—the fact in *Natural History*, somewhere touched upon by Warbur-

ton, that only Pikes and Poets prey upon their kind. The other half was a bitter depreciation of the stage; much in the manner, and hardly less admirable than the wit, of Hogarth. Smollett was fiercely attacked, and Garrick rudely warned and threatened. Coarseness there was, but a fearless aspect of strength; too great a tendency to say with willing vehemence whatever could be eloquently said; but in this a mere over-assertion of the consciousness of real power. In an age where most things were tame, except the practice of profligacy in all its forms; when Gray describes even a gout, and George Montagu an earthquake, of so mild a character that "you might stroke them"—it is not to be wondered at that this *Apology* should have gathered people round it. Tame, it certainly was not. It was a curious contrast to the prevailing manner of even the best of such things. It was a fierce and sudden change from the *parterres* of trim sentences set within sweet-briar hedges of epigram, that were the applauded performances of this kind.

Smollett wrote to Garrick (we are told by Davies) to ask him to make it known to Mr. Churchill, that he was not the writer of the notice of the *Rosciad*. Garrick wrote to Lloyd (we owe the publication of the letter to Mr. Pickering) to praise Mr. Churchill's genius, and grieve that he should not have been vindicated by their common friend from Mr. Churchill's displeasure. The player accepted the poet's warning. There was no fear of his repeating the *bêtise* he had committed. To his most distinguished friends, to even the dukes and dowagers of his acquaintance, he was careful never to omit in future his good word for Mr. Churchill. Never, even when describing the "misery" the *Rosciad* had inflicted on a dear friend, did he forget his own "love to Churchill." And they lived in amity, and Churchill dined at Hampton, to the last.

"I have seen the poem you mention, the *Rosciad*," writes Garrick's friend, Bishop Warburton, "and was surprised at the excellent things I found in it; but took Churchill's to be a feigned name, so little do I know of what is going forward." This good bishop little thinking how soon he was to discover a reality to himself in what was going forward, hardly less bitter than Garrick had confessed in the letter to Lloyd, "of acting a pleasantry of countenance while his back was most wofully striped with the cat-o'-nine-tails." The lively actor nevertheless subjoined: "I will show the superiority I have over my brethren upon this occasion, by seeming at least that I am not dissatisfied." He did not succeed. The acting was not so good as usual, the superiority not so obvious. For in truth his brethren had the best of it, in proportion as they had less interest in the art so bitterly, and, it must be added, so unjustly assailed. "And it was no small consolation to us," says Davies, with great *naïveté*, "that our master was not spared." Some of the more sensible went so far as to join in the laugh that had been raised against them; and Shuter asked to be allowed to make merry with the satirist—a request at once conceded.

On the other hand, with not a few, the publication of Churchill's name had aggravated offence, and reopened the smarting wound. But they did not mend the matter. Their *Anti-Rosciads*, *Triumvirates*, *Examiners*, and *Churchillhads*, making what reparation and revenge they could, amounted to but the feeble admission of their opponent's

strength; nor did hostilities more personal accomplish other than precisely this. Parties met to devise retaliation, and, talking loud against the "Satirical Parson" in the Bedford coffee-house, quietly dispersed when a brawny figure appeared, and Churchill, drawing off his gloves with a particularly slow composure, called for a dish of coffee and the *Rosciad*. Their fellow-performer, Yates, seeing the same figure darken the parlor-door of the Rose Tavern where he happened to be sitting, snatched up a case-knife to do summary justice; and was never upon the stage so heartily laughed at as when, somewhat more quietly, he laid it down. Foote wrote a lampoon against the "Clumsy Curate," and, with a sensible afterthought of fear, excellent matter of derision to the victims of a professional lampooner, suppressed it. Arthur Murphy less wisely published his, and pilloried himself; his *Ode to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch* being but a gross confession of indecency as well as imbecility—more than Churchill charged him with.

"No more he'll sit," exclaimed this complacent counter-satirist, from whom we may quote as the boldest assailant, "in foremost row before the astonished pit; in brawn Oidmixon's rival as in wit; and grin dislike, and kiss the spike; and giggle, and wriggle; and fiddle, and diddle; and fiddle-fiddle, and diddle-diddle!" But Churchill returned to his front row, "by Arthur undismayed;" and still formidable was his broad burly face when seen from the stage behind that spike of the orchestra. "In this place he thought he could best discern the real workings of the passions in the actors, or what they substituted in the place of them," says Davies, who had good reason to know the place. There is an affecting letter of his in the *Garrick Correspondence*, deprecating the manager's wrath. "During the run of *Cymbeline*," he says—and of course, as holder of the heavy business, he had to bear the burden of royalty in that play—"I had the misfortune to disconcert you in one scene, for which I did immediately beg your pardon, and did attribute it to my accidentally seeing Mr. Churchill in the pit, with great truth; it rendering me confused and unmindful of my business." Garrick might have been more tolerant of poor Davies, recollecting that on a recent occasion even the royal robes of *Richard* had not rapt himself from the consciousness of that ominous figure in the pit; and that he had grievously written to Colman of his sense of the arch-critic's too apparent discontent.

Thus, then, had Churchill, in little more than two months, sprung into a notoriety of a very remarkable, perhaps not of a very enviable kind: made up of admiration and alarm. What other satirists had desired to shrink from, he seemed eager to brave; and the man, not less than the poet, challenged with an air of defiance the talk of the town. Pope had a tall Irishman to attend him when he published the *Dunciad*; Churchill was tall enough to attend himself. One of Pope's victims, by way of delicate reminder, hung up a birch rod at Button's; Churchill's victims might see him any day walking Covent-Garden unconcernedly, with a bludgeon under his arm. What excuse may be suggested for this personal bravado will be drawn from the incidents of his early life. If these had been more auspicious, the straightforward manliness of his natural character would steadily have sustained him to the last. As it was, even this noblest quality did him a disservice, be-

ing in no light degree responsible for his violent extremes. The restraint he had so long submitted to, thrown aside, and the compromise ended, he thought he could not too plainly exhibit his new existence to the world. He had declared war against hypocrisy in all stations, and in his own would set it no example. The pulpit had starved him on forty pounds a-year; the public had given him a thousand pounds in two months; and he proclaimed himself, with little regard to the decencies in doing it, better satisfied with the last service than the first. This was carrying a hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence; indulging it, indeed, with the satire it found vent in, to the very borders of licentiousness. He stripped off his clerical dress by way of parting with his last disguise, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat, and ruffles!

Dean Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, remonstrated with him. He said he was not conscious of deserving censure. The dean observed, that the frequenting of plays was unfitting, and the *Rosciad* indecorous. He replied, that so were some of the classics which the dean had translated. The "dull dean's" third remonstrance as to dress met with the same fate; and it was not till the St. John's parishioners themselves took the matter in hand, a few months later, that Churchill resigned the lectureship of that parish. It was just that they should determine it, he said; and the most severe assailant of his turbulent life would hardly charge him with indifference at any time to what he believed to be just. The date of his good fortune, and that of the comfort of his before struggling family, his "brother John and sister Patty," were the same. The complainings of his wife were ended when his poverty was ended, by the generous allowance he set aside for her support. Every man of whom he had borrowed was paid with interest; and the creditors whose compromise had left them without a claim upon him, received, to their glad amazement, the remaining fifteen shillings in the pound. "In the instance," says Dr. Kippis, "which fell under my knowledge as an executor and guardian, Mr. Churchill voluntarily came to us and paid the full amount of the original debt."

It was not possible with such a man as this, that any mad dissipation or indulgence, however countenanced by the uses of the time, could wear away his sense of its unworthiness, or silence remorse and self-reproach. Nor is it clear that Churchill's heart was ever with the scenes of gaiety into which he is now said to have recklessly entered, so much as with the friend by whose side he entered them. It is indeed mournfully confessed, in the opening of the epistle to that friend, which was his third effort in poetry, that it was to heal or hide their care they often met; that not to defy but to escape the world, was too often their desire; and that the reason was at all times but too strong with each of them, to seek in the other's society a refuge for himself.

This epistle addressed to Lloyd, and published in October, 1761, was forced from him by the public imputations, now become frequent and fierce, on the moral character of them both. Armstrong, in a poetical epistle to his friend "gay Wilkes," had joined with these detractors; and his *Days* suggested Churchill's *Night*. It ridiculed the judgments of the world, and defied its censure; which had the power to call bad names, it said,

but not to create bad qualities in those who were content to brave them.

It had some nervous lines, many manly thoughts, and not a little questionable philosophy; but was chiefly remarkable for its indication of the new direction of Churchill's satire. There had been rumors of his intending a demolition of a number of minor actors hitherto unassailed, in a *Smithfield Rosciad*; and to a poor man's pitiable deprecation of such needless severity, he had deigned a sort of surly indignation at the rumor, but no distinct denial. It was now obvious that he contemplated other actors, and a very different theatre. Pitt had been driven to his resignation in the preceding month; "and," cried Churchill here, amid other earnest praise of that darling of the people, "what honest man but would with joy submit, to bleed with Cato and retire with Pitt!"

"Gay Wilkes" at once betook himself to the popular poet. Though Armstrong's epistle had been addressed to him, he said, he had no sympathy with it; and he was sure that Armstrong himself, then abroad, had never designed it for publication. Other questions and assurances followed; and so began the friendship which only death ended. Wilkes had little strength or sincerity of feeling of any kind; but there is no doubt that all he had was given to Churchill, and that he was repaid with an affection as hearty, brotherly, and true, as ever man inspired.

All men of all parties, who knew John Wilkes at the outset of his extraordinary career, are in agreement as to his fascinating manners. It was particularly the admission of those whom he had most bitterly assailed. "Mr. Wilkes," said Lord Mansfield, "was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar, I ever knew." "His name," said Dr. Johnson, "has been sounded from pole to pole as the phoenix of convivial felicity." More naturally he added: "Jack has a great variety of talk; Jack is a scholar; and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." And every one will remember his characteristic letter to Mrs. Thrale: "I have been breaking jokes with Jack Wilkes upon the Scotch. Such, madam, are the vicissitudes of things." There is little wonder that he who could control vicissitudes of this magnitude, should so quickly have controlled the liking of Churchill. He was the poet's elder by four years; his tastes and indulgences were the same; he had a character for public morality (for these were the days of wide separation between public and private morality) as yet unimpeached; and when they looked out into public life, and spoke of political affairs, they could discover no point of disagreement. A curious crisis had arrived.

Nearly forty years were passed since Voltaire, then a resident in London, had been assured by a great many persons whom he met, that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward and Mr. Pope a fool. Party went to sleep soon after, but had now re-awakened to a not less violent extreme. The last shadow of grave opposition to the House of Hanover vanished with the accession of George III. in 1760; and there was evil as well as good in the repose. With the final planting of the principle of freedom implied in the quiet succession of that house, men grew anxious to reap its fruit, and saw it nowhere within their reach. Pitt's great administration in the latter years of George II., merged these opening dissatisfactions in an overruling sense of national glory; but with the first

act of the young king, with the stroke of the pen which made Lord Bute a privy councillor, they rose again. Party violence at the same time re-awakened; and, parodying Voltaire's remark, we may say, that people were now existing who called William Pitt a pretender and Bubb Dodington a statesman.

To "recover monarchy from the inveterate usurpation of oligarchy," was, according to the latter eminent person's announcement to his patron, the drift of the Bute system. The wisdom of a younger party in more modern days, which (copying some peevish phrases of poor Charles I.) compares the checks of our English constitution to Venetian Doges and Councils of Ten, had its rise in the grave sagacity of Bubb Dodington. The method of the proposed "recovery" was also notable; and has furnished precedents to later times. It was simply to remove from power every man of political distinction, and replace him with a convenient creature. Good means were taken. The first election of the new reign was remarkable for its gross venality; "undertakers" had not been so rife or so active since the reign of James I.; one borough even publicly advertised itself for sale; and so far the desired success seemed within easy reach. But any shrewd observer might foresee a great impending change under the proposed new system, in the reaction of all this on the temper of the people out of doors. Sir Robert Walpole did strange things with the Commons' House, but for great popular purposes. A bungling imitation of such things, for purposes wholly unpopular, would be a different matter. In a word, it might be clear to such a man as Wilkes, who had managed again to effect his return for the borough of Aylesbury, that a good day for a demagogue was at hand.

He had the requisites for the character. He was clever, courageous, unscrupulous. He was a good scholar, expert in resource, humorous, witty, and a ready master of the arts of conversation. He could "abate and dissolve a pompous gentleman" with singular felicity. Churchill did not know the crisis of his fortune that had driven him to patriotism. He was ignorant that within the preceding year, after the loss of his last seven thousand pounds on his seat for Aylesbury, he had made an unsuccessful attempt upon the Board of Trade. He was not in his confidence when he offered to compromise with government for the embassy to Constantinople. He was dead when he settled into a quiet supporter of the most atrocious of "things as they were." What presented itself in the form of Wilkes to Churchill, had a clear unembarrassed front;—passions unsubdued as his own; principles rather unfettered than depraved; apparent manliness of spirit: real courage; scorn of conventions; an open heart and a liberal hand; and the capacity of ardent friendship. They entered at once into an extraordinary alliance, offensive and defensive.

It is idle to deny that this has damaged Churchill with posterity, and that Wilkes has carried his advocate along with him into the limbo of doubtful reputations. But we will deny the justice of it. It is due to Churchill that we regard Wilkes from the point of view he presented between 1761 and 1764;—the patriot untried, the chamberlain unbought, befriended by Temple, countenanced by Pitt, persecuted by Bute, and, in two great questions which affected the vital interests of his countrymen, the successful assertor of English liberty. It is impossible to derive from



any part of their intercourse, one honest doubt of the sincerity of the poet. He flung himself, with perhaps unwarrantable heat, into Wilkes' personal quarrels; but even in these, if we trouble ourselves to look for it, we find a public principle very often implied. The men who had shared with Wilkes in the obscene and filthy indulgences of Medmenham Abbey, were the same who, after crawling to the favorite's feet, turned upon their old associate with disgusting pretences of indignation at his immorality. If in any circumstances satire could be forgiven for approaching to malignity, it would be in the assailing of such men as these. The Roman senators, who met to decide the fates of turbot, were not more worthy of the wrath of Juvenal.

As to these Medmenham Abbey proceedings, and the fact they indicate, we have nothing to urge but that the fact should be treated as it was. The late wise and good Dr. Arnold lamented that men should speak of religious liberty, the liberty being irreligious; and of freedom of conscience, when conscience is convenience. But we must take this time now under consideration as we find it—politics meaning something quite the opposite of morals: one side shouting for liberty and the other for authority, without regard in the least to what neither liberty nor authority can give us, without patient earnestness in other labor of our own, of obedience, reverence, and self-control. We before remarked, that Churchill's genius was affected by this characteristic of the time; and that what, as he so often shows, might otherwise have lain within his reach, even Dryden's greatness, even Pope's exquisite delicacy, *this* arrested. It was this which made his writing the rare mixture it so frequently is, of the artificial with the natural and impulsive: which so strangely and fitfully blended in him the wholly and the partly true; which impaired his force of style with prosaic weakness; and, (to sum up all in one extreme objection,) controlling his feeling for nature and truth by the necessities of partisan satire, levelled what he says, in too many cases, to a mere bullying reissue of conventional phrases and moral commonplace.

But it is not by these indifferent qualities in his works he should be, as he has too frequently been, condemned. Judge him at his best; judge him by the men whom he followed in this kind of composition; and his claim to the respectful and enduring attention of the students of English poetry and literature, becomes manifest indeed. Of the gross indecencies of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, he has none. He never, in any one instance, that he might fawn upon power or trample upon weakness, wrote licentious lampoons. There was not a form of mean pretence or servile assumption which he did not denounce. Low, pimping politics, he abhorred: and that their vile abettors, to whose exposure his works are so incessantly devoted, have not carried him into utter oblivion with themselves, sufficiently argues for the sound morality and permanent truth expressed in his manly verse. He indulged too much in personal invective, as we have said; and invective has been famed for picking up the first heavy stone that lies by the wayside, without regard to its form or fitness. The English had not in his day borrowed from the French those nicer sharpnesses of satire which can dispense with anger and indignation; and which now, in the verse of Moore and Beranger, or the prose of our pleasant *Punch*

or *London Charivari*, suffice to wage all needful war with hypocrisy and falsehood.

In justice let us add to this latter admission, that satire seems to us the only species of poetry which appears to be better understood than formerly. There is a painful fashion of obscurity in verse come up of late years, which is marring and misleading a quantity of youthful talent; as if the ways of poetry, like those of steam and other wonderful inventions, admitted of original improvements at every turn. A writer like Churchill, who thought that even Pope had cramped his genius not a little by deserting the earlier and broader track struck out by Dryden, may be studied with advantage by this section of "Young England," and we recommend him for that purpose. Southey is authority on a point of the kind; and he held that the injurious effects of Pope's dictatorship in rhyme, were not a little weakened by the manly, free, and vigorous verse of Churchill, during his rule as tribune of the people.

Were we to offer exception, it would rest chiefly on the fourth published poem of Churchill, which followed *Night*, and precedes what Southey would call his tributinal career. This was the first book of the *Ghost*, continued, at later intervals, to the extent of four books. It was put forth by the poet as a kind of poetical *Tristram Shandy*—the ready resource of a writer who seized carelessly every incident of the hour; and, knowing the enormous sale his writings could command, sought immediate vent for even thoughts and fancies too broken and irregular for a formal plan. The *Ghost*, in his own phrase, was "a mere amusement at the most; a trifle fit to wear away the horrors of a rainy day; a slight shot-silk for summer wear, just as our modern statesmen are." And though it contained some sharply written character, such as the well-known sketch of Dr. Johnson, (*Pomposo*;) and some graceful, easy humor, such as the fortune-teller's experience of the various gullibility of man; it is not, in any of the higher requisites, to be compared with his other writings. It is in the octo-syllable measure, only twice adopted by him.

The reason of his comparative failure in this verse may be guessed. Partly no doubt it was, that he had less gusto in writing it; that, not having a peremptory call to the subject, he chose a measure which suited his indolence. Partly also we must take it to be, that the measure itself, by the constantly recurring necessity of rhyme, (an easy necessity,) tends to a slatternly diffuseness. The heroic line must have muscle as it proceeds, and thus tends to strength and concentration. The eight-syllable verse relies for its prop on the rhyme; and, being short, tends to do in two lines what the heroic feels bound to do in one.

But to his career as fellow-tribune with Wilkes, we now return. The new system had borne rapid fruit. In little more than twelve months, Lord Bute, known simply before that date as tutor to the heir-apparent, and supposed holder of a private key to the apartments of the heir-apparent's mother, had made himself a privy-councillor; had turned the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess Amelia out of the liturgy; had given himself the rangership of Richmond Park; had dismissed Legge from the Exchequer, and emptied and filled other offices at pleasure; had made Sir Francis Dashwood, Wilkes' quondam associate, and predecessor in the colonelcy of the Bucks militia, a king's minister; had made Bubb Dodington a

lord; had turned out Pitt; had turned out Lord Temple; had turned out the Duke of Newcastle; had made himself secretary of state; had promoted himself to be prime minister; had endued himself with the order of the garter; had appointed to every lucrative state office in his gift, some one or other of his countrymen from the other side of Tweed; and had taken within his special patronage a paper called the *Briton*, written by Scotchmen, presided over by Smollett, and started to defend these things.

They had not, meanwhile, passed unheeded by the English people. When Pitt resigned, even Bubb Dodington, while he wished his lordship of Bute all joy of being delivered of a "most impracticable colleague, his majesty of a most imperious servant, and the country of a most dangerous minister," was obliged to add, that the people were "sullen about it." "Indeed, my good friend," answered Bute, "my situation, at all times perilous, is become much more so, for I am no stranger to the language held in this great city; 'Our darling's resignation is owing to Lord Bute, and he must answer for all the consequences.'" The truth was, that the people of that day, with little absolute power of interference in public affairs, but accustomed to hear themselves appealed to by public men, were content to see their favorites in office; and to surrender more substantial authority for a certain show of influence with the parliamentary leaders. But with the words of their "darling" ringing in their ears—that he had been called to the ministry by the voice of the people, that to them he was accountable, and that he would not remain where he could not guide: they began to suspect that they must now help themselves, if they would be helped at all. It is a dangerous thing to overstock either house with too strong an anti-popular party; it thrusts away into irresponsible quarters too many of the duties of opposition. Bute was already conscious of this, when the first number of the *North Briton* appeared.

The clever Colonel of Buckinghamshire militia, like a good officer, had warily waited his time. He did not apply the match till the train was fully laid, and an explosion sure. It has excited wonder, that papers of such small talent should have proved so effective; but smaller would have finished a work so nearly completed by Bute himself. It was the minister, not the demagogue, who had arrayed one section of the kingdom in bitter hostility against the other. Demagogues can never do themselves this service; being after all the most dependent class of the community, the mere lackeys of the lowest rank of uninstructed statesmen. A beggarly trade in sooth, and only better than the master's trade they serve. It is bad enough to live by vexing and exposing a sore, but worse to live by making one. There was violence on Wilkes' side; but there was also, in its rude, coarse way, success. On the side of his opponents, there was violence and there was incapacity. Wilkes wrote libels in abundance; but, as he wittily expressed it, that he might try to ascertain how far the liberty of the press could go. His opponents first stabbed the liberty of the press in a thousand places; and then, as Horace Walpole said with a happier wit than Wilkes', wrote libels on every rag of its old clothes.

Churchill assisted in the *North Briton* from the first; and wherever it shows the coarse broad mark of sincerity, there seems to us the trace of

his hand. But he was not a good prose satirist. He wanted ease, delicacy, and fifty requisites beside, with which less able and sincere men have made that kind of work effective. He could sharpen his arrow-heads well; but without the help of verse could not wing them on their way. Of this he became himself so conscious, that when a masterly subject for increase of the rancor against the Scotch presented itself, and he had sent the paper to press for the *North Briton*, he brought it back from the printer, suppressed it, and recast it into verse. Wilkes saw it in progress, and praised it exultingly. "It is personal, it is poetical, it is political," cried the delighted demagogue. "It must succeed!" The *Prophecy of Famine*, a satire on Scotland and Scotchmen, appeared in January, 1763, and did indeed fulfil the prophecy of Wilkes.

Its success was most remarkable; its sale rapid and extensive to a degree altogether without precedent. English Whigs were in raptures, and the *Annual Register* protested that Mr. Pope was quite outdone. Scotch place-hunters outstripped the English players in performance of the comedy of Fear; for they felt with a surer instinct, like Swift's spider when the broom approached, that to all intents and purposes of their existence, the judgment-day was come. Nothing could have delighted Churchill as this did. The half-crowns that poured into his exchequer, made no music comparable to that of these clients of Lord Bute, sighing and moaning in discontented groups around the place-bestowing haunts of Westminster. He indulged his exuberance of delight, indeed, with characteristic oddity and self-will. "I remember well," says Dr. Kippis, "that he dressed his younger son in a Scotch plaid, like a little Highlander, and carried him everywhere in that garb. The boy being asked by a gentleman with whom I was in company, why he was clothed in such a manner? answered with great vivacity, 'Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!'" The anecdote is good. On the one side, there is what we may call attending to one's child's habits; and on the other, a satisfactory display of hereditary candor and impudence. There is also a fine straightforward style. Johnson himself could not have related the motive better. Put "his" instead of "my," and it is indeed precisely what Johnson would have said. *Boswell*. Sir, why does Churchill's little boy go about in a Scotch dress? *Johnson*. Sir, his father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!

He plagued them thoroughly, that is certain; and with good cause. We need not tenderly excuse ourselves by *Boswell's* example for admiring this *Prophecy of Famine*. "It is indeed *falsely applied* to Scotland," says that good North Briton; "but on that account may be allowed a greater share of invention." We need not darken what praise we give by the reservations of the last amiable and excellent historian of England. "It may yet be read," says Lord Mahon, "with all the admiration which the most vigorous powers of verse, and the most lively touches of wit can earn, in the cause of slander and falsehood." It seems to us that, without either forced apologies or hard words, we may very frankly praise the *Prophecy of Famine*. A great poet and a faithful Scotchman did not scruple to say of it, that even to the community north of Tweed it should sheathe its sting in its laughable extravagance; and in truth it is so written, that what was meant for the time has passed away with its virulent occasion, and



left behind it but the lively and lasting colors of wit and poetry. "*Dowdy Nature*," to use the exquisite phrase with which it so admirably contrasts the flaring and ridiculous vices of the day, has here too reclaimed her own, and dismissed the rest as false pretences. We should as soon think of gravely questioning its Scotch "chameleon," as of arguing against its witty and masterly exaggerations. With consummate ease it is written; sharp readiness of expression keeping pace with the swiftest ease of conception; never the least loitering at a thought, or laboring of a word. In this peculiar earnestness and gusto of manner, it is as good as the writers of Dryden's more earnest century. Marvel might have painted the Highland lass, who forgot her want of food as she listened to madrigals all natural though rude: "and, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest, sank pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast." Like Marvel, too, is the starving scene of withering air, through which no birds "*except as birds of passage flew*;" and which no flower embalmed but one *white rose*, "which on the tenth of June by instinct blows;"—the Jacobite emblem, and the Pretender's birthday. In grasp of description, and a larger reach of satire, the Cave of Famine in the poem ranks higher still. The creatures which, when admitted in the ark, "*their savior shunn'd and rankled in the dark*;" the webs of more than common size, "*where half-starved spiders preyed on half-starved flies*;" are more than worthy of the master-hand of Dryden.

We cannot leave the poem without remarking the ingenuity of praise it has exacted from Mr. Tooke. It has been observed of it, he says, and he adopts the observation, "that the author displays peculiar skill in throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs, so that the sentence swells to the conclusion, *as in prose*!" This we must call the first instance, within our knowledge, of an express eulogy of poetry on the ground of its resemblance to prose. Dr. Johnson was wont to note a curious delusion in his day, which has prevailed very generally since, that people supposed they were writing poetry when they did not write prose. Mr. Tooke and his friend represent the delusion of supposing poetry to be but a better sort of prose.

Churchill was now a marked man. He had an unbounded popularity with what are called the middle classes; he had the hearty praise of the Temple section of Whigs; he was "quoted and signed" by the ministerial faction for some desperate deed they but waited the opportunity desperately to punish; he was the common talk, the theme of varied speculation, the very "comet of the season," with all men. The advantage of the position was obvious; and his friends would have had him discard the ruffles and gold lace, resume his clerical black coat, and turn it to what account he could. "His most intimate friends," says the good Dr. Kippis, "thought his laying aside the external decorums of his profession a blamable opposition to the decencies of life, and likely to be hurtful to his interest; since the abilities he was possessed of, and the figure he made in political contests, would perhaps have recommended him to some noble patron, from whom he might have received a valuable benefice!" Ah! good-natured friends. Could this unthinking man but have looked in the direction of a good benefice, with half the liquorish ardor of patriot Wilkes to his ambassadorships and chamberlainships in prospect, no doubt it *might*

have fallen in his lap. But he "lacked preferment" as little as the Prince of Denmark himself. He had no thought that way. He had no care but for what he had in hand; that whilst he could hold the pen, "no rich or noble knave should walk the earth in credit to the grave," benefited or unbene-fitted. There was not a dispenser of patronage or power, though "kings had made him more than ever king a scoundrel made before," whom he would have flattered or solicited. It was when his friend was sounding a noble acquaintance and quondam associate as to chances of future employment, that with sullen sincerity he was writing to his friend, "*I fear the damned aristocracy is gaining ground in this country*." It was when his friend was meditating the prospective comforts of a possible mission to Constantinople, that he was beneath the portrait of his friend devoutly subscribing the lines of Pope, "*A soul supreme in each hard instance tried*!"

When Horace Walpole anticipated the figure these days would cut in history, and laughingly described to his dear Marshal Conway how that the Warburtons and Gronoviiuses of future ages would quote them, then living, like their wicked predecessors the Romans, as models of patriotism and magnanimity, till their very ghosts must blush; when he painted the great duke, and the little duke, and the old duke, and the Derbyshire duke, all-powerful if they could but do what they could not—hold together and not quarrel for the plunder; when he set before him stark-mad opposition patriots, abusing one another more than anybody else, and Cæsar and Pompey scolding in the temple of concord; though he did not omit Mr. Satirist Churchill from the motley scene—even he did not think of impugning his rough plain-speaking sincerity. "Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like ——— I don't know who; Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust; and the flamen Churchill knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!" Certain it is, that with far less rich material than statues of the gods, Churchill transacted his work. It was a part of his hatred of the hypocrisies to work with what he had before him:—small ungodlike politicians enough, whom he broke into smaller pieces, and paved Pitt's road with, back into power.

Meanwhile his private life went on, in its impetuous rounds of dissipation, energy, and self-reproach; hurried through fierce extremes, by contrast made more fierce. One of his existing Notes to Garrick is the record of a drunken brawl. One of his Letters to Wilkes is the after-penance of repentance.

Unable further to resist the storm that had been raised against him, Bute resigned on the 8th of April, 1763. The formation of the new ministry, with Dashwood ennobled as Lord le Despenser; with another monk of Medmenham Abbey, Lord Sandwich, popularly known as *Jemmy Twitcher*, placed a few months later at the admiralty; and with Lord Halifax, secretary of state; is to be read of to this day in the histories, or might possibly be disbelieved. "And so Lord Sandwich and Lord Halifax are statesmen, are they?" wrote Gray. "Do not you remember them dirty boys playing cricket?" Truly they were still as dirty, and still only playing out their game. "It is a great mercy," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, "to think that Mr. Wilkes is the intrepid defender of



our rights and liberties; and no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the Earl of Sandwich to vindicate our religion and morality."

The histories also record the publication, on the 23d of April in the same year, of the forty-fifth number of the *North Briton*. A new ministry has great superfluous energy; and an evil hankering to use it. The wished-for occasion was supposed to have come; the new ministers thought at any rate, what Walpole calls a *coup-d'état* might make up for their own absurd insignificance; and on the information of the publisher, who was arrested and examined with the supposed printer, "that Mr. Wilkes gave orders for the printing, and that Mr. Churchill (the poet) received the profits arising from the sale," warrants were issued for the arrest of Wilkes and Churchill.

The great questions that arose upon these warrants, and Wilkes' vindication through them of the most valuable privileges of English freedom, are well-known matters of history. Some curious incidents, preserved in his second letter to the Duke of Grafton are less notorious. "I desired to see the warrant," he writes, after describing the arrival of the king's messenger. "He said it was against 'the authors, printers, and publishers of the *North Briton*, No. 45,' and that his verbal orders were, to arrest Mr. Wilkes. I told him the warrant did not respect me: that such a warrant was absolutely illegal and void in itself; that it was a ridiculous warrant against the whole English nation;" (in effect, forty-eight persons were attacked under it: publishers dragged from their beds, and whole office-fulls of printers placed within durance!) "and I asked why he would rather serve it on me than on the Lord Chancellor, or either of the secretaries, or Lord Bute, or Lord Corke my next-door neighbor. The answer was, *I am to arrest Mr. Wilkes*. About an hour afterwards two other messengers arrived, and several of their assistants. While they were with me, Mr. Churchill came into the room. I had heard that their verbal orders were likewise to apprehend him, but I suspected they did not know his person; and, by presence of mind, I had the happiness of saving my friend. As soon as Mr. Churchill entered the room, I accosted him. "Good-morrow, Mr. Thomson. How does Mrs. Thomson do to-day? Does she dine in the country?" Mr. Churchill thanked me; said she then waited for him; that he had only come for a moment to ask me how I did; and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was. The following week he came to town, and was present both the days of hearing at the Court of Common Pleas."

On the second day another was present—a man whose name is now one of our English household words, but who unhappily thought more of himself that day as the *King's Sergeant Painter*—a dignity he had just received and was to wear for some brief months—than as that *Painter of the People* who had from youth to age contended against every form of hypocrisy and vice, and, the unbribed and unpurchaseable assailant of public and private corruption, was to wear that dignity forever. As Chief-Justice Pratt delivered his immortal judgment against General Warrants, Hogarth was seen in a corner of the common pleas, pencil and sketch-book in hand, fixing that famous

caricature, from which, as long as caricature shall last, Wilkes will squint upon posterity. Nor was it his first pictorial offence. The caricaturing had begun some little time before, greatly to the grief both of Wilkes and Churchill; for Hogarth was on friendly terms with both, and had indeed, within the past two years, drunk "divine milk-punch" with them and Sir Francis Dashwood in the neighborhood of Medmenham Abbey. Disregarding their earnest remonstrance, he assailed Pitt and Temple at the close of the preceding year in his first print of the *Times*. The *North Briton* retaliated; and the present caricature of Wilkes was Hogarth's rejoinder. It stung Churchill past the power of silence.

The *Epistle to William Hogarth* was published in July, 1763. With here and there those strangely prosaic lines which appear in almost all his writings, and in which he seems to make careless and indolent escape from those subtler and more original words which were alike at his command, this was a dashing and vigorous work. With an avowal that could hardly have been pleasing to Wilkes himself—that railing thousands and commending thousands were alike uncared for by the writer—it struck Hogarth where he was weakest: in that subjection to vanity which his friends confessed in him; in that enslavement to all the unquiet distracts of envy, "who with giant stride, stalks through the vale of life by virtue's side," which he had even confessed in himself. We do not like to dwell upon it, so great is our respect for Hogarth's genius; but, at the least, it spared that genius. Amid its savage ferocity against the man, it was remarkable for a noble tribute to the artist. It predicted the duration of his works to the most distant age; and the great painter's power to curse and bless, it rated as that of "a little god below."

But this did not avail against the terrible severity. There is a passage beginning, "Hogarth, I take thee, Candour, at thy word;" marked by a racy, idiomatic, conversational manner, flinging into relief the most deadly abuse, which we must fairly think appalling. All who knew the contending parties stood aghast. "Pray let me know," wrote Garrick, then visiting at Chatsworth, to Colman, "how the town speaks of our friend Churchill's *Epistle*. It is the most bloody performance that has been published in my time. I am very desirous to know the opinion of people, for I am really much, very much hurt at it. His description of his age and infirmities is surely too shocking and barbarous. Is Hogarth really ill, or does he meditate revenge? Every article of news about these matters will be most agreeable to me. Pray, write me a heap of stuff, for I cannot be easy till I know all about Churchill and Hogarth." And of course the lively actor sends his "loves" to both Hogarth and Churchill. "Send me Churchill's poem on Hogarth," writes old money-loving Lord Bath from Spa; "but if it be long, it will cost a huge sum in postage." With his rejoinder, such as it was, Hogarth lost little time. He issued for a shilling, before the month was out, "The Bruiser C. Churchill, (once the Rev.) in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the Monster Caricatura that so sorely galled his virtuous friend the heaven-born Wilkes." It was a bear, in torn clerical bands, and with paws in ruffles; a pot of porter that has just visited his jaws hugged on his right, and a knotted club of *Lies* and *North Britons*

clutched on his left; to which, in a later edition of the same print, he added a scoffing caricature of Pitt, Temple, and Wilkes. The poet meanwhile wrote to the latter, who had gone to Paris to place his daughter at school, and told him that Hogarth, having violated the sanctities of private life in this caricature, he meant to pay it back with an *Elegy*, supposing him dead; but that a lady at his elbow was dissuading him with the flattery (and "how sweet is flattery," he interposes, "from the woman we love!") that Hogarth was already killed.

That the offending painter was already killed, Walpole and others beside this nameless lady also affirmed; and Colman boldly avouched in print, that the *Epistle* had "snapped the last cord of poor Hogarth's heartstrings." But men like Hogarth do not snap their heartstrings so easily. The worst that is to be said of the fierce assault, is bad enough. It embittered the last years of a great man's life; and the unlooked-for death of assailant and assailed within nine days of each other, prevented the reconciliation which would surely, sooner or later, have vindicated their common genius, the hearty English feeling which they shared, and their common cordial hatred of the falsehoods and pretences of the world.

The woman whose flattery Churchill loved, may not be omitted from his history. His connexion with her, which began some little time before this, gave him greater emotion and anxiety than any other incident of his life. "I forgot to tell you," writes Walpole to Lord Hertford, "and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Rev. Mr. Charles Pylades, while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure; but Doctor Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for chaplain to the embassy!" The circumstance has since been told by a sincerer man; and we shall alike avoid the danger of too much leniency and too great a severity, if we give it in his temperate language. "He became intimate with the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster," says Southey in the *Life of Cowper*, (she is described by others as the daughter of a "highly respectable sculptor,") "seduced her, and prevailed on her to quit her father's house and live with him. But his moral sense had not been thoroughly depraved; a fortnight had not elapsed before both parties were stricken with sincere compunction, and through the intercession of a true friend, at their entreaty, the unhappy penitent was received by her father. It is said she would have proved worthy of this parental forgiveness, if an elder sister had not, by continued taunts and reproaches, rendered her life so miserable, that, in absolute despair, she threw herself upon Churchill for protection." He again received her, and they lived together till his death; but he did not, to himself or others, attempt to vindicate this passage in his career. A poem called the *Conference*, in which an imaginary lord and himself are the interlocutors, happened to engage him at the time; and he took occasion to give public expression to his compunction and self-reproach, in a very earnest and affecting manner.

It may be well to quote the lines. They are not only a profession of remorse: they are also a proud confession of political integrity, in which all men may frankly believe. The Poem, one of his masterpieces, followed the *Epistle to Hogarth*;

right in the wake of the abundant personal slander which had followed that work, and the occurrence we have named. It began with a good picture of *my lord* loling backward in his elbow-chair, "with an insipid kind of stupid stare, picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—*Churchill, you have a poem coming out!*" The dialogue then begins, and some expressions are forced from Churchill as to the straits of life he has passed; and the public patronage, his soul abhorring all private help, which has brought him safe to shore. Alike secure from dependence and pride, he says, he is not placed so high to scorn the poor, "Nor yet so low that I my lord should fear, or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer." But that he is able to be kind to others, to himself most true, and, feeling no want, can "comfort those who do," he proudly avers to be a public debt. The lord rebukes him; and setting forth the errors of his private life draws from him this avowal.

"'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,  
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,  
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,  
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.  
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,  
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.  
No! 't is the tale which angry conscience tells,  
When she with more than tragic horror swells  
Each circumstance of guilt: when stern, but true,  
She brings bad actions forth into review,  
And like the dread handwriting on the wall,  
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call:  
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,  
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass:  
The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt  
groan,  
And hates that form she knows to be her own.  
Enough of this. Let private sorrows rest.  
As to the public, I dare stand the test:  
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above  
The good of England, and my country's love."

This man's heart was in the right place. Where is the bold "Churchill?" cried Garrick, when he heard of the incident as he travelled in Rome. "What a noble ruin! When he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius, magnificent, in ruin!" But not yet was he *quite undone*. His weakness was as great as his strength, but his vices were not so great as his virtues. In the unequal conflict thus plainly and unaffectedly revealed by himself, those vices had the worst of it. What rarely happens where such high claims exist, has indeed happened here; and the loudest outcry against the living Churchill has had the longest echo in our judgment of the dead: but there is a most affecting voice in this and other passages of his writings, which enter on his better behalf the final and sufficing appeal. Nor were some of his more earnest contemporaries without the justice and generosity to give admission to it, even while he lived. As hero of a scene which shows the range of his character wider than the limits of his family, his dependents, or his friends, (for the kite can be as comfortable to the brood beneath her as the pelican or dove,) the young-hearted and enthusiastic Charles Johnson has depicted Charles Churchill in *Chrysal*, or the *Adventures of a Guinea*.

Whilst he was one night "staggering" home, as he says after a supper in which spirited wit and liveliness of conversation, as well as recitade and

sublimity of sentiment, had gilded gross debauchery, a girl of the street addressed him. "Her figure was elegant, and her features regular; but want had sicklied o'er their beauty; and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced, when she addressed him. The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments; and reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her. She dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that posture for some moments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart." Churchill raised her tenderly; and as he would have pressed some instant refreshment upon her, she spoke of her mother, her father, and her infant brother, perishing of want in the garret she had left. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I'll go with you myself directly! But stop. Let us first procure nourishment from some of the houses kept open at this late hour for a very different purpose. Come with me! We have no time to lose." With this he took her to a tavern, loaded her with as much of the best as she could carry, and putting two bottles of wine in his own pocket, walked with her to her miserable home. There, with what pains he could, he assuaged the misery, more appalling than he fancied possible; passed the whole night in offices of the good Samaritan; nor changed his dress next morning till he had procured them a new "and better lodging, and provided for their future comfort: when, repressing as he could their prayers and blessings, he took leave." How the Recording Angel sets down such scenes, and enters up the debtor and creditor account of such a man, *My Uncle Toby* has written.

The interval of absence from London during the progress of the General Warrants case, he passed at Oxford with Colman and Bonnell Thornton; and in Wales with her who had asked from him the protection she knew not where else to seek, and whom he ever after treated as his left-handed wife, united to him by moral ties. On his return, in the autumn of 1763, he heard that Lloyd had been thrown into the fleet. The *Magazine* he was engaged in had failed, and a dispute of the proprietorship suddenly overwhelmed him with its debts. Churchill went to him; comforted him as none else could; provided a servant to attend him as long as his imprisonment should last; set apart a guinea a-week for his better support in the prison; and at once began a subscription for the gradual and full discharge of his heavy responsibilities. There was all the gratitude of the true poet in this; for, whatever may be said to the contrary, poets are grateful. Dr. Lloyd had been kind to Churchill: Churchill never deserted Dr. Lloyd's son. And when, some few months later, he pointed his satire against the hollow Mæcenases of the day; in rebuke to their affected disclaimer of his charge that they would have left a living Virgil to rot, he bade the vain boasters to the fleet repair, and ask, "with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there!"

The close of the year witnessed one or two notable events, not needful to be other than slightly dwelt upon, since history has attended to them all. On the motion of Mr. Grenville (whose

jealousy of Pitt had broken the Temple phalanx) in the lower house, the *North Briton* was ordered to the hangman's hands to be burnt; and on the motion of Lord Sandwich in the upper, Wilkes was committed to the hands of the attorney-general for prosecution; as writer of a privately printed immoral parody of Pope's *Essay on Man*. Some whispers of this latter intention had been carried to Churchill before the session opened, in Wilkes' temporary absence at Paris; but, according to the affidavit of one of the printers concerned, the poet scorned the possibility of public harm to his friend from a private libel; of which not a copy that had not been stolen (a man named Kidgell, whom Walpole calls a dirty dog of a parson, was the thief and government-informant) was in circulation. He therefore roughly told the printer who brought him his suspicions, that "for anything the people in power could do, they might be damned." But he had greatly underrated, if not the power of these people, their power of face.

Lord Sandwich rose in his place in the House of Lords, the *Essay on Woman* in his hand, with all the indignant gravity of a counsel for the entire morality of the kingdom. "It was blasphemous!" exclaimed the first lord of the admiralty. And who should know blasphemy better than a blasphemer! His lordship was expelled by the Beef-steak Club for the sin he charged on Wilkes. But he knew his audience, and went steadily on. He read the *Essay on Woman* till Lord Lyttleton begged the reading might be stopped: he dwelt upon a particular note, which, by way of completing the burlesque, bore the name of Pope's last editor, till Warburton rose from the bench of bishops, begged pardon of the devil for comparing him with Wilkes, and said the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with the demagogue when he should arrive there. Nothing less than the expulsion of the man from Parliament (he was already expelled from the colonelcy of the Bucks militia, and Lord Temple from the Bucks lord-lieutenancy for supporting him) could satisfy this case.

Expulsion was a happy expedient for controlling the elective franchise, which the popular Walpole had himself resorted to; but in such wise that the popular franchise seemed all the more safely secured by it. Now the people saw it revived and enforced, for purposes avowedly and grossly unpopular. They were asked to sanction the principle, of a politician made accountable for immorality, by men whose whole lives had shamelessly proclaimed the prevailing divorce between politics and morals; and morality herself, howsoever regretting it, might hardly blame them for the answer they gave. They resisted. They stood by Wilkes more determinedly than ever; and excitement was raised to a frightful pitch. A friend of Sandwich's, who, the day after his motion against the *Essay*, cried exultingly that "nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this," was obliged to confess within eight days more, that "the blasphemous book had fallen ten times heavier on Sandwich's head than on Wilkes', and had brought forward such a catalogue of anecdotes as was incredible." Nay, so great the height things went to, Norton's impudence forsook him; and Warburton, who had expunged Pitt's name for Sandwich's in the dedication to his forthcoming *Sermons*, thought it best to reinstate it suddenly.



Nevertheless, the result of the ministerial prosecution drove Wilkes to France. There was a design that Churchill, after publication of the poem which arose out of these transactions, and which Horace Walpole thought "the finest and bitterest of his works," (the *Duellist*), should have followed his friend; enquiries being meanwhile set on foot whether the French government would protect them in efforts to assail their own. The answer was favorable, but the scheme was not pursued. It has been on excellent grounds surmised, that Churchill's English feeling revolted at it; and he was essential to its success. His reputation, limited as his themes had been, was not limited to England. "I don't know," wrote Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, in one of his lately published letters, "whether this man's fame has extended to Florence; but you may judge of the noise he makes in this part of the world by the following trait, which is a pretty instance of that good-breeding on which the French pique themselves. My sister and Mr. Churchill are in France. A Frenchman asked him if he was Churchill *le fameux poète*. Non. *Ma foi, Monsieur, tant pis pour vous!*" To think that it should be so much the worse for the son of a general, and the husband of a Lady Maria, daughter to an earl, not to be a low-bred scribbler! Nevertheless, to this day, the world takes note of only one Charles Churchill! Whether so much the worse, or so much the better, for the other, it is not for us to decide.

The poet, then, stayed in England; and worked at his self-allotted tasks with greater vigor than ever. Satire has the repute of bringing forth the energies of those who, on other occasions, have displayed but few and feeble. Even Mason lost his cramps and stiffness among the bubbles of these hot springs. It is certain that Churchill, with his Beefsteak and other clubs to attend to, his *North Briton* to manage, and, not seldom, sharp strokes of illness to struggle with, never sent forth so many or such masterly works as in the last nine months of his rapid and brilliant career.

And he was able to do so much because he was thorough master of what he had to do. He understood his own powers too completely, to lay any false strain upon them. The ease with which he composed is often mentioned by him, though with a difference. To his friend he said, that nothing came out till he began to be pleased with it himself; to the public, he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which he set down and discharged his rapid thoughts. Something between the two would probably come nearest the truth. No writer is at all times free from what Ben Jonson calls "pinching throes;" and Churchill often confesses them. It may have been with a bitter sense of their intensity that he used the energetic phrase, afterwards remembered by his publisher—"blotting was like cutting away one's own flesh." He did not particularly affect the life of a man of letters, and, for the most part, avoided that kind of society; for which Dr. Johnson pronounced him a blockhead. Boswell remonstrated. "Well, sir," said Johnson, "I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

Such as it was—and it can afford this passing

touch of blight—the tree was now planted on Acton Common. After the departure of Wilkes, he had moved from his Richmond residence into a house there, described by the first of his biographers, two months after his death, to have been furnished with extreme elegance; and where he is said, by the same worthy scribe, to have "kept his post-chaise, saddle-horses, and pointers; and to have fished, fowled; hunted; coursed, and lived in an independent, easy manner." He did not however so live, as to be unable carefully to lay aside an honorable provision for all who were dependent on him. This, it is justly remarked by Southey, was his meritorious motive for that greediness of gain with which he was reproached;—as if it were any reproach to a successful author that he doled out his writings in the way most advantageous to himself, and fixed upon them as high a price as his admirers were willing to pay. Cowper has made allusion to some of these points, in his fine delineation of his old friend and school-fellow in the *Table Talk*.

The *Author*, published almost contemporaneously with the *Duellist*, had the rare good fortune to please even his critics. Horace Walpole could now admit, that even when the satirist was not assailing a Holland or a Warburton, the world were "transported" with his works, and his numbers were indeed "like Dryden's." The Monthly Reviewers sent forth a frank eulogium: even the critical found it best to forget their ancient grudge. And in the admirable qualities not without reason assigned to it, the *Author* seems to us to have been much surpassed by his next performance, *Gotham*.

When Cowper fondly talked, as it was his pleasure and his pride to do, of "Churchill, the great Churchill, for he well deserved the name," it was proof of his taste that he dwelt with delight on this "noble and beautiful poem." Its object was not clearly comprehended at the first, but as it proceeded, became evident. It was an *Idea of a Patriot King* in verse; and in verse, of which, with all its carelessness, we hold with Cowper that few exacter writers of his class have equalled, for its "bold and daring strokes of fancy; its numbers so hazardously ventured upon and so happily finished; its matter so compressed and yet so clear; its coloring so sparingly laid on and yet with such a beautiful effect." We would have quoted much, and regret that we can but quote a fragment of one passage. It is brief and unconnected, but part of a fine strain of descriptive poetry. The reader's national pride will not intercept his admiration of the wit of the line which precedes the fine picture of the cedar; and he will admire the excellent and subtle art with which the verse seconds the sense.

"The hedge-row elm, the pine, of mountain race;  
The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place;  
The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,  
Whilst his old father Lebanon groves proud  
Of such a child, and his vast body laid  
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;  
The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;  
The English oak, which, dead, commands the  
flood!"

The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies,  
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,  
Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,  
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds stir,

*Step by step up the perpendicular ;  
Who at the hour of eve, panting for rest,  
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west  
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,  
Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn."*

*Gotham* was less successful than the more personal satires, and the author might have felt, as his "great high priest of all the nine" did, when he remembered the success of *MacFlecknoe*, amid the evil days on which the *Religio Laici* and *Hind and Panther* had fallen. Nothing ever equalled a satire for a sale, said the old bookseller Johnson to his son Samuel—a good swingeing satire, "or a *Sacheverell's Trial!*" Churchill was reminded of it by his quondam friend Foote; but the advice need hardly have been given. So timely a subject came unexpectedly to hand, that in no case could Churchill have resisted it. Lord Sandwich became a candidate for the high stewardship of Cambridge University. "I thank you," wrote Lord Bath to Colman, "for the *Candidate*, which is, in my opinion, the severest, and the best, of all Churchill's works. He has a great genius, and is an excellent poet." Notwithstanding which praise from such a critic, we shall not hesitate to aver, that the *Candidate* really is an excellent poem, with lines as fine in it as any from Churchill's hand. Such are those wherein the miseries of evil counsel to royalty are dwelt upon; and kings are described as "made to draw their breath in darkness thicker than the shades of death." The portrait of Lord Sandwich is also excellent, and has several fine touches; though, undoubtedly, were we to compare it with that of Buckingham by Dryden, it might seem as a mere impressive and startling list of materials for satire, beside the subtler extract of the very spirit of satire itself. But it is writing of a most rare order.

The *Farewell*, and the *Times*, (the latter only to be referred to as Dryden refers to some of the nameless productions of Juvenal, tragical provocations tragically revenged,) now followed in rapid succession; and *Independence*, the last work published while he lived, appeared at the close of September, 1764. It is a final instance of Mr. Tooke's misfortunes in criticism, that though he admits that poem to display "vigor" in some scattered passages, he sets it down as "slovenly in composition, hacknied in subject, and commonplace in thought." It is very far from this! A noble passage at the commencement, is worthy of Ben Jonson himself, and very much in his manner.

"What is a Lord? Doth that plain simple word  
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,  
Like an alarm bell on Night's dull ear,  
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear  
Than other words! Whether we will or no,  
Through reason's court doth it unquestion'd go.  
E'en on the mention, and of course transmit  
Notions of something excellent!"

The same poem contains a full-length portrait of the poet, with the unscrupulous but lifelike mark of his own strong, unflattering hand. He laughs at himself as an "unlick'd" bear; and tells us that Hogarth, "even envy must allow," would draw to the life his awkward foppery, "were Hogarth living now." Hogarth was "living now," but at the moment when the words were written, within view of his death-bed. Churchill little knew how nearly he approached his own;

and yet, in the unfinished *Journey*, the last fragment found among his papers, (for the severe and masterly *Dedication to Warburton* was of earlier date,) there was a strange unconscious kind of sense of the fate that now impended. The lamentations of his good-natured friends, that but for his unhappy lust of publishing so fast, "he might have flourish'd twenty years or more, though now, alas! poor man, worn out in four," were here noticed in some of his most vigorous verse. He proposes to take their advice, but finds the restraint too hard. Prose will run into verse. "If now and then I curse, my curses chime; nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme." He therefore entreats that they will once more be charitable even to his excesses, and read, "no easy task, but probably the last that I shall ask," that little poem. He calls it the plain, unlabored *Journey of a Day*; warns off all who resort to him for the stronger stimulants; exhorts the Muses, in some of his happiest satire, to divert themselves with his contemporary poets in his absence; bids them so their appetite for laughter feed; and closes with the line, "*I on my Journey all alone proceed!*" The poem was not meant to close here; but a Greater Hand interposed. That line of mournful significance is the last that was written by Churchill.

A sudden desire to see Wilkes took him hastily to Boulogne, on the 22d of October, 1764. "*Dear Jack, adieu! C. C.*" was the laconic announcement of his departure to his brother. At Boulogne, on the 29th of October, a miliary fever seized him, and baffled the physicians who were called in. The friends, who surrounded his bed, gave way to extreme distress: it was a moment when probably Wilkes felt: but Churchill preserved his composure. He was described afterwards, checking their agitated grief, in the lines with which he had calmly looked forward to this eventful time:—

"Let no unworthy sounds of grief be heard,  
No loud laments, not one unseemly word;  
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,  
I won't forgive that friend who sheds one tear.  
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,  
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn,  
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,  
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man."

He sat up in his bed, and dictated a brief, just will. He left his wife an annuity of £60, and an annuity of £50 to the girl he had seduced. He provided for his two boys. He left mourning rings to Lord and Lady Temple, to Wilkes, Lloyd, Cotes, Walsh, and the Duke of Grafton; and he desired his "dear friend, John Wilkes, to collect and publish his works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make." He then expressed a wish to be removed, that he might die in England; and the imprudent measures of his friends, in compliance with this wish, hastened the crisis. On the 4th of November, 1764, at Boulogne, and in the thirty-third year of his age, Charles Churchill breathed his last.

Warburton said he had perished of a drunken debauch;—a statement wholly untrue. Actor Davies said his last expression was, "*What a fool I have been!*"—a statement contradicted by the tenor of his will, and especially denied by Wilkes. Garrick, who was in Paris, wrote to Colman when their common friend had been six days dead:

"Churchill, I hear, is at the point of death at Boulogne. I am sorry, very sorry for him. Such talents, with prudence, had commanded the nation. I have seen some extracts I don't admire." What is not to be admired in a satirist, is generally discovered just before or just after his death; what is admired, runs equal danger of unseasonable worship. There was a sale of his books and furniture, at which the most extravagant prices were given for articles of no value. A common steel-pen brought five pounds, and a pair of plated spurs sixteen guineas. The better to supply, too, the demands of public curiosity, vulgar letters were forged in his name; one of which was, a few years since, reproduced for his in the *Colman Correspondence*. A death-bed scene, by the same busy scribe, (in which the dying man was made to rave of his poor bleeding country, and of her true friend, Mr. Pitt, and of Scotchmen preying upon her vitals, and of dying the death of the righteous,) was also served up to edify the public, and satisfy their inquiring interest. "Churchill, the poet, is dead," wrote Walpole to Mann, on the 15th of November. "The meteor blazed scarce four years. He is dead, to the great joy of the ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few, indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous but a ticklish possession."

There were friends who had not found him so. Lloyd was sitting down to dinner when the intelligence was brought to him. He was seized with a sudden sickness, and thrust away his plate untouched. "I shall follow poor Charles," was all he said, as he went to the bed from which he never rose again. Churchill's favorite sister, Patty, said to have had no small share of his spirit, sense and genius, and who was at this time betrothed to Lloyd, sank next under the double blow, and, in a few short weeks, joined her brother and her lover. The poet had asked that none should mourn for him, and here were two broken hearts offered up at his grave! Other silent and bitter sorrows were also there.

Wilkes professed unassuageable grief, and sacred intentions to fulfil the duty assigned him in the will. "I will do it to the best of my poor abilities. My life shall be dedicated to it." "I am better," he exclaimed, a fortnight after the death, "but cannot get any continued sleep. The idea of Churchill is ever before my eyes." "Still I do not sleep," he wrote, some weeks later; "Churchill is still before my eyes." Other expressions of his various letters run after the same fond fashion. "I believe I shall never get quite over the late cruel blow." "Many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill." "You see how much I have at heart to show the world how I loved Churchill." "I am adequate to every affliction but the death of Churchill." "The loss of Churchill I shall always reckon the most cruel of all afflictions I have suffered." "I will soon convince mankind that I know how to value such superior genius and merit." "I have half-finished the projected edition of dear Churchill." "How pleased is the dear shade of our friend with all I have done." In truth, the dear shade could hardly be displeased; for all he had done was *nil*. He wrote a few paltry notes; and they came to nothing. But a year after the sad scene at Boulogne, the Abbé Winckelman gave him an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, and he placed on it a Latin inscription to his friend's

memory; which he was sufficiently pleased with to transfer to a Doric column, in the grounds of his Isle of Wight cottage, erected of materials as fragile and perishable as his own patriotism. "Carolo Churchill, amico jucundo, poetæ acri, civi optime de patriâ merito, P. Johannes Wilkes, 1765." Horace has used the word *acer* in speaking of himself. Wilkes imperfectly understood its precise signification, or did not rightly understand the genius of his friend.

Meanwhile, in accordance with his own request, the body of Churchill had been brought over from France, and buried in the old churchyard which once belonged to the collegiate church of St. Martin at Dover. There is now a tablet to his memory in the church, and, over the place of burial, a stone inscribed with his name and age, the date of his death, and a line taken from that most manly and unaffected passage of his poetry, in which, without sorrow or complaining, he anticipates this humble grave.

"Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)  
Who know me well, what they know, freely  
speak;

So those (the greatest curse I meet below)  
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.  
Let none of those, who, bless'd with parts above  
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,  
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,  
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,  
And call it mine: for mine, though never known,  
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.  
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,  
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.  
Let none of those whom I despise, though great,  
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,  
Publish my life. Let no false sneaking Peer,  
(Some such there are,) to win the public ear,  
Hand me to shame, with some vile anecdote,  
Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.  
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head  
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead:  
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant the prayer!)  
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there:  
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest  
Roams through the churchyard whilst his dinner's  
drest,  
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,  
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies:  
Whilst (oh what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)  
Reading my works, he cries, Here Churchill  
lives."

On "travel bound," a "rhyming guest" stood at the grave in the Dover churchyard, fifty years after this pathetic aspiration. He, too, had lived in defiance of the world's opinions; had written the most masterly satires; had achieved a popularity unattained by any English poet since the grave at which he stood received its inhabitant; like him, was now leaving his native country in early manhood, to be brought back dead: and the moral to which he shaped his thoughts, was on "the Glory and the Nothing of a Name." But a Name is *not* an illusion, when it has been won by any strenuous exertion either of thought or action in an honest purpose. Time's purgatorial fire may weaken the strength of the characters it is written in, but it eats out of them also their mistakes and vices; and Byron might have had greater hope for the living, and less pity for the dead, at the grave of CHARLES CHURCHILL.



## VOICES OF NATURE.

## I.

How graceful was that Grecian creed  
Which taught that tongues, of old,  
Dwelt in the mountain and the mead,  
And where the torrent roll'd ;  
And that in times of sacred fear,  
With sweet mysterious moans,  
They spoke aloud, while some pale seer  
Interpreted their tones.\*

## II.

And, Lady, why should we not deem  
That in each echoing hill,  
And sounding wood, and dancing stream,  
A language lingers still ?  
No lovelier scenes round Delphi spread  
Than round thee stretch divine ;  
Nor Grecian maid bent brighter head  
By haunted stream than thine.

## III.

Then fancy thus that to thine ear,  
While dies the autumn day,  
The Voices of the Woodlands bear  
This tributary lay.  
Soft winds that steal from where the moon  
Brightens the mountain spring,  
Shall blend with Mulla's † distant tune,  
And these the words they sing :—

## 1.

"Thou 'st shared our thousand harmonies ;  
At morn thy sleep we stirr'd  
With sounds from many a balmy breeze,  
And many a jocund bird ;  
And far from us, when pleasure's lure  
Around thy steps shall be,  
Ah, keep thy soul as freshly pure  
As we came pure to thee !

## 2.

"At noon, beneath September's heat,  
Was it not sweet to feel,  
Through shadowy grasses at thy feet,  
Our silver water steal !  
Sparklingly clear, as now the truth  
Seems in thy glance to glow ;  
So may, through worldly crowds, thy youth  
A stainless current flow.

## 3.

"At eve, our hills for thee detain'd  
The sun's departure bright.  
He sank—how long our woods were stain'd  
For thee with rosy light !  
The worth, the warmth, the peace serene,  
Thou 'st known our vales among,  
Say, shall they be reflected seen  
Upon thy heart as long !

## 4.

"Morn, noon and eve—bird, beam and breeze,  
Here blent to bless thy day ;  
May portion of their memories  
Be ever round thy way !  
Sweet waters for the weary bark,  
Through parching seas that sails ;  
Friends may grow false and fortune dark,  
But Nature never fails."

\* Although the allusion refers, in the verses, to Delphi, it was, I think, at Dodona, in the earliest period of oracular influence, that this belief prevailed.

† "And Mullah mine, whose waves whilome I taught to weep."—SPENSER.

## TO THE REV. HIRAM BINGHAM ;

## MISSIONARY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.\*

PYRAMIDS of gorgeous story,  
Carve we to the conqueror's name,  
Who on fields of gore and glory  
Builds his own and country's fame.  
Charlemagne and Bonaparte—  
Coals that fire ambition's heart !

Yet, thou Missionary Toiler,  
Would I rather win thy crown,  
Than the throne of any spoiler  
Who has cast a kingdom down.  
He on ruined realms would tread—  
Thou hast raised one from the dead !

Stands *thy* pyramid where ocean  
Sleeps within the tropic climes—  
Where the tempests make commotion—  
Where the billows wake their chimes—  
Shadowing the sultry zone,  
In its wondrous tale—alone !

Wears the night—Earth's glory surely,  
Like the murky stars will wane ;  
Truth, the sunlight, shall, securely,  
In meridian splendors reign.  
When, forever, shadows flee  
Might *my* morning break with *thee* !

Boston, Feb. 1845.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

## TO A BLIND GIRL.

I do not sigh as some may sigh,  
To see thee in thy darkness led  
Along the path where sunbeams lie,  
And bloom is shed.

I do not weep as some may weep,  
Upon thy rayless brow to look ;  
A boon more rare 't was thine to keep,  
When light forsook.

A glorious boon ! Thou shalt not view  
One treasure from the earth depart—  
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew,  
Lie in thy heart.

No need to heed the frosty air,  
No need to heed the blasts that chafe,  
The scatter'd sheaf, the vintage spare—  
*Thy hoard is safe.*

Thou shalt not mark the silent change  
That falls upon the heart like blight,  
The smile that grows all cold and strange,—  
Bless'd is thy night !

Thou shalt not watch the slow decay,  
Nor see the ivy clasp the fane,  
Nor trace upon the column gray  
The mildew stain.

Ours is the darkness—thine the light.  
Within thy brow a glory plays ;  
Shrine, blossom, dewdrop, all are bright  
With quenchless rays.

Blackwood.

\* At present in the United States.

## CHAPTER XX.—OUR LUCK.

OUR Uncle Rumbold, though fierce of aspect and manner, was not absolutely hard-hearted; and his pride relented considerably when he saw the maid-of-all-work come down stairs, with her eyes red-swollen with weeping. But his apologies were disclaimed. "It was n't the searching her box," she said, "she did n't mind that, nor the being suspected, that made her cry, but the sight of her dear mother's hair, who died, poor soul! of a bilious calculation."

"Calculus," said my father, "calculus. But come, brother-in-law, let us inspect the premises, and have the constable's opinion of the burglary."

The trio accordingly repaired to the kitchen, where they minutely inspected the window and its fastenings, from which it appeared that a piece had been cut out of the shutter, so as to allow of the removal of the bolt, the sill was scratched and soiled with clay, and the ground, on the outside, bore in several places the imprint of a man's shoe or boot, thickly studded with hobnails. There was no doubt of the manner in which the entrance had been effected; and the parties having come to an unanimous conclusion on the subject, the constable was despatched to take the necessary steps for the discovery and apprehension of the offender or offenders. Uncle Rumbold undertook to order the printing and issue of the handbills, whilst my father, with a heavy heart, proceeded to his *escritoire* in the parlor, with a task before him which, to a man who disliked letter-writing in general, was a heavy infliction—seeing that he had to indite three several epistles, all on subjects of the most painful and disagreeable nature, namely, to the Board, with his resignation of office; to Mr. Ruffy, communicating the fate of his presentation tankard; and to the curate, conveying the loss of the silver-gilt salts. It would have moved a heart of nether millstone to have seen how he spoiled pen after pen, and sheet after sheet of paper, vainly turning his eyes for inspiration from the mirror, with its bird and ball, to the ceiling or the floor, the wall or the window, the poplar-tree, and the blue sky. Oh, if my father ever envied a rich or great man, it was then, just then, for the sake of his private secretary!

To add to his distress, his usual resource in such emergencies was unavailable. In reply to his application for help, Mr. Postle had excused himself, under the pretence of urgent business in the surgery; but, in reality, the assistant was indisposed with a fit of spleen. He had heard of the affair of the search-warrant; and after indignantly asking of the jar of conserve of roses why Mrs. Prideaux had not been suspected instead of Kezia, had solemnly promised the pestle and mortar to pluck old Rumbold, at the very first opportunity, by the beard—a threat he would probably have put in execution but for a positive injunction from the injured maid, who overheard him pledging himself to the same effect to the bottle of leeches.

"No, Mr. Postle," she said, "you will do no such thing. It's a heathen fashion, to be sure, and makes him look more like a satire of the woods than a Christian: but when you consider what hangs on it, namely, the future prospects in life of our poor helpless innocent twins, you'll respect his beard as if it belonged to Moses or Aaron. As for my being suspected, it comes natural to a servant, and, like a part of her work, to clear up

her character sometimes, as well as her kitchen: and as regards the searching of my box, it's nothing to the rummaging of one's thoughts and feelings, which I have had to undergo in other places. But so long as master, and missis, and you don't suspect me, I can bear it from any one else. So, for the sake of the dear twins, you must let the matter drop, and not offend Mr. Rumbold by look, or word, or deed, and especially by touching his beard, which would be cutting off young heirs with a shilling."

Having extorted a promise to this pacific effect, Kezia repaired to the nursery, where she relieved her full heart and excited feelings by a good cry and a hearty fondling of the precious babes. But, beyond this solace, she had a secret project of her own, in accordance with which she addressed herself to the gontee nurse.

"Oh, Mrs. Prideaux, isn't it a shocking thing to see a family like ours, for no fault of their own, coming step by step, deeper and deeper, into misfortune and misery! First, that dreadful supper, and then the robbery, and then the loss of the parish—it reminds me of one of my own runs of bad luck, when first I was knocked down by a runaway horse, and then picked up by a pick-pocket, and then sent home in a hackney-coach that had just carried a patient to the hospital with a putrid fever."

"The planets," said the nurse, "are decidedly sinister."

"Then you think," said Kezia, delighted with the astrological turn of the conversation, "that it is our ill stars are in fault?"

"Of course," said the nurse. "The aspects of the planets, at this juncture, and as affects this house, are particularly malignant."

"They must be, indeed!" said Kezia, with a melancholy shake of her head. "According to the almanac, their bad influences affect sometimes one part and sometimes another, and at different times; but here they are, as I may say, smiting us back and belly, hip and thigh, all at once!"

"The natural effect," said the nurse, "of the planetary configurations, and especially of the position of Saturn."

"Ah! with his ring!" exclaimed Kezia. "Mr. Postle once showed him to me through his refractory telescope."

"A refracting one, I presume," said the nurse.

"I believe it was," said Kezia; "and it brought down the moon till it looked as big as a silver waiter. Talking of which reminds me of the stolen plate; and which it is my private notion that you know as much or more about than any one else."

"That I do!" exclaimed the nurse, with a slight start, and fixing her keen eyes on the face of the maid-of-all-work as if she would read her very soul. "That I know who stole the plate!"

"Yes," said Kezia, "by means of the heavenly bodies. I have heard of many persons recovering their lost things through star-gazers and fortune-tellers; and of course, as you can cast nativities, you can do the other."

This was the very point at which she had been aiming; but the answer of the nurse put an extinguisher on her hopes.

"Between ourselves," she said, "I have cast some figures on purpose; but there is a mystery in the matter that defies my art."

"The more's the pity," said Kezia; "for I made sure that you could discover the thief. And then that lost sheet, as was found in the churchyard—how it was abstracted from a press to which nobody but ourselves had access: I own to thoughts, and suspicions, and misgivings about it, that make me shudder!"

"Then do you really suppose," asked the nurse, "that your master was guilty of stealing the dead child?"

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Kezia. "I would as soon suspect him of kidnapping live ones for the plantations! No, I was not thinking of him, but of a treacherous, deceitful being, whom to think of under the same roof, and in the same room with one, makes my very blood in a curdle."

The nurse again fixed one of her scrutinizing looks on Kezia; but the latter was thinking of quite another personage, as implied by her next question.

"What is your real opinion, Mrs. Prideaux, of supernatural agency?"

"The same as your own," was the prompt answer of the nurse.

"In that case," said Kezia, "I don't mind saying it's my belief that our sheet was purloined away by Satan himself, whose delight is in casting down the good and the godly, and for the express purpose of ruining my poor master."

"It is quite possible," said the nurse, who seemed to take delight in pampering the credulity of her simple-minded and single-hearted companion. "Such an act would be perfectly in unison with the diabolical character. My belief coincides with your own. But remember, Kezia, the age is a skeptical age, and its infidels especially repudiate astrology and demonology; so that the less we say of our own convictions the better. Indeed, it would cost me my bread were it known that I had cast the nativity of those dear twins."

"But it never shall be," cried Kezia—"never! Do you think I would break the solemn oath you made me take on the Testament?"

"No—I know that you would not," said the nurse, in her sweetest tone; "for if you did, there are lightnings to burn your body, and other fires to scorch your soul for the perjury." And so the conference ended.

My father, meanwhile, had toiled on at his irksome task in the parlor—blotting, blundering, erasing, correcting, tearing up, and beginning *de novo*, in a way that a corresponding clerk would have gone crazy to witness; for if my parent's sustenance had depended on the exercise of his pen, he must have died of starvation. At last, after infinite trouble, he had completed the whole of the missives, and was just in the act of drawing that long sigh of satisfaction with which a weary man is apt to hail the accomplishment of his labor, when my mother entered the room, drew a chair beside him, seated herself, and laid her hand on his arm. There was nothing in her face to indicate any interruption of the mental repose and relief which my father had promised himself; her looks were as cheerful as the tone with which she uttered her preluding monosyllable.

"George!"

"My dear!"

"Can you forgive me for keeping from you a little secret?"

"Of course I can," replied my father, with his

old smile. "But will your own sex for being so unwomanly?"

"No matter for them," said my mother. "I meant to have hoarded it up for an agreeable surprise; but with such troubles as have come upon us, it seems only fair that you should share in any comfort which I am enjoying myself. You remember the 20*l.* note that you gave me last week?"

"Yes—for Mr. Lobb."

"Ah, Mr. Lobb must wait a bit," said my mother. "That note went quite a different way, and for another purpose. Up to London, George, and for a purchase. Can you guess?"

"For winter clothing, perhaps," said my father, "or a fresh stock of household linen."

"For winter wealth, George," said my mother, "and a stock of good luck. What do you think of a lottery ticket?"

My father made no reply—he was confounded by this new blow.

"Do you hear, George," cried my mother—"a lottery ticket!"

"Yes, twenty pounds gone," murmured my father.

"But they are not gone!" said my mother.

"As completely," said my father, "as if the note had lighted a candle. The last money in the house too, and which ought to have paid the butcher. That accounts, then, for Lobb's insolence about the tainted mutton."

"Well, well," said my mother, "we shall soon get rid of Lobb after the drawing. The ticket is sure to come up a prize."

"I wish it may!" said my father.

"It is sure to come up a prize," repeated my mother, "for I dreamt three times running of the number."

My father jumped up from his seat, and after pacing a few turns up and down the room, suddenly stopped short and addressed himself to himself in the mirror.

"If ever there was a minister deserved impeachment—if ever a chancellor of the exchequer who ought to have lost his head on the block—it was the man who first invented a mode of raising money by the encouragement of public gambling!" He then turned abruptly to my mother and inquired whether the ticket was registered.

"Yes, and the lottery was to be drawn on the 16th."

"And this is the 18th," said my father.

My mother instantly started up from her seat, and rang the bell, to know if the post had come in, and whether there were any letters.

"Yes, one," which Kezia had laid on the kitchen shelf, where, in the unusual bustle of the morning, it had been forgotten. It was addressed to my mother, who seized the letter, broke the seal, glanced over the contents, and dropping the paper from her hand, sank, gasping, on the sofa—the blankness of her face sufficiently indicating the nature of the intelligence.

"Then the money is gone!" exclaimed my father.

My mother sobbed, and covered her face with her hands; Kezia wrung hers in mute despair. Our evil stars were verily shooting ones, and were practising on our devoted family as at a target!

"Well, what is this new disaster?" inquired the voice of Uncle Rumbold, who had just entered the parlour, but stopped short at two paces from the door, clutching his beard in his right hand.



"Nothing, nothing" replied my father, forgetting his own vexation in the affliction of my mother—"only a lost bank-note."

"What, another robbery!"

"No," replied my father, "thrown into the fire—blown out of the window—washed down the sink—a mere trifle."

"A trifle!" exclaimed my mother, unwilling to forego any benefit to be derived from her brother's sympathy—"our last twenty pounds in the world—intended to pay the butcher."

But her indirect appeal had no effect. Liberal of advice and personal exertion, Uncle Rumbold, from habit and inclination, was slow in drawing his purse-strings. The amount, he admitted, was no trifle; but sometimes a loss became a gain in the end, by teaching those who had neglected their twenties to take care of their fifties. This new misfortune, however, seemed gradually to touch him, for shortly afterwards, having deliberately seated himself, he addressed his unlucky relatives as follows:—"Sister, I have been thinking over your various troubles, and have come to the conclusion, brother-in-law, that, what with your loss of the parish appointment and other drawbacks, your affairs are, or soon will be, in anything but a prosperous condition. Such being the case, I feel called upon, as a near relative, to step a little beyond my original intentions for the family benefit, and especially as regards my twin nephews, though I trust I have sufficiently testified my regard for them already by that invaluable present, the Light of Nature. However, as I said before, I have determined to stretch a point, but on condition that what I do shall be done in my own way."

"I am sure," said my mother, "we shall be truly grateful for your kindness in any way."

"I am not so certain of that," replied Uncle Rumbold: "however, what I propose is this,—to relieve you altogether of the care and maintenance of one of those two boys. As soon, therefore, as my godson can run alone, I am ready to adopt him; to board, lodge, and educate—in short, to provide for him through life at my own cost and charge, and of course according to my own system and views."

Here he paused, expecting an answer, whereas his proposition was met by a dead silence. My father, taken by surprise, was at a loss what to say, and my mother looked absolutely aghast. She had not forgotten certain features of the system alluded to, and in her mind's eye saw her poor offspring, now climbing a tree for his food, at the risk of his neck, and now thrown doglike into a river, to sink or swim as might happen—in short, undergoing all the hard discipline associated with a young Indian savage, or child of nature.

"Humph! I see how it is," said Uncle Rumbold; "but I do not press an immediate answer. Perhaps you will make up your minds before my departure. I have ordered a chaise at five o'clock, which will carry me to Wisbeach, where I shall meet the coach;—no words; my arrangements once made are never altered, and, let me add, my offers once refused are never repeated."

So saying, he arose and walked off to make his preparations for his departure; whilst my mother took the opportunity of expressing her sentiments to her helpmate on the godfatherly offer.

"No, I never will consent to it," she said—"never, never! To have a child of mine climbing trees, and swimming ponds, and sleeping in

the open air, like a gypsy, or Peter the Wild Boy! And taught bird's nesting, and tomahawking, and all sorts of savage tricks, instead of the accomplishments of a young gentleman—and, at any rate, dressed up more like a Guy Fawkes than a Christian—and with a beard, when he's old enough, like a Jewish rabbi—Oh! it would break my heart, it would indeed, George! to have a boy of mine begin the world with such a prospect before him!"

"Well, well," said my father, "so be it. I am as loath as you are to have a son of mine bred up into a bearded oddity, like his uncle, or old Martin Van Butchell. So go and see to the dinner, and in the interim I will invent the best excuse I can to offer to my redoubtable kinsman."

Thus comforted, my mother applied herself to the arrangement of the dinner, which, thanks to what Kezia called the "superfluities" of the night before, presented an unusual variety and profusion of the delicacies of the season. The meal, nevertheless, passed off very drearily. The spirits of the presiding pair were weighed down by the communication they had to make, and the certain resentment that awaited their decision; whilst the temper of Uncle Rumbold himself was still ruffled by a short but sharp argument on somnambulism with Mr. Postle in the surgery. The conversation, such as it was, had flagged into silence, when the post-chaise drew up at the door.

"Now then, sister," cried Uncle Rumbold, rising from his seat, "now then, brother-in-law, for your ultimatum. Am I to have the boy or not?"

"Why then, brother," began my mother, but her voice failed and died away in an inarticulate croak.

"The truth is," said my father, "we are deeply sensible of your kindness, and sorry to decline it. If the children had not been twins, we might have felt and decided otherwise; but we really cannot find in our hearts to separate, so early in life, a pair of brothers, that nature herself has so closely united."

"That's enough!" said Uncle Rumbold. "A plain offer has met a plain refusal—no offence on either side; but, by my beard, if ever I offer to adopt a child again—" What followed was inaudible or suppressed: he hastily shook hands with his relatives, and hurried into the gaping vehicle, wherein he threw himself back, as if determined on sulks and silence. In another moment, however, his face and beard appeared at the open window.

"God bless you, sister," he said; "brother-in-law, God bless you—though how you are to be blessed, is more than I know, for you will never be guided by the light of nature!"

Every word of this leavetaking was overheard by Kezia, who, with outstretched neck and straining ears, listened eagerly for his least syllable. But those words were his last—not a breath about the dear twins, his own nephews. The whip cracked, the horse-shoes clattered, the wheels rattled; and the few boys who had assembled set up a cheer for the Grand Mogul. The last chance was gone. In another minute, the black and yellow body, which contained Uncle Rumbold, was out of sight; and with it vanished, alas! all the hopes he had engendered!

#### CHAPTER XXI. A DEMONSTRATION.

"So much for relatives!" said my mother, as she poured out the tea, and handed a cup of the

beverage to my father. "My precious brother, who would not shave off a hair of his beard for love or money, will now cut off his own nephews without a scruple!"

"Nothing more likely," said my father.

"Do you really think then," inquired my mother, "that he will leave them quite out of his will?"

She waited in vain for an answer; and at last obtained, in lieu of it, another query, far wide of her mark. Throughout his troubles and vexations, my father's mind had been haunted by a vague sense of a something amiss; but his thoughts had always been diverted elsewhere before his fears could assume a definite shape; now, however, his misgivings, after many gleamings and vanishings, suddenly recurred to him, and taking a distinct character prompted the abrupt question—"Where is Catechism Jack?"

Nobody knew. In the crowding events of the day he had not been missed; there had been no medicine to deliver, so that his services were not in requisition, and even Mr. Postle could not tell what had become of him. On comparing notes, he had not been seen by any one since an early hour in the morning, when he had slipped out at the surgery door.

Here was a new cause of anxiety for my father; if any mischance happened to the idiot, the blame in the present temper of the parish was certain to be visited on the master, who had taken the half-witted boy from the care of the old dame, and become responsible for his safety and welfare. Many were the conjectures that were hazarded on the cause of his absence. In my father's opinion, Jack had gone on a visit to his former guardian, and was spending the day with her: my mother, prone to dream of disasters, at once pronounced him drowned in the river; Kezia's fancy sent him tramping after a recruiting party which had passed through the village; and the assistant supposed that he was playing truant and chuck-farthing with other young dogs as idle as himself. The last guess was most probably the true one; however, in the midst of their speculations, his voice was clearly recognized, and in another moment Jack, in an unusual state of excitement, burst into the parlor, round which he pranced with a sort of chimney-sweep's caper, exclaiming with ecstasy, "The tongs and bones! The tongs and bones!"

"Why, Jack," asked my father, "what is the matter with you?"

"The tongs and bones," said Jack, standing still for a moment, and then resuming his dance and his song.

"Speak, idiot!" cried Mr. Postle, seizing the boy by the shoulder and shaking him. "What is the meaning of this mummerly?"

"O don't, pray don't beat me," whined Jack. "I will say my catechism."

"Poor fellow!" said my father. "Be gentle with him."

"Huzza! The tongs and bones!" shouted Jack, extricating himself by a sudden twist from the grasp of the assistant; and darting through the parlor door, and across the hall, into the kitchen, to the infinite horror of Kezia, who really believed, as she declared afterwards, that the boy had been bitten by "a rapid dog." Here he continued his capering and his cry; till observing the table with food on it, by one of those abrupt transitions common to weak intellects, his thoughts fastened on a new object; and at once subsiding

into his usual demeanor, and seating himself at the board, he asked Kezia to give him his supper. The maid-of-all-work immediately complied; and as after some minutes he continued to eat and drink very quietly, Mr. Postle returned to the surgery and my parents to the parlor.

"The tongs and bones," muttered my mother as she resumed her seat at the tea-table, "what on earth can it mean?"

"Why, I suspect it means," said my father, "that the tag-rag and bobtail of the village have been treating some quarrelsome couple with what is called rough music; and Jack has been present and perhaps performing at the concert."

This explanation was so satisfactory to both parties, that Jack and his chorus were speedily forgotten; and the pair had resumed their quiet confidential intercourse, when Mr. Postle entered, with an ominous face, and placed in my father's hands something which he said he had just found upon the counter. It was a scrap of dirty coarse paper, folded note-fashion, and containing only the following words: "Let the Dockter and Fammily keep in Dores to nite And look to yure Fastnings. A Frend."

"Well, and what do you make of this document?" asked my father.

"That it is what it professes to be," answered the assistant, looking uneasily at my mother, as if embarrassed by her presence.—"I will put the thing technically. There is, you know, sir, a certain local epidemic in the parish, of a very malignant type, and attended with extensive irritation. Now this party intends to say that probably there will be an eruption."

"I understand," said my father, with a nod of intelligence—"but doubt very much if the disease will take that active turn."

"There is no doubt at all," said Mr. Postle. "I know a party who has been round amongst the infected, on purpose to feel their pulse; and the symptoms are of a most unfavorable character. For instance, tongue hot—breath acrimonious and offensive—voice loud and harsh—with the use of expressions bordering on furious mania."

"A mere temporary fever," said my father, "that will pass off without any dangerous paroxysm."

"I wish it may," said Mr. Postle, "and without a nocturnal crisis."

My mother's head during this mysterious discussion had turned mechanically from speaker to speaker, as if moved by internal clock-work; but she could gather no more information from their faces than from their words; and as the consultation might be a long one, and she hated medical matters, she briefly intimated to my father that she should go up stairs to the children, and left the room.

"And do you really suppose," asked my father, "that there is going to be any disturbance or outrage! Phoo, phoo—I can't and won't believe it."

"So you said of the hostility of the parish Board," retorted the assistant.

"Well, well, do as you please," said my father. "I leave the matter entirely in your own hands."

"In that case," said Mr. Postle, "I shall at once lock all the doors, and secure the lower windows, and this one to begin with;"—and accordingly he pulled up the sliding parlor-shutter, and inserted the screws. "Now then for the others."



"Very good," said my father, "and then come to supper with us in the parlor. Poor Postle," he continued, as the assistant departed to look to the household defences, "he was always an alarmist, and I'll be bound he expects the premises to be stormed and sacked, on the strength of an anonymous letter, intended, most probably, to play upon his fears."

True to his plan, the alarmist, meanwhile, proceeded from window to window, and from door to door, locking, bolting, barring, screwing; the surgery door alone, for convenience, being left but partially fastened by a single latch, which, however, could only be raised on the inside. The fanlight above he barricaded with a stout board; and ascertained, shutter by shutter, that the defences of the window were all sound and secure. He then took a final peep at Jack, who was still quietly making an interminable meal in the kitchen; and finding all safe, repaired to the parlor and took his usual place at the supper-table; not without some bantering from my father as to the preparations in a certain fortress for a state of siege, and the strength of its garrison. But the joke was mistimed.

The meal was about half-finished, when, attracted by the attitude of my mother, whose sense of hearing was remarkably acute, my father laid down his knife and fork, and began listening; in which he was soon imitated by Mr. Postle; and for a while the three, silent and motionless, seemed stiffened into as many statues. There was certainly some unusual humming in the air.

"It sounds," said my father, "like the distant murmur of the sea."

"More like the getting up of a gale," said Mr. Postle.

"It's the noise of a mob!" exclaimed my mother; "I hear voices and the tramping of feet!"

"Say I told you so!" cried Mr. Postle, jumping up from his chair, and resuming the knife with which he had been cutting his cold meat.

"And if it be a mob," said my father, "it may not be coming to us."

"Hark! it comes nearer and nearer," said my mother, turning pale. "In the name of wonder, George —" she stopped, startled by a loud noise and a sudden outcry close at hand.

The distant sounds, which excited so intense an interest in the parlor, had reached the kitchen; where they no sooner struck on the tympanum of Jack, than, like a young savage who recognizes the warwhoop of his tribe, he started up, overturning his heavy wooden chair, and shouting his old cry, the "Tongs and bones—the tongs and bones!" rushed through the hall, and the surgery, and out of the door, which he left wide open. Kezia, in hot pursuit, with my father and Mr. Postle, were soon on the spot; but only just in time to distinguish the flying figure of the idiot, before he disappeared in the gloom of the lane; his cry being still audible, but getting fainter and fainter till it was lost in the general murmur of the mob.

"They are coming up the lane—there is no time to be lost," said Mr. Postle, pushing Kezia, and then drawing my father by the arm into the surgery; the door of which he bolted and locked. They then hurried to the parlor; but my mother, with hen-like instinct, had flown up to her young ones, and was sitting in the nursery to meet what-

ever might happen, with her twin babes at her bosom. Kezia, by a kindred impulse, was soon in the same chamber; while my father and his assistant posted themselves at a staircase window which overlooked the lane. It was quite dusk; but at the turn of the road the crowd was just visible, a darker mass amid the gloom, and a moving one, which, as it approached, occasionally threw out a detached figure or two in front, barely distinguishable as of human shape. Now and then there was a shout; and more rarely a peal of hoarse laughter. As the mob neared the house, its pace quickened.

"There's Jack!" exclaimed Mr. Postle, whose eyesight was much keener than my father's; "he's winding in and out among them like an eel!"

"And, if I mistake not," said my father, "they have something like a black flag."

"Yes—borne by a tall, big fellow," answered the assistant. "As I live, it's John Hobbes!"

"Poor man," sighed my father.

"As yet I can make out no fire-arms," said Mr. Postle; "but they have pitchforks and sticks. And yonder's a stuffed figure like a Guy—they are going to burn us in effigy. Yes, they've got faggots and a truss of straw. Here they come at a run! But ah, ah! my fine fellows, you are too late. Look!—they are trying the surgery door!"

The foremost of the mob, in fact, were endeavoring to effect an entrance as described; but, being foiled, commenced a smart rattling with their sticks on the doors and shutters, accompanied by frequent and urgent invitations to the doctor and his assistant to come out and receive their fees. Tired at last of this pastime, they set up a cry "to the front!—to the front!"

Anticipating this movement, my father and his companion hurried into the nursery, the abode of terror and despair. My mother, with an infant in each arm, was seated in the easy chair, her eyes closed, and her face of a ghastly white; so that she might have been taken for dead, or in a fit, but for occasional ejaculations. Kezia, with her apron thrown over her head, knelt beside her mistress; whilst the nurse, with folded arms, leaned her back against the wall between the windows—a position secure from any missile from without. The two babes alone were unconscious of danger—the one smiling and crowing; the other fast asleep.

Taking the hint from Mrs. Prideaux, my father removed his partner and her progeny into a safe nook beyond the angle of projectiles; and only in good time; for the arrangement was hardly completed when a large stone came crashing through the window, and rebounded on the floor.

"Put out the lights!" cried Mr. Postle; "they only serve for marks to aim at,"—and in spite of the remonstrances of the females the candles were extinguished.

The whole mob by this time had weathered the corner of the house; and having vainly tried the front door, and thoroughly battered it, as well as the parlor-shutter with their bludgeons, proceeded to organize the frightful concert of rough music with which the lower orders in the provinces were accustomed to serenade an obnoxious character—a hideous medley of noises extracted from cow-horns, cat-calls, whistles, old kettles, metal pans, rattles, and other discordant instruments, described by Jack as the tongs and bones. The din was



dreadful; and yet far less so than the profuse imprecations and savage threats that were shouted out at every pause of the wild band. There were women too in the crowd; and the cry of "Where's Sukey Hobbes!—Come out you body-snatcher!" were frequently repeated by voices much shriller than the rest.

"I must—I will speak to them," said my father; and before Mr. Postle could remonstrate or interpose, he had thrown up the sash, and uttered the first three words of his address. But he was heard no further. His appearance was the signal for one of those yells of execration so awful to hear from a multitude of human throats: a ferocious howl fit only to salute an incarnate fiend, and from which my father recoiled in soul, more than he shrank in body from the ensuing volley of stones. His place, however, was immediately occupied by another orator, in the person of Kezia, who, regardless of the pelting, presented herself to the assembly, screaming at the highest pitch of her voice:—

"You sanguine monsters! do you want to kill us with fright, and our poor innocent babbies?"

"Yes—and to make skeletons of you," replied a hoarse voice from the crowd; a retort applauded by so vociferous a cheer, and such atrocious expressions, that Kezia, with an exclamation of horror, precipitately withdrew to her old position.

Her retreat was hailed with a loud huzza, mingled with derisive laughter, and as it ceased ringing the dark room was suddenly illuminated by a red glare that projected the shadow of the window-frames, inwards, upon the ceiling. The mob had ignited a quantity of straw and wood, forming an enormous bonfire, by the light of which the persons and features of the ringleaders were easily recognized.

"There is Jack again!" said Mr. Postle, "flitting amidst the smoke like an imp of mischief. And John Hobbes is waving his black flag about like a madman—and yonder is Roger Heap, with a child's bonnet on a pitchfork!"

"And there am I, burning by proxy," said my father, pointing to the dark stuffed figure that was dangling from a triangle of poles in the midst of the blaze. "I shall soon be done to a cinder, and then the cooks will disperse."

"I wish they may," said Mr. Postle, "but the faces they turn up to us are desperately fierce and vicious, as well as their words. I hardly think that their excitement will be satisfied without an attack on the premises, and perhaps taking a few ounces of blood. But what is the matter now?"

As he spoke there was an uncertain stir and movement among the crowd, with a confused outcry, amidst which the words "justice" and "constables" were prominently audible. But it was a false alarm: his worship and his myrmidons either did not or would not know of the tumult, and were snugly and safely housed at home, or in their usual haunts. The report, however, served the same purpose that their presence would have done; for after some hesitation and wavering of the mass too and fro, Roger Heap thrusting his pitchfork into the burning effigy, ran with it up the river bank, and pitched the half-consumed figure, still blazing, into the stream. The mob

then dispersed in different directions, the last of them being Catechism Jack, who, after tossing about the glowing sparkling embers, squib-fashion, for a minute or two, ran after the main body.

The smouldering figure meanwhile slowly floated along on the surface of the sluggish river, silently watched by my father and his assistant; till, after a few turns and windings, it vanished like the last twinkle of a burnt paper, in the black, blank distance.

"So ends the auto-da-fé," exclaimed Mr. Postle. "Now, then, for candles to inspect and repair our damage."

It was less than might have been expected. Thanks to the precaution of extinguishing the lights, the majority of the stones had missed the windows: only a few panes were broken; and the holes were soon stopped with paper and rags.

"Are the wretches all gone, George?" asked my mother before she ventured to unclothe her eyes.

"All," answered my father—"man, woman, and boy!"

Thus reassured, my mother, with many broken phrases of thanksgiving, came out of her corner, and willingly resigned the dear twins to Kezia, who covered them with kisses. The nurse also quitted her position, and in her usual calm, sweet voice suggested that her mistress, after her fright and exhaustion, would be the better for some restorative; to which the assistant added that nobody, the infants excepted, would be the worse for some sort of stimulant.

Accordingly the brandy, the kettle, the sugar, tumblers, and spoons, were fetched from below; and cheered by a cordial mixture, the nerves of the company, manly and womanly, soon recovered their tone, and enabled the parties to discuss the circumstances of the recent riot. It was generally agreed that, for that night at least, there would be no further disturbance; they, nevertheless, continued to sit up, keeping a vigilant watch, back and front, till, two hours having elapsed without any fresh alarm, they retired to their respective chambers.

"And how is all this dreadful work to end, George?" inquired my mother, as soon as she found herself, with her husband, in their bedroom.

"Heaven knows!" replied my father. "Only one thing is certain—that the practice must be given up, and we must quit the neighborhood."

"What, sell the business!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, if anybody will buy it," said my father. "He must be a liberal man, indeed, who, after this night's demonstration, will bid me anything for the good-will."

"Why then we are ruined!" cried my mother.

"Or something very like it," responded my father—as indeed appeared but too probable when my unlucky parents came to talk over their future prospects; the only comfort before them being that very forlorn hope held out by the old proverb—"When things are at the worst they will mend."

From Hood's Magazine.

# DOMESTIC MESMERISM.

"Gape, sinner, and swallow."—*Meg Merrilies.*

It is now just a year since we reviewed Miss Martineau's "Life in the Sick Room," and left the authoress set in for a house-ridden invalid, alternating between her bed and the sofa; unable to walk out of doors, but enjoying through her window and a telescope the prospect of green downs and heath, an old priory, a limekiln, a colliery railway, an ancient church, a windmill, a farm, with hay and corn stacks, a market-garden, gossiping farmers, sportsmen, boys flying kites, washerwomen, a dairymaid feeding pigs, the light-houses, harbor, and shipping of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and a large assortment of objects, pastoral, marine, and picturesque. There we left the "sick prisoner," as we supposed, quite aware of a condition beyond remedy, and cheerfully made up for her fate by the help of philosophy, laudanum, and Christian resignation.

There never was a greater mistake. Instead of the presumed calm submission in a hopeless case, the invalid was intently watching the progress of a new curative legerdemain, sympathizing with its repudiated professors, and secretly intending to try whether her own chronic complaint could not be conjured away with a "Hey, presto! pass and re-pass!" like a pea from under the thimble. The experiment it seems has been made, and lo! like one of the patients of the old quacksalvers, forth comes Miss Martineau on the public stage, proclaiming to the gaping crowd how her long-standing, inveterate complaint, that baffled all the doctors, has been charmed away like a wart, and that, from being a helpless cripple, she has thrown away her crutches, literal or metaphorical, and can walk a mile as well as any Milesian. And this miraculous cure, not due to Holloway, Parr, Morison, or any of the rest of the faculty, nor to any marvelous ointment, infallible pills, or new discovery in medicine, but solely to certain magical gesticulations, as safe, pleasant, and easy as playing at cat's cradle—in short by mesmerism!

Now we are, as we have said before, the greatest invalid in England; with a complication of complaints requiring quite a staff of physicians, each to watch and treat the particular disease which he has made his peculiar study: as, one for the heart, another for the lungs, a third for the stomach, a fourth for the liver, and so on. Above all, we are incapable of pedestrian locomotion; lammer than Crutched Friars, and, between gout in our ankles and rheumatism in our knees, could as easily walk on our head, like Quilp's boy, as on our legs. It would delight us, therefore, to believe that by no painful operation, but only a little posture-making behind our back or to our face, we could be restored to the use of our precious limbs, to walk like a leaguer, and run again like a renewed bill. But alas! an anxious examination of

Miss Martineau's statements has satisfied us that there is no chance of such a desirable consummation; that, to use a common phrase, "the news is too good to be true." We have carefully waded through the Newcastle letters, occupying some two dozen mortal columns of the "Athenæum," and with something of the mystified feeling of having been reading by turns and snatches in Moore's Almanac, Zadkiel's Astrology, a dream book, and a treatise on metaphysics, have come to the sorrowful conclusion that we have as much chance of a cure by mesmerism, as of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours through merely reading the constant advertisements of the Patent Pedometer. A conviction not at all removed by an actual encounter with a professor, who, after experimenting on the palms of our hands without exciting any peculiar sensation, except that quivering of the diaphragm which results from suppressed laughter, gravely informed us—slipping through a pleasant loophole of retreat from all difficulties—that "we were not in a fit state."

The precise nature of Miss Martineau's complaint is not stated; nor is it material to be known except to the professional man; the great fact, that after five years' confinement to the house she can walk as many miles without fatigue, thanks to the mysterious Ism, "that sadly wants a new name," is a sufficient subject for wonder, curiosity, and common sense to discuss. A result obtained, it appears, after two months passed under the hands of three several persons—a performance that must be reckoned rather slow for a miracle, seeing that if we read certain passages aright, a mesmerizer "with a white hat and an illuminated profile, like a saint or an angel," is gifted with powers little, if at all, inferior to those of the old apostles. The delay, moreover, throws a doubt on the source of relief, for there are many diseases to which such an interval would allow of a natural remission.

In the curative process, the two most remarkable phenomena were—1st, That the patient, with a weasel-like vigilance, did not go as usual into the magnetic sleep or trance; and, 2dly, That every glorified object before her was invested with a peculiar light, so that a bust of Isis burnt with a phosphoric splendor, and a black, dirty, Newcastle steam-tug shone with heavenly radiance. Appearances, for which we at once take the lady's word, but must decline her inference, that they had any influence in setting her on her legs again. The nerves, and the optic ones especially, were, no doubt, in a highly excited state: but that a five year old lameness derived any relaxation from that effulgence we will believe, when the broken heart of a soldier's widow is bound up by a general illumination. Indeed, we remember once to have been personally visited with such lights, that we saw two candles instead of one—but we decidedly walked the worse for it.

On the subject of other visionary appearances Miss Martineau is less explicit, or rather tantalizingly obscure; for, after hinting that she has seen wonders above wonders, instead of favoring us with her revelations or mysteries, like Ainsworth or Eugene Sue, she plumply says that she means to keep them to herself.

"Between this condition and the mesmeric sleep there is a state, transient and rare, of which I have had experience, but of which I intend to give no account. A somnambule calls it a glimmering of the lights of somnambulism and clairvoyance. To me there appears nothing like glimmering in it. The ideas that I have snatched from it, and now retain, are, of all ideas which ever visited me, the most lucid and impressive. It may be well that they are incommunicable—partly from their nature and relations, and partly from their unfitness for translation into mere words. I will only say that the condition is one of no "nervous excitement," as far as experience and outward indications can be taken as a test. Such a state of repose, of calm translucent intellectuality, I had never conceived of; and no reaction followed, no excitement but that which is natural to every one who finds himself in possession of a great new idea."

So that whether she obtained a glimpse of the New Jerusalem, or a peep into the World of Spirits, or saw the old gentleman himself, is left to wide conjecture. Our own guess, in the absence of all direction is, that she enjoyed a mesmeric translation into another planet, and derived her great idea from the Man in the Moon.

This, however, is not the only suppression. For instance, it is said that one of the strongest powers of the girl J., the somnambulist, was the discernment of disease, its condition and remedies; that she cleared up her own case first, prescribing for herself very fluently, and then medically advised Miss Martineau, and that the treatment in both cases succeeded. Surely, in common charity to the afflicted, these infallible remedies ought to have been published; their nature ought to have been indicated, if only to enable one to judge of supernatural prescribing compared with professional practice; but so profound a silence is preserved on these points as to lead to the inevitable conclusion, that the mesmeric remedies, like the quack medicines, are to be secured by patent, and to be sold at so much a family bottle, stamp included. One recipe only transpires, of so commonplace and popular a character, and so little requiring inspiration for its invention—so ludicrously familiar to wide-awake advisers, that our sides shake to record how Miss Martineau, restless and sleepless for want of her abandoned opiates, was ordered ale at dinner and brandy and water for a nightcap. Oh, J. ! J. ! well does thy initial stand also for Joker !

In addition to these suppressions, one unaccountable omission has certainly staggered us, as much as if we had considered it through a couple of bottles of wine. In common with ourselves,

our clever friend T. L., and many other persons—who all hear the music of the spheres, dumb bells, and other mute melodies as distinctly as the rest of the world, but of gross mundane sounds and noises are unconscious as the adder—Miss Martineau is very deaf indeed. Here then was an obvious subject for experiment, and having been so easily cured of one infirmity, it seems only natural that it should have occurred to the patient to apply instantaneously to the same agency for relief from another disability—that she should have requested her mesmerizer to quicken her hearing as well as her pace. But on the contrary, her ears seem quite to have slipped out of her head; and at an advanced stage of the proceedings we find her awaiting J.'s revelations, "with an American friend repeating to her on the instant, on account of her deafness, every word as it fell." And to make the omission more glaring, it is in the midst of speculations on the mesmeric sharpening of another sense, till it can see through deal-boards, mill-stones, and "barricades as lustrous as ebony," that she neglects to ascertain whether her hearing might not be so improved as to perceive sounds through no denser medium than the common air! Such an interesting experiment in her own person ought surely to have preceded the trials whether "J." could see, and draw ships and churches, with her eyes shut; and the still more remote inquiry whether at the day of judgment, we are to rise with or without our bodies, including the auricular organs. If dull people can be cured of stone-deafness by a few magnetic passes, so pleasant a fact ought not to be concealed; whatever the consequence to the proprietors of registered Voice Conductors and Cornets.

Along with this experiment, we should have been glad of more circumstantial references to many successful ones merely assumed and asserted. There is, indeed, nothing throughout the Letters more singular than the complacency with which we are expected to take disputed matters for granted; as if all her readers were in magnetic rapport with the authoress, thinking as she thinks, seeing as she sees, and believing as she believes. Thus the theory, that the mind of the somnambulist mirrors that of the mesmerizer, is declared pretty clearly proved, "when an ignorant child, ignorant especially of the Bible, discourses of the Scriptures and divinity with a clergyman, and of the nebulae with an astronomer; and when perfectly satisfactory to the writer, but which sticks in our throat like its namesake, the English for *goutre*. We should be delighted to know the whereabouts of that Wonderful Child, and its caravan. And here are more whens:—

"What becomes of really divine inspiration when the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of provision and insight! What becomes of the veneration for religious contemplation when ecstasies are found to be at the command of very unhallowed—wholly unauthorized hands! What becomes of the respect in which the medical pro-



fession ought to be held, *when* the friends of the sick and suffering, with their feelings all alive, see the doctor's skill and science overborne and set aside by means at the command of an ignorant neighbor—means which are all ease and pleasantness? How can the profession hold its dominion over minds, however backed by law and the opinion of the educated, *when* the vulgar see and know that limbs are removed without pain, in opposition to the will of doctors, and in spite of their denial of the facts? What avails the decision of a whole college of surgeons that such a thing could not be, *when* a whole town full of people know that it was? What becomes of the transmission of fluid *when* the mesmerist acts, without concert, on a patient a hundred miles off?"

To all of which Echo answers "When?"—whilst another memorable one adds "Where?" In fact, had the letters been delivered as speeches, the orator would continually have been interrupted with such cries, and for "name! name!"

In the same style we are told that we need not quarrel about the name to be given to a power "that can make the deaf and dumb hear and speak; disperse dropsies, banish fevers, asthmas, and paralysis, absorb tumors, and cause the severance of nerve, bone, and muscle to be unfelt." Certainly not—nor about the name to be bestowed on certain newly invented magnetic rings that have appeared simultaneously with the Newcastle letters, and are said to cure a great variety of diseases. We only object—as we should in passing a tradesman's accounts—to take mere items for facts that are unsupported by vouchers. But it is obvious throughout that Miss Martineau forgets she is not addressing magnetizers; instead of considering herself as telling a ghost story to people who did not believe in apparitions, and consequently fortifying her narrative with all possible evidence corroborative and circumstantial. This is evident from the trusting simplicity with which she relates all the freaks and fancies of the somnambulist J., in spite of their glaring absurdities and inconsistencies. For instance, her vocabulary is complained of with its odd and vulgar phrases, so inferior to the high tone of her ideas, and the subjects of her discourse: whereas, like the child that talked of nebulae, and was up to astronomical technicals, she ought to have used as refined language as her mesmerizer, the well-educated widow of a clergyman. So when a glass of proper magnetic water was willed to be porter on her palate, she called it obliquely "a nasty sort of beer," when, reflecting the knowledge of her mesmerizer, she should have recognized it by name as well as by taste: and again, in the fellow experiment, when the water was willed to be sherry, she described it as "wine, white wine;" and moreover, on drinking half a tumbler became so tipsy, that she was afraid to rise from the chair or walk, or go down stairs, "for fear of falling and spoiling her face." The thing however was not original. Miss Martineau insinuates that

mesmerism is much older than Mesmer; and in reality the reader will remember a sham Abram feast of the same kind in the Arabian Nights, where the Barmecide willed ideal mutton, barley broth, and a fat goose with sweet sauce—and how Shacabac, to humor his entertainer, got drunk on imaginary wine.

The whole interlude, indeed, in which J. figures, if not very satisfactory to the skeptical, is rather amusing. She is evidently an acute, brisk girl of nineteen, with a turn for fun—"very fond of imitating the bagpipes" in her merry moods—and ready to go the whole Magnetic Animal, even to the "mesmerizing herself,"—an operation as difficult, one would imagine, as self-tickling. She exhibits in fact a will of her own, and an independence quite, at variance with the usual subjection to a superior influence. She wakes at her own pleasure from her trances—is not so abstracted in them as to forget her household errands, that she has to go to the shop over the way—and without any mesmeric introduction gets into *rapport* with the music next door, which sets her mocking all the instruments of an orchestra, dancing, and describing the company in a ballroom. Another day, when one of the phrenological organs was affected, she was thrown into a paroxysm of order, and was "almost in a frenzy of trouble because she could not make two pocket-handkerchiefs lie flat and measure the same size"—all very good fun, and better than stitching or darning. But she preferred higher game. "I like to look up and see spiritual things. I can see diseases, and I like to see visions!" And accordingly she did see a vision—by what must be called clairvoyance's long range—of a shipwreck, with all its details, between Gottenburg and Elsinore.

This "inexplicable anecdote" Miss Martineau gives with the usual amiable reliance on the reader's implicit credence, declaring that she cannot discover any chink by which deception could creep in; whereas there is a gaping gap as practicable as any breach ever made by battery. To give any weight whatever to such a tale, two conditions are absolutely essential; that the intelligence should not have been received in the town; and that if it had, the girl should have had no opportunity of hearing the news. And was this the case? By no means. On the contrary, J. *had been out on an errand*, and immediately on her return she was mesmerized, and related her vision; the news arriving by natural means, so simultaneously with the revelation, that she presently observed, "my aunt is below, telling them all about it, and I shall hear all about it when I go down." To be expected to look on a maid of Newcastle as a she-Ezekiel, on such terms, really confirms us in an opinion we have gradually been forming, that Miss Martineau never in her life looked at a human gullet by the help of a table-spoon.

In justice, however, it must be said, that the let-

ter writer gives credit as freely as she requires it; witness the vision just referred to, which it is confidently said was impossible to be known by ordinary means, coupled with an equally rash assertion, that the girl had not seen her aunt, "the only person (in all Newcastle!) from whom tidings of the shipwreck could be obtained." The truth is, with a too easy faith, Miss Martineau greatly underestimates the mischievous propensities and wicked capabilities of human nature. She says,

"I am certain that it is not in human nature to keep up for seven weeks, without slip or trip, a series of deceptions so multifarious; and I should say so of a perfect stranger, as confidently as I say it of this girl, whom I know to be incapable of deception, as much from the character of her intellect as of her *morale*."

It is certain, nevertheless, that Mary Tofts, the Rabbit-breeder, Ann Moore, the Fasting Woman of Tutbury, Scratching Faany, and other impostors, young and old, exhibited extraordinary patience and painful perseverance in their deceptions, combined with an art and cunning that deluded doctors medical, spiritual, and lexicographical, with many people of quality of both sexes. These, it is true, were all superstitious or credulous persons, who believed all they could get to believe; and what else are those individuals now-a-days, who hold that mesmerism is as ancient as the Delphian Oracle, and that witchcraft was one of its forms! In common consistency such a faith ought to go all lengths with the American sea-serpent, the whole breadth of the Kraken, and not believe by halves in the merman and the mermaid.

In one thing we cordially agree with Miss Martineau, namely, in repudiating the cant about prying into the mysteries of Providence, perfectly convinced that what is intended to be hidden from us will remain as hermetically sealed as the secrets of the grave. The Creator himself has implanted in man an inquisitive spirit, with faculties for research, which He obviously intended to be exercised, by leaving for its discovery so many important powers—for instance, the properties of the loadstone—essential to human comfort and progress, instead of making them subjects of special revelation. Let man then, divinely supplied with intellectual deep sea-lines, industriously fathom all mysteries within their reach. What we object to is, that so many charts are empirically laid down without his taking proper soundings, and to his pronouncing off-hand, without examination by the plummet, that the bottom off a strange coast is rock, mud, stone, sand, or shells. Thus it is that in mesmerism we have so much rash assertion on one hand, and point blank contradiction on the other. To pass over such subtleties as the existence of an invisible magnetic fluid, and the mode of magnetic action, there is the broad problem, whether a man's leg can be lopped off as unconsciously as the limb of a tree! That such a question should remain in dispute or doubt, in spite of our numerous hospitals and their frequent operations is disgraceful to all parties. But speculation seems to be preferred to proof. Thus Miss Martineau talks confidently of such painless amputations; yet, with a somnambulist at her fingers' ends, never assures herself by the prick of a pin, of the probability of the fact. Nay, she is very angry with an experimentalist who tried to satisfy himself of the reality of J.'s insensibility by a sudden alarm, without giving notice that he was

going to surprise her; a violation, it seems, of the first rule of mesmeric practice, but certainly according to the rules of common sense.

"Another incident is note-worthy in this connexion. A gentleman was here one evening, who was invited in all good faith, on his declaration that he had read all that had been written on mesmerism, knew all about it, and was philosophically curious to witness the phenomena. He is the only witness we have had who abused the privilege. I was rather surprised to see how, being put in communication with J., he wrenched her arm, and employed usage which would have been cruelly rough in her ordinary state; but I supposed it was because he 'knew all about it,' and found that she was insensible to his rudeness; and her insensibility was so obvious, that I hardly regretted it. At length, however, it became clear that his sole idea was (that which is the sole idea of so many who cannot conceive of what they cannot explain) of detecting shamming; and, in pursuance of this aim, this gentleman, who 'knew all about it,' violated the first rule of mesmeric practice, by suddenly and violently seizing the sleeper's arm, without the intervention of the mesmerist. J. was convulsed, and writhed in her chair. At that moment, and while supposing himself *en rapport* with her, he shouted out to me that the house was on fire. Happily, this brutal assault on her nerves failed entirely. There was certainly nothing congenial in the *rapport*. She made no attempt to rise from her seat, and said nothing—clearly heard nothing; and when asked what had frightened her, said something cold had got hold of her. Cold indeed! and very hard too!"

In the mean time, how many sufferers there are, probably, male and female, afflicted with cancers and diseased limbs, who are looking towards mesmerism for relief, and anxiously asking, is it true that a breast can be removed as painlessly as its boddice; or a leg cut off, and perhaps put on again—why not, by such a miraculous agency!—without the knowledge of its great or little toe! Such inquirers ought at once to have their doubts resolved, for, as we all know, there is nothing more cruel, when such issues are at stake, than to be kept dangling in a state of uncertainty.

On the subject of itinerant mesmerists, Miss Martineau is very earnest, and roundly denounces the profane fellows, who make no scruple of "playing upon the nerves and brains of human beings, exhibiting for money, on a stage, states of mind and soul held too sacred in olden times to be elicited elsewhere than in temples by the hands of the priests of the gods!"

"While the wise, in whose hands this power should be, as the priesthood to whom scientific mysteries are consigned by Providence, scornfully decline their high function, who are they that snatch at it, in sport or mischief—and always in ignorance! School children, apprentices, thoughtless women who mean no harm, and base men who do mean harm. Wherever itinerant mesmerists have been are there such as these, throwing each other into trances, trying funny experiments, getting fortunes told, or rashly treating diseases.

"Thus are human passions and human destinies committed to reckless hands, for sport or abuse. No wonder if somnambles are made into fortune-tellers—no wonder if they are made into prophets of fear, malice, and revenge, by reflecting in their

somnambulism the fear, malice, and revenge of their questioners;—no wonder if they are made even ministers of death, by being led from sick-bed to sick-bed in the dim and dreary alleys of our towns, to declare which of the sick will recover, and which will die!

“If I were to speak as a moralist on the responsibility of the *savans* of society to the multitude—if I were to unveil the scenes which are going forward in every town in England, from the wanton, sportive, curious, or mischievous use of this awful agency by the ignorant, we should hear no more levity in high places about mesmerism.”

A statement strangely at variance with the following dictum, which as strangely makes Morality still moral, whatever her thoughts or her postures—and whether controlled by the volition of “thoughtless women who mean no harm,” or “base men who do mean harm.”

“The volitions of the mesmerist may actuate the movements of the patient’s limbs, and suggest the material of his ideas; but they seem unable to touch his *morale*. In this state the *morale* appears supreme, as it is rarely found in the ordinary condition.”

We can well understand the “social calamity” apprehended from a promiscuous use of the ulterior powers of mesmerism. But what class, we must ask, is to arrogate to itself and monopolize the exercise of miraculous powers, allied to, if not identical with, those bestowed aforetime on certain itinerant apostles? An inspired fisherman will prescribe as safely, prophecy as correctly, and see visions as clearly, as an inspired doctor of medicine or divinity. There seems to be, in the dispensation of the marvellous gift, no distinction of persons. Miss Martineau’s maid mesmerizes her as effectually as Mr. Hall; and J. owes her first magnetic sleep, and all its beneficial results on her health and inflamed eyes, to the passes of the maid of the clergyman’s widow. A domestic concatenation that suggests to us a curious kitchen picture—and an illustrative letter.

To Mary Smash, at No. 1, Chaney Walk, Chelsea.

DEAR MARY,

This cums hoping yure well, and to advize you to larn Mismiserizing. Its dun with yure Hands, and is as easy as taking sites at Pepel, or talking on yure fingers. If I was nigh you, I’d larn you in no time to make Passes, witch is only pawing, like, without touchin, at sumboddys face or back, witch gives them a titevatting feeling on the galvanic nerves, And then off they go into a Trance in a giffy, and talk in their sleep like Orators, I should say Oracles, and anser watever you ax. Whereby you may get yure Fortin told, and find out other fokes sweatharts & luv secrets, And dis-kiver Theaves better than by Bible and Key, And have yure inward Disorders told, & wats good for them. Sukey’s was the indigestibles, and to take as much rubbish as would hide a shillin. All witch is done by means of the sombulist, thats the sleeper, seeing through every think quite transparent, in their Trance, as is called Clare Voying, so that they can pint out munny hid under the Erth, & burried bones, & springs of water, and vanes of mettle, & menny things besides.

Yesterday I was mesmerized meself into a Trance,

\* Sorry we cannot copy the picture in the Living Age.

& clare voyed the chork Gout in John’s stomach as plane as Margit Clifts. So I prescribed him to take Collyflower, witch by rites should have been Collycinth, but I forgot the propper word. Howsumever, he did eat two large ones, and promises to cum round.

It would make you split your sides with laffing to see me mismiserize our Thomas & make him go into all sorts of odd postures & anticks & capers Like a Dotterel, for watever I do he must copy to the snapping of a finger, and cant object to nothing for as the song says I’ve got his Will and his Power. Likewise you can make the Sombulist taste watever you think propper, so I give him mesmerized Warter witch at my Command is transmoggified on his pallet to Shampain & makes him as drunk as Old Goosberry and then he will jump Jim Crow, or go down on his bended knees and confess all his peckaddillos Witch is as diverten as reading the Misteries of Parris.

The wust to mismiserize is Reuben the Cotchman, not that hes too wakeful, for hes generally beery, And goes off like a shot, but he wont talk in his sleep, only snores.

The Page is more passable and very clarevoying. He have twice seed a pot of goold in the middle flower-bed. But the gardner wont have it dug up. And he says there is a skelliton bricked into the staircase wall, so that we never dares at nite to go up alone. Also he sees Visions and can profesy and have foretold two Earthquacks and a grate Pleg.

Cook wants to mismiserize too, but wat with her being so much at the fire and her full habbit she always goes off to sleep afore the Sombulist. But Sukey can do it very well. Tho in great distress about Mrs. Hardin’s babby witch Sukey offered to mismiserize in loor of surrup of Poppies or Godfrey’s Cordial, but the pore Innocent wont wake up agin, nor havent for two hole days. As would be a real blessin to Muthers and Nusses in a moderate way, but mite be carried too far, and require a Crowners Quest. As yet thats the only Trial we have made out of the House, But we mean to mismiserize the Baker, and get out of him who he really does mean to offer to, for he is quite a General Lover.

Sum pepel is very dubbious about Mismiserizing, and some wont have it at any price; but Missis is for it, very strong, and says she means to believe every attom about it till sumboddy proves quite the reverse. She practises making passes every day, and is studyin Frenology besides, for she says between the two you may play on pepel’s pennycraniums like a Piany, and put them into any Key you like. And of course her fust performance will be a Master piece on the Head of the Fammily.

To be shure it seems a wonderful power to be give to one over ones Fellow Creturs, and as mite be turned to Divilish purposes But witch I cant stop to pint out, for makin the beds. To tell the truth, with so much Mismiserizing going on, our Wurks has got terrible behind hand And the car-pits has not been swep for a week. So no more at present in haste from

Your luving Friend

ELIZA PASSMORE.

P. S. A most remarkable Profesy! The Page have foretold that the Monkey some day would bite Missis, & lo! and behold he have flone at her, and made his teeth meet in her left ear. If that ant profesying I dont know what is.